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ANNOTATIONS

UPON

POPULAR HYMNS

BY

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Editor and Compiler of "Songs of the Church," 1862; "Songs for the Sanctuary," 1865; "Psalms and Hymns," 1875; "Spiritual Songs," 1878; "Laudes Domini," 1884; "New Laudes Domini," 1892

FOR USE IN PRAISE-MEETINGS

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PREFACE.

THESE Annotations have been provided with Indexes, particular and voluminous, so that references to hymns by the Authors of them, as well as by the First Lines of them, can easily be reached. Hence they might be used with almost all the best hymnals in common employment in evangelical churches. For the sake of following some order and establishing some limit in the selection, the hymns have been chosen mostly from *Laudes Domini*, issued in 1884, and *New Laudes Domini*, issued in 1892—two manuals for singing by choirs and congregations, which have attained a phenomenally wide use among the various Christian denominations.

It is interesting to notice an intelligent growth in public sentiment concerning the general subject of hymnological study. Churches now are not satisfied with mere stanzas which might be lined out to be sung in fragments. They want hymns that are poetical in spirit and in structure rhythmical and lyrical. Within a few years no hymnbook has had prosperity unless it has supplied the names of the authors with at least some hints concerning their biographies. Out of this has rapidly been developed a taste for inquiry concerning the histories of particular pieces which God's singing people have learned to love. And a great wealth of new compositions has suddenly been put within the glad reach of the various denominations of Christians during the three decades just closing the nineteenth century. Little by little the familiar names of Ray Palmer, Charlotte Elliott, Horatius Bonar, Edward Caswall, Frances Ridley Havergal, Thomas Hastings, and John Mason Neale have advanced into fame until their contributions to the sacred songs of the religious world are rivaling in number and worth those of Isaac Watts, Anne Steele, James Montgomery, and even John Newton and William Cowper and Charles Wesley. We all want to know about these choristers of many choirs and lands and tongues, many of whom are already singing in their white robes on the other side of the mysterious vail.

The volume now laid before the public has grown slowly through a period of years. It has been prepared specially as a help for "Praise Meetings," or so-called "Services of Song." Almost any hymn appropriate to such employment in a promiscuous Sabbath gathering of God's devout people may be found here suitably noticed. It lowers the tone of joyous and happy-hearted worship of the Highest to spend the hours announced for communion and thanksgiving in singing the pieces appropriate only to camp meetings and to gospel missions for the conversion of sinners. It is very rare, if ever, that hymns of wrestling conviction or of poignant penitence can be utilized in a jubilant act of worship.

The various paragraphs of incident and exposition, of biography, history, literary criticism, and art suggestion, which are attached now and then to the data of authorship and composition in the book, cannot be appreciated nor even understood unless this explanation is intelligently accepted. The attempt is made in each annotation to give to an inexperienced leader a thought of such a character that he will find a hint in it or out of it available in the course of the comment he will have to frame as he introduces each piece to be sung. Much depends on the taste and aptitude of the minister who presides in these services. *He must always preach.* No spiritual man has any business to give up a Christian pulpit on the Lord's Day to anything besides preaching God's gospel of salvation to men.

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Madame Antoinette Sterling once said with great spirit to me, "They say that I preach in my singing; so I do; so I try to do; so I mean to do always!" And no one that ever heard this gifted artist with her clear and distinct enunciation, her matchlessly pathetic tones, her magnetic impulse forcing tears in his eyes when he could not stop to notice that she had tears in her own—no one who ever heard her in her wonderful way preach "The Lord is my Shepherd," or "Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him," could doubt whether Christ's love might be offered in the strains of a contralto hymn.

To begin with, this whole plan, like everything else in the work of our Master, is a matter of faith—of living faith and experimental confidence. The man who attempts to conduct a praise service must believe that it has a veritable existence of its own, that it is a helpful and sure rewarder of him who diligently seeks it; any misgiving is ruin. It is not to be looked upon as a musical entertainment, nor can it be put forward as a make-shift for a sermon; it is nothing, nothing at all, unless it is what it purports to be, a sanctuary service of adoring and grateful praise of Almighty God. The minister must be just as devout in it as he would be at a communion; the choir must not suffer themselves to be beguiled into imagining it as a fresh and beautiful opportunity for a parade or display. It is simply a service for a worshipful people, full of joyous love and thanksgiving to their Maker.

Hence it should be treated as an instrument of prodigious energy either for good or for evil. It must be used, therefore, with supreme care lest it should be retorted into a danger and a discouragement, reacting upon the congregation like an Afghan's boomerang. There is not in all our treasury of resources a more potent force than this of real honest singing of God's praises by masses of men, women, and children.

It will be easier for the men who write annotations in the years to come than it has been for us who have attempted it just now. Often we have been compelled to study biographies and investigate antiquated collections and search many works of general literature merely to find a few reminiscences of the venerable saints who sang the hymns of hope and faith which our fathers accepted, and discover now and then a picture someone drew of those who added the versions of the Psalms in an English dress more or less metrical. But the religious periodicals, as well as the big-volume makers have cleared up now almost all the mysteries that the former ages will ever be expected to yield.

Two or three enthusiastic and very dear friends have been steadily for the last eighteen months engaged with me in finishing this book. I sincerely hope the perusal of it will recall the hours we have spent in the study together. The amount of detail has made the mechanical part of our work nothing less than toilsome drudgery; but I candidly admit for myself that I complete the task with a certain sort of pensive regret, so pleasant have been the lines along which it has led. I humbly and prayerfully commend these suggestions I have offered to my fellow-singers in the hope that they may be of real help.

NEW YORK CITY, 10 East 130th St. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON.

ANNOTATIONS

UPON THE HYMNS OF

LAUDES DOMINI.

1 *Praise to Christ.* P. M.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 To thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast;
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant I hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Rev. Edward Caswall was reared within the pale of the Established Church of England, but he died in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, having been received in 1847. He was born July 15, 1814, at Yately, in Hampshire, entered Oxford University in 1832, and was graduated in 1836. He was ordained in 1839, and next year became perpetual curate of Stratford-sub-Castle, near Salisbury. He seceded from the English Church in 1846, and became a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, and was placed in the Congregation of the Oratory, which had been instituted in Birmingham by Cardinal Newman. There he remained until his death, January 2, 1878.

The present hymn is found in *Hymns and Poems*, 1873, and is announced as translated from the German: *Beim frühen Morgenlicht.* It is a great favorite with the singers at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Usually it is printed for distribution in the audience on a separate sheet. It was from one of these slips that the verses were copied for *Laudes Domini.* The spirited refrain at the end of each triplet of lines gave a suggestion for a title to the collection. The compiler of this and other hymn-books, little and large, would like to say, once for all, that the aim of his entire work could not better be indicated than it is in the single line, "May Jesus Christ be praised." For this book aims to be peculiar in presenting hymns which are neither didactic nor hortatory, but which are addressed more directly and persistently as praises to the one Lord Jesus Christ. Pliny gave it as the singular characteristic of Christians in his day that they were wont to assemble early in the morning and evening, and sing alternatively among themselves a hymn of praise to Christ as God—*carmen Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem.*

2 *Morning Hymn.* L. M.

O CHRIST! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

Rev. John Chandler was an English clergyman, born in Witley, Surrey, June 16, 1806, educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, graduating in 1827. He was ordained in the Established Church in 1831, and became the successor of his father as Vicar of Witley; subsequently he was appointed rural dean. He seems to have spent his entire life in that charge, a quiet and useful man. He died at Putney, July 1, 1876. In 1837 he issued a small book of great excellence called *Hymns of the Primitive Church.* This contained a hundred and eight Latin hymns with renderings into English made by himself. These translations have had and have merited a wide and lasting popularity. Many of them have gone into most of the modern hymnals in Great Britain and America. The one before us now is a translation of the *Splendor paternæ gloriæ* of Ambrose, the famous bishop of Milan.

3 "*Early Vows.*" L. M.

My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

James Hutton was an English layman, born in London, September 3, 1715. He was a cousin of Sir Isaac Newton, and a son of a clergyman of piety and thoughtfulness, who gave him an excellent education, and then apprenticed him to a bookseller. He chose this business for himself afterward, and used to hold religious meetings in his store for some years. In 1739 he visited Herrnhut, and coming under the influence of Count von Zinzendorf, became a Moravian. He was zealous and remained faithful in that connection till he died, May 3, 1795, and was buried at Chelsea, in England. He printed the second *Hand-book for the Moravians* in 1741, and their *Manual of Doctrine* in 1742. This hymn is said to have been given in the appendix to a volume published by Daniel Benham in 1856, entitled *Memoirs of James Hutton, Comprising the Annals of his Life and Connection with the United Brethren.*

4 *Invocation.* L. M.

Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D., was descended on his mother's side from a Huguenot family, who by the persecutions were driven from France into England in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. There seems to have been trouble all along the line, for he himself has left some memoranda concerning the wild times of Charles II. He writes that his father, who became a deacon in the Independent or Congregational Church of Southampton, was, in 1683, "persecuted and imprisoned for non-conformity six months; and was after that forced to leave his family and live privately for two years." Indeed, this was not his first incarceration for conscience's sake. His pastor also had been ejected as far back as 1662, and on the recall of the Declaration of Indulgence, in 1674, was subjected to still greater violence. The two men, preacher and deacon together, seem to have been put in confinement at the same time: and it is said that Isaac Watts' mother, with her babe in her arms, sat more than once in her distress on the stone at the gate of the prison.

The child was born July 17, 1674, and not till William of Orange came over and revolu-

tionized England did better days for him commence. He continued his studies in London, but passed many of his intervening years in the old parish at Southampton. He wrote rhymes for his mother's delectation when he was seven, but not until he reached a promising precocity of eighteen did he display his power. Whether the congregation used the rough verses of Sternhold and Hopkins, or whether they were afflicted by those (no better) of Barton, it cannot be settled now: but one time he startled the grave officers of the parish by expressing his disgust with the performance. "Give us something which will be better, young man!" they replied. He took up the challenge at once, and offered his first hymn; this the people sang at the close of the evening service. It was the one beginning, "Behold the glories of the Lamb." In most of the collections of his poems this can be found; but when a choice had to be made for modern uses, the preference soon was given to those which were the fruit of his maturer experience.

However, his work was cordially accepted; and each evening for a long time he presented a fresh composition, until he had given them at last two hundred and twenty-two in all; these they printed in a portable form for local use.

It is admitted now that this one writer has done more for the Church in this line of Christian usefulness than any other. He gave a new impulse to the service of God's praise, and worthily bears the name of the "Father of English Hymnody."

Dr. Watts' hymns were gathered, in 1707, into a volume divided into three books according to subject. The one now before us is No. 135 of Book I.: "Come, *dearest* Lord, descend and dwell." He entitled it, "The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. 3:16."

5 *"A Nobler Rest."* L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Any good encyclopedia would tell us that Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D., was an English clergyman belonging to the Independent or Congregational branch of the Church. He was the son of a merchant, and the last one of a large family of twenty children. He was born in London, June 26, 1702; his constitution was feeble from his infancy. His parents were religious people, and early turned the lad's attention to an education for the ministry. But they both died while yet he was young, and his care devolved upon friends who showed much kindness to the afflicted orphan. At twenty years of age he was ordained, and became the pastor of the small parish of Kibworth. In 1729 he was called to open an academy at Northampton for the purpose of training young men for the ministry. He remained at this work for some twenty years. He was one of the most voluminous writers of religious literature in that period. His *Family Expositor*, a commentary upon the New Testament, his *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and his *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, are still popular and famous as books of the highest worth. But the rapid development of consumptive tendencies in his constitution rendered it necessary for him to seek health in a milder climate. He started for Portugal, and died at Lisbon, October 26, 1751; he now lies buried in the English graveyard in that foreign city by the sea.

This hymn, written by Dr. Philip Doddridge to be sung at the close of a sermon h

preached June 2, 1736, from the text, Heb. 4:9, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God," is given in *Hymns Founded on various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. As it was first sent to the public the opening stanza, which, indeed, is very tame comparatively, commenced, "Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows." This has been dropped in most of the modern collections. A zeal or a freak of restoration, however, bids fair to spoil the favorite lyric, which owes much of its excellence to the wise pruning it has had from editors along the years. Admitting and enduring all this talk just at the present so popular about "the tinkering of hymns," we still would like to ask whether people do actually prefer in the first stanza to say, "The songs which from the *Desert* rise": and in the second stanza to say, "With ardent *Pangs* of strong desire": and in the third stanza to say, "No *Groans* to mingle with the songs." These can all be found, and other felicities like them, in the original draft as printed in Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, page 335.

A very pathetic entry is to be seen in the Diary of Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring. He had been in some heavy trouble for a long time, and had not kept up his music in the household; and now, recording how he had opened his piano for the first time in some weeks, he writes: "I felt that, while all God's works praise him, my tongue also should be vocal with his praise. How beautiful is this green earth on a Sabbath day! I could only give utterance to the words:

"'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love:
But there's a nobler rest above.'"

6 *Sabbath Eve.* L. M.

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm and melts to love,
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston was born at Wapping, in London, September 10, 1791. He was educated at Hackney, where his parents resided. He was the grandson of Rev. Samuel Brewer, an Independent minister in Stepney for fifty years, and the young poet was brought up in that connection. In his sixteenth year he was articled to an architect, and chose this for his profession. He afterwards joined the Established Church; in a letter, written shortly before his death, he says: "From early years I had a strong leaning towards the Church of England, the services of which I always found more congenial to my own feelings."

He was singularly happy and voluminous in his production of religious poetry. He is said to have composed more than two thousand hymns. Of these, many have been perpetuated in the modern collections. This one is to be found in the *Cottage Minstrel*, 1821, and is there entitled, "The Cottager's Reflections upon the Sabbath Evening." He issued his first volume in 1817. Others followed; the *Sacred Lyrics* appeared in 1821; this contained most of his best known productions. He died in Homerton, a suburb of London, January 7, 1867, being then seventy-six years of age.

The evening of the Lord's Day must have been a favorite part of his life, for many of his poems refer to it. He seemed to feel the glory of it, the rest of it, the prophecy of it. He never shows his religious experience more delightfully or more helpfully than when he is singing of Sabbath night and "the morrow's quick returning light," which "must call us to the world again." Yet his whole heart is filled with the dear hope of a dawn where "a sun that never sets shall rise."

7 *"Gates of Heaven."* L. M.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Rev. Thomas Kelly was the son of Right Honorable Baron Kelly, and was born near Athoy, in Queens County, Ireland, July 13, 1769. He graduated at Dublin University, and at first took up the study of law. Eventually he changed the plan of his professional life, and in 1792 he was ordained a clergyman in the Established Church. But he was too zealous for anything like tame routine, and some considered him almost a fanatic. Rowland Hill made his acquaintance and before long they were both silenced because their preaching was too direct and spiritual for those times. The Archbishop of Dublin closed all the pulpits of his diocese to these two men. That made Thomas Kelly an Independent.

He set up chapels as he pleased. He was a musician and a poet, and he consecrated all his gifts to his divine Lord.

He married at thirty years of age a lady of like heart, views and purpose. He became very wealthy and grew to be exceedingly popular and greatly useful. So he labored in Dublin more than sixty years. He died of a stroke of paralysis in 1855, May 14. His last words were, "The Lord is my *everything;*" for he heard some one repeating to him, "The Lord is my shepherd," and his strength was sufficient for the full response.

In 1804 he published a volume of ninety-six *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, afterwards enlarged. The hymn before us appeared in 1815. It had six stanzas. The author evidently wrote it with Jacob's vision at Bethel in his mind, Gen. 28:17; but he affixed to it as his title, Matt. 18:20.

8 *Giver of Rest.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

It is somewhat singular that no one has been able to obtain even the slightest authentic information concerning the author of this very acceptable hymn, which has been included in almost all the prominent denominational collections for many years. It has been traced back to a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of the Lock Chapel*, London. Everything comes on hearsay, and all there is of it is this: he was probably an English layman, his whole name was John Stewart, and he made the hymn, or lived, in 1803.

9 *Invocation.* L. M.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare,
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

In Book II. of Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns* this will be found as No. 15. It consists of six stanzas, and is entitled, "The Enioyment of Christ; or Delight in Worship." In many parts of Switzerland a bell from the principal tower tolls daily a few minutes before noon; ere the hour strikes it ceases. It peals over the plain and over the green valleys, and echoes in the recesses of the surrounding mountains. Men leave their labor as they listen. The stillness that follows is most suggestive. As its call sweeps over the busy harvest field the reaper drops his sickle, though half full of golden grain, and throws himself down to rest beneath the shade; the hand that held the trowel leaves it where it lies. All seem glad of the cessation of toil, thankful for the rest and shade and refreshment offered them in the heat and hurry of the day. Such is the office and such the same sweet invitation of the Sabbath-bell in this land of light and peace. With its clear ringing voice it speaks in the name of the Lord of the Sabbath, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

10 *Psalm* 84. L. M.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

In the original form this hymn of Dr. Watts appears with seven stanzas, and is entitled "The Pleasure of Public Worship." It is the first part of Psalm 84, L. M. "The more entirely I can give my Sabbaths to God," once said the sainted Robert Murray McCheyne, "and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb, with my harp of gold, the happier am I, and I feel it my duty to be as happy as God intended me to be."

11 *Psalm* 84. L. M.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

We find here the second part of Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 84, L. M. It consists of five stanzas, and is entitled "God in his Church, or Grace and Glory." It was in commenting upon that single expression, "one day in thy courts is better than a thousand," that the good Bishop Horne exclaimed: "If this be the case upon earth, how much more in heaven! Oh, come that one glorious day whose sun shall never go down, nor any cloud obscure the luster of his beams; that day when the temple of God shall be opened in heaven, and we shall be admitted to serve him for ever therein!"

12 *"Return, my Soul!"* L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett, the author of this Sabbath hymn, was born at Abingdon, Berks, England, in 1663. He was the second of that race which for upward of a century of usefulness enriched the ministry of the Baptist Church in England. Scholarship and excellent ability, piety and zeal, have always been accredited to him as a preacher and a Christian. He was a teacher for some years in London. In 1688 he married Susanna, daughter of George Guill, a French Protestant refugee; and shortly after this, believing himself called to the ministry, he was ordained as pastor of the Seventh-Day Baptist Church, then worshiping in Devonshire Square, London, of which his father had once been the minister. Of this same congregation he remained pastor until his death, though sometimes his services were in demand for preaching elsewhere. He skillfully utilized his time by employing the first day of the week for his absences from home and his services in other pulpits. He was widely popular in his work, and continued in the confidence of all who knew him till his death, which took place July 4, 1713. Among his last words were: "I rejoice in the God of my salvation, who is my strength and my God."

It is a little difficult to keep the genealogy of this Stennett family perfectly clear, especially as more than one of the name wrote hymns for their own comfort and handed them down for singing among people who took very little pains to keep literary titles distinct. There is no great importance in the matter; but it can be remembered as a fact, by any who care to know, that Edward Stennett began the line. He was a dissenting minister who with other Non-conformists suffered persecution, and for a short time imprisonment because of their enthusiastic espousal of the cause of the Commonwealth. After the Revolution he removed to Wallingford. Joseph was his son, and he had a son Joseph in his turn; and that son had a son Samuel, who had a son Joseph; and all the men were ministers; then this remarkable line ceased.

13 *Psalm* 92. L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

In the version of the Psalms by Dr. Watts, this appears in seven stanzas as the first part, L. M.; of Psalm 92. It is entitled, "A Psalm for the Lord's Day." In one of the greatest English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This persistent dripping contains many minute particles of lime, and these are deposited in the open spaces, and as the water runs off are soon settled down into solid limestone. This would

be as pure as the whitest marble but for the black dust which rises from the coal while the miners are at work; that dust is mixed with the soft mass and discolors its whole substance. On Sunday no work is done; of course no dust is raised. So there is one layer of pure white among the seven. And that is the result all over the mine in each of the extensive galleries. The miners have given a name of their own to this peculiar conformation; they call it the "Sunday-stone." For it has six black streaks in it, separated by thin white lines to mark the short rests of the nights; and then it has one large white streak in it brighter and cleaner than all the rest. It seems like a constant tally of the days. Is there an eternal tally of God's Sabbaths, autonomical, self-reckoning, which we all are at one time to meet?

14 *Psalm* 103. L. M.

BLESS, O my soul! the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul! who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

This is the First Part, L. M., of Psalm 103, in Dr. Isaac Watts' collection, where it is entitled: "Blessing God for his goodness to Soul and Body." This must have been a favorite theme with the poet, for he made one version in this meter consisting of eight verses, then another in the same consisting of six more, to which after a "Pause" he added still three; and then taking up short meter he made one version of six verses, and another of eight more, to which he added still a third of four verses—thirty-five stanzas given to this one psalm.

So at last we learn the secret of this man's power: it lay mostly in the wonderful grace of gratitude in his heart. He had lost his health; he was an invalid nearly all of his life. He had passed away from his youth; many of his old friends were gone. He had no home of his own in the world; he lived for thirty years the guest of a generous nobleman. He had no children; yet he wrote *Divine and Moral Songs for Infant Minds*, one of the best books ever made for little ones to learn and sing. He never married. The only woman he ever loved and expected to wed jilted him cruelly; yet he uttered but one cry of his soul voiced in the hymn, "How vain are all things here below," one pardonable pang of self-pity as he surrendered his life. He was small in figure and insignificant in person—less than five feet in height; the woman said she "loved the jewel, but could not admire the casket that contained it." And still this great and good man was as happy as a bird; he called upon "all the powers within" him to keep on singing till he went home to "the land of pure delight."

"Though I could reach from pole to pole,
And grasp the ocean in a span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind 's the measure of the man."

15 *"Day of Rest."* L. M. 6l.

THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all, obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home;
Of thee, our King, oh, may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb.

3 Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know thee here shall see thy face:
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest, supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

This is No. 148 of Thomas Kelly's third edition, 1809, though it is likely the composition of the hymn dates three years earlier. Some double rhymes make it seem a little odd, but it is only a plain long meter of six lines. The author has attached to it the text, Num. 10:2, and has evidently meant it for a call to worship: "Make thee two trumpets of silver; of a whole piece shalt thou make them: that thou mayest use them for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps."

Rabbi Jehudah, one of the celebrated doctors of the Jewish law, was wont to call the attention of his pupils to the fact that the Israelites broke the first Sabbath, and therefore God let them go into captivity. He would point, in proof of this, to the statement that the children of Israel went out to gather manna on the holy day, and that the very next chapter says, "Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim." There can be no doubt that the sober and reverent setting apart of one day in the seven is obligatory for all time. And it might well be expected that whenever a duty so plain as this is denied by any believer, there will be an incursion o

spiritual Amalekites upon his experience which will put his highest hopes in peril.

16 *Morning.* L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me when I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN, D. D.

Rev. Thomas Ken, D. D., the author of this hymn, was a bishop in the Church of England; he was born at Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, July, 1637, and died at Longleat, Somersetshire, March 19, 1711. He studied at Winchester school, where his name is still seen cut in one of the stone pillars; then his college course was pursued at Oxford; he was ordained to the ministry somewhere about 1666. After holding various preferments he removed again to Winchester; he was a fellow there in the college, and in 1669 became prebendary of the cathedral. In 1682 he was appointed chaplain to Charles II., and two years after this was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. This advancement was the more remarkable because, while he was living in Winchester, the loose court of the gay monarch visited the town and desired his residence for an abiding-place for some of those worthless creatures that followed in his train. "Not for the king's kingdom!" was the reply that became historic. And, instead of being punished, he was rewarded by an appointment which showed that even the king respected his virtue.

It was at Winchester also that he prepared a *Manual of Prayers* for the use of the scholars, and to this were appended his *Morning*, *Evening*, and *Midnight Hymns*. These were what gave to George Whitefield his pious bent in his college days. And these have come down to us in the years since with memories of early life and home prayers, when the voices now silent have sung at the family altar the unforgotten lines.

17 *Psalm* 145. L. M.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

"The Greatness of God," is the title affixed by Dr. Isaac Watts to this version of Psalm 145 in L. M. It consists of six stanzas, from which those in ordinary use have been chosen. It is a wise and suggestive remark of the German preacher Krummacher, that unbelief does "nothing but darken and destroy. It makes the world a moral desert, where no divine footsteps are heard, where no angels ascend and descend, where no living hand adorns the fields, feeds the birds of heaven, or regulates events."

18 *Each Day's Duties.* L. M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord! in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

Rev. John Keble, the author of the *Christian Year*, is better introduced to the world as a poet. Whatever part he took effectively in the great Tractarian movement was augmented extraordinarily by the exquisite beauty of his hymns. He wrote six of the ninety small treatises which were issued, but it was the poetry and singing put together rather more than the logic of the arguments which arrested to any extent the common people of Great Britain. In the end Keble chose the place of a village pastor; he became the Vicar of Hursley parish, near Winchester, and there, with the surroundings of rural content and peace about him, pursued the path of duty to the end of his life.

He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792. He was educated at Oxford, graduating with high honors in his class in 1810. In 1831 he was appointed Professor of Poetry. This last distinction he had earned, not only by his eminent fitness for the position, but by the success of his little volume, the *Christian Year*, a noble work, reaching its ninety-sixth edition in the author's lifetime. It was published in 1827, and when the copyright expired in 1873 nearly half a million copies had been sold. As the market was then opened, and the fame of the poetry had reached the American public also, the sales became almost enormous. He issued afterward other books, but this one was the strongest and best. Large numbers of the poems in it are charged with sentiments which Protestant people are not willing to accept, but Keble shared with Newman all the responsibility of trying to turn the English Church over to Rome, without surrendering the emoluments of the establishment with which he continued in connection, until he died at Bournemouth, March 29, 1866. Keble followed the tradition of almost all the English hymnists in placing a *morning* and an *evening hymn* at the beginning of his book of poems. This piece of sixteen stanzas, from which the usual selection is compiled, is found at the opening of the *Christian Year*. The text added for a motto is quoted from Lam. 3:22, 23: "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."

19 *Christ's Presence Sought.* C. M.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of prayer;
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which vail thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove:
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

Upon a marble in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, Lombard Street, London, one may read this inscription:

"John Newton, Clerk, once an Infidel and Libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy, Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks; And — years in this church."

This epitaph was prepared by himself, the blank of which, preceding the "years," should

be filled with "28." "And I earnestly desire," he further says, "that no other monument, and no inscription but to this purport, may be attempted for me."

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

It will arrest attention on the instant, this frank admission made upon his tombstone by the man whose pen wrote the line all of us have sung for years: "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Was that man once an infidel and a libertine? His life has been written by his most intimate friend, Richard Cecil, and by others; our annotations need only that we quote what his biographers have said of him.

He was born in London, July 24, 1725, "old style;" August 5, as we now reckon dates; he died in London, December 21, 1807.

His father was a sea-faring man, the master of a ship trading chiefly between the ports of the Mediterranean. Within a year of his wife's death he married a woman who apparently did not care to carry out the instructions of the former wife. It was a relief to her to have the child out of the way; and he was put to school for two years, where he acquired the simplest rudiments and a little smattering of Latin. His main acquisitions were in the way of idle habits and a taste for low associates; and by the time he was eleven he left school finally, and accompanied his father on his voyages for the four succeeding years.

He was one who never let his virtues get in the way of his enjoyments. Dissolute as he was even in his boyhood, he was not without religious conviction, frequently fasting and praying and returning to the Word of God; and we are told by Cecil that "he took up and laid aside a religious profession three or four different times before he was sixteen years of age."

Very shortly after this, while in sailor's garb, walking about the docks, Newton was seized and impressed on board the *Harwich*, and as war with France was at this time imminent, there was no way to procure his release. By and by, however, things changed, and he started on his way homeward over the sea. With the main incidents of that voyage we are probably many of us familiar—the terrible storm that threatened to founder the vessel, and which aroused a still more dreadful tempest in Newton's soul; so that amid the crashing of the thunder and the vivid darting of the lightning he became insensible to all without in the recurrence of those Scriptures that sounded as anathemas of heaven upon his guilty head; his despair, his finding a copy of Thomas à Kempis in the cabin and perusing it, and its profound impression upon him; his determination to quit his wicked life—with this we are familiar.

Yet while this was succeeded by an undoubted change, it was not a thorough renewal. He needed a hand to lead him from remorse to repentance, from reformation to Christ. Even after his return to England and his marriage to Mary Catlett he reëmbarked in the slave-trade, and made three voyages to Guinea to purchase slaves for the West Indies. It was six years after that dreadful storm that Providence brought him into association with a godly sea captain, who, fathoming his condition, led him to that self-renunciation which resulted in the full and unequivocal acceptance of Christ.

In the *Olney Hymns* this one is given as No. 43, Book III. It is changed in many lines; the title of it there is: "On Opening a House of Worship;" and it contains seven stanzas of varying merit. The main value of the piece consists in the recognition once more of the necessity of a due preparation for worship before the exercise begins. The use of it for a dedication service is thoroughly legitimate.

20 *"Guide us."* C. M.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

5 Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing:
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

This is one of the excellent translations with which John Henry Newman has enriched our hymnology. It is rendered with gracefulness and spirit from the hymn attributed to Ambrose, *Jam lucis orto sidere*, as found in the *Paris Breviary*. The author tells us that his voyage from Palermo to Marseilles, on his way home from Rome, was thoroughly occupied: "I was writing verses the whole time of my passage." He was evidently, partly with the return of health, and partly with the gaining of a settled mood of mind, in a state of the highest exhilaration and poetic fervor.

A very strange measure of emotion comes over me as, in the ordinary course of these annotations, I reach the name of John Henry Newman. The venerable prelate of the Roman Catholic Church lies dead as I take my pen; friends whose names are mighty, and whose numbers grow large as they gather, are looking upon his face, pale and quiet, in the hall of the Oratory at Birmingham. He was born in London, February 21, 1801; he died in Birmingham, August 11, 1890, two days ago, suddenly, and apparently without pain. It arrests one's imagination to think seriously here how much he has learned within these forty-eight hours concerning those things which he tried honestly to understand, if ever a Christian man tried to understand anything, for years on years of patience, gentleness, and prayer. Charles Kingsley was the frankest of Great Britain's great men; as a true man he said in public what made a true man pay attention to his words. This led Dr. Newman at once to give his whole heart to the world in his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. Not everybody agreed with him, but since then everybody respected him. We used to go and hear him preach; for better English speech, more classical correctness, could nowhere be found in London, and with that there was an indescribable dignity, touching one's heart like a sort of appealing cry from a soul in earnest and a life perfectly pure. He began almost with the century, he has lived almost to its end. He was a marked man in the world of letters, in history, and in ecclesiastical position.

21 *Psalm* 63. C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temples shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Dr. Isaac Watts gives to this the title, "The Morning of a Lord's Day." It consists of six stanzas, and is his version of Psalm 63, first part, C. M. It used to be sung at what were called "Dawn Meetings" years ago, and it is still employed as a devotional meditation by many a child of God, as he rises and remembers that the day has come which in the Lord's house is better than a thousand. "Since I began," says Edward Payson, when he was preparing for the ministry, "to beg God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than in the whole year before." Martin Luther, when most pressed with toils, would never fail to throw himself on his knees the moment he saw the sunrise; for he felt this in his soul: "I have so much to do that I cannot get on without three hours a day praying." Many of God's best people have attributed their strength and advancement, more than to anything else, to the habit of devoting the first moments of the morning to supplication. Havelock rose at four o'clock, if the hour for marching was six, rather than be compelled to lose the precious privilege of

communion with God before setting out. Sir Matthew Hale once wrote: "If I omit praying and reading God's Word in the morning, nothing goes well all the day." Preachers would give more to be assured that their hearers have been well employed during the hour before service on the Lord's Day, than for any other exercises in the sanctuary or out of it.

22 *Psalm* 5. C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

In Dr. Isaac Watts' collection this has eight stanzas, and it is his version of Psalm 5, C. M. He has entitled it, "For the Lord's Day morning."

The late Rev. James Allen used to pray: "O God, make me now all that thou wouldst have me to be now; make me now all that it is possible to be now." Prayer like this, offered in full consecration and full trust, always evokes the desired response from the divine mercy.

23 *Psalm* 122. C. M.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

"Going to Church" is the title which Dr. Isaac Watts has affixed to this version of Psalm 122, C. M. One of the six stanzas is omitted. These words have long been associated with a familiar old tune, which used to be sung almost invariably in New England whenever they were given out from the pulpit or at family prayers. One might close his eyes and reproduce the whole vision of a conference-meeting with just a strain of that tune "Mear," as naturalists are said to draw the picture of a fish the moment they see a single scale taken from it. Some days there were in this Christian republic wherein the very folk-songs of the people were psalms and hymns from *Tate and Brady* or *Worcester's Watts* sung to Aaron Williams' music. In these times some persons get up what they call "Old Folks' Concerts," in which they make the ancient choirs appear very funny. But those were excellent and pious days after all; they fashioned brave men and pure women, and they gave to the world great literature, and sweet memories of patience and strength, and gentle lives that knew and loved God when times were tougher than now.

Not long ago a touching poem was published anonymously in the *Hartford Times* which seems to be worth quoting and perhaps preserving:

"I HEARD the words of the preacher
As he read that psalm so dear,
Which mother sang at our cradle
To the ancient tune of Mear.

"And I felt her angel presence
As sung were those blessèd words;
My heart was with rapture filling
As sweet as the song of birds.

"I longed for the land of summer,
Life's river, with waters clear,
For the calm, sweet eyes of mother,
Who sang the old tune of Mear.

"To-day that e'er-welcomed cadence
Of song floated back to me;
Over the paths of my childhood
It lovingly came, all free.

"I thanked the good All-Father
For this memory brightly clear;
The saintly smile of my mother,
And her low voice singing Mear.

"Ah, me! the father has rested
Many and many a year;
The mother who sang by our cradle
Has gone to a higher sphere.

"Brothers and sisters have parted;
Some live in the Better Land,
And some are waiting their summons,
Sojourners yet on life's strand.

"I feel when we meet up yonder,
Where cometh no sigh nor tear,
Our mother will softly sing us
That grand old tune of Mear."

24 *Psalm* 84. C. M.

My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

There is a great deal more in this plain hymn of Dr. Isaac Watts than most persons would suspect. Virtually it is a paraphrase rather than a version, although he has given it with nine stanzas as his rendering of Psalm 84, C. M. He has entitled it, "Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God Present in his Churches." The allusion to the Day of Pentecost and the descent of the dove, as well as the reference to the Mount of Transfiguration, are out of place in any proper translation of one of the songs of the temple; but they are excellent in suggestion when one is in the mood of catching similitudes of spiritual life in worship.

The use of the means of grace is the condition of receiving what grace the good Lord means to send us. We go to the house of prayer in due performance of routine; but our Lord does not meet us in such a way. He prepares his surprises unseen; we come like children expecting what he will be sure to have in his hands for us. It is "the secrets" of his will that are disclosed. We enter the sanctuary with our sight in some way dimmed; in an exalted moment "light breaks in upon our eyes." Doctrines grow plain; disciplines are illumined; doubts vanish. Thus the Lord sends us "help from the sanctuary."

25 *Psalm* 25:14. C. M.

SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley, son of Samuel and Susannah Wesley, was born at Epworth, in England, Dec. 18, 1708. He was the youngest of at least eighteen children—some biographers say nineteen—of whom, however, nine died in their infancy. The boy was educated first by his own mother, then at Westminster School under his brother Samuel, and ultimately received his degree at Oxford. In 1735 he came to America, acting as the secretary of General Oglethorpe while here, but returned to England a year or two afterward. At that time he was not experimentally a Christian, though he was ordained, and kept himself busily engaged in missionary work among the Indians. His genuine conversion, dating the subsequent year, changed the whole course of his life; then he became a preacher by profession, but he never was settled in a cure of souls except at St. Mary's in Islington, and that for a short time. He was the rather an itinerant evangelist, serving as the companion or helper of his brother. For many seasons they traveled through England and Ireland, until, in 1749, Charles married Miss Sarah Gwynne, of Garth; then he settled with his family, first in Bristol for some years, then finally in Great Chesterfield Street, London, acting as resident clergyman to some Methodist societies in that city to the end of his days. He died, aged eighty-one years, March 29, 1788, and his body was interred in the graveyard of Old Marylebone Church, near his residence at the time.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

These facts, constituting what may be called the *data* of this remarkable man's life, are all that need to be stated in these annotations.

But many striking incidents of his biography will appear in connection with individual hymns that he wrote during the course of fifty years of literary activity.

This invocation, so appropriate as an opening or a closing hymn, first appeared in Rev. Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. There it has six stanzas; the one beginning "Saviour, who ready art to hear," is omitted, and the word "talk" is changed to the word "speak."

It is always interesting to hear John Wesley in his preaching comment upon any of his poet-brother's songs. In connection with this one he remarks thus:

"When thou prayest, use all the privacy thou canst, only leave it not undone, whether thou hast any closet, any privacy or no. Pray to God, if it be possible, where none seeth but he; but, if otherwise, pray to God, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

In the 25th Psalm there is this verse: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." In the margin of the new revision that word "secret" is rendered *counsel* or *friendship*. It really means a *whisper;* that is to say, it signifies a private communication addressed by one intimate friend to another, a confidential endearment or suggestion of affectionate advice, such as would often pass between loving companions. Then in both versions the closing clause has for a substitute in the margin: "And his covenant to make them know it." So here we have a very pathetic promise: the Lord has always a *secret* to give to those who are his intimate friends; he will express to them some personal token of love, if they are only "conversing" with him; there are "whispers of his grace" which, if they devoutly listen, he will "inly speak" to their "heart;" there can be no failure, for "his covenant is" to make them "know it."

26 *"The Rising Day."* C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

A fresh instance of the marrying of a hymn and tune so that no man shall put them asunder. Dr. Isaac Watts' hymn, which is in his own Book II., No. 6, where it is entitled "A Morning Song," and has six stanzas, must always be sung to "Peterboro." That has been the rule for more years than most of modern singers will ever wish to live.

How beautiful is the picture of a soul, loving and trustful, erecting itself to receive fitly a day which has risen to salute its waking eyes! And how glad such a soul is when its turn comes to offer its acknowledgments for mercies received in the solemn midnight. Perhaps it has been a night of heavy and awful experience; God has during all its glooms and horrors supported our mortal frame; then it is that the Christian soul brings its sweetest return of gratitude. The writer of these lines has in his possession an autograph letter of the explorer Stanley, probably never before brought to light. It was written and sent in 1879 when he had just emerged from his earliest perils. This was before he had grown into the veteran he is now. But even then, January, 1879, almost fourteen years ago, he was just as honestly grateful to God as he has ever been since. These are his words:

"That I escaped from it I acknowledge is due only to the goodness of God. He it was who rescued me from the horrors which surrounded us many months. He it was who sustained us in our bitter trials. To him be all my gratitude. I earnestly hope that what I have been permitted to do will redound to the great glory of his name, and that Africa will send her millions to the fold of Christ." It was a "Dark Continent;" but the rising day saluted the brave man, and he returned the salute like a knight and a soldier: "Great God, let all my hours be thine! Once more I tribute pay to him that rules the skies!"

27 *"Worthy the Lamb!"* C. M.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, sufferings still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

James Montgomery, the British poet, was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1771. His father was a Moravian preacher, and James, being intended for the same office, was sent in his seventh year to a Moravian settlement at Fulneck, near Leeds, to complete his education. Here he remained ten years, distinguished only by indolence and melancholy. The brethren at Fulneck then apprenticed him to a grocer at Mirfield. Before the age of fourteen he had written a mock heroic poem of one thousand lines, and had commenced an epic to be called "The World." He ran away in June, 1789, but after many wanderings engaged again as shop-boy in Wath, a village in Yorkshire. A year later he sent a volume of manuscript poetry to Mr. Harrison, a London publisher, and soon after went to London himself. Harrison refused his poems, but engaged him as his shop-man. Toward the end of 1792 he became clerk to Joseph Gales, editor and publisher of the *Sheffield Register*, a newspaper of revolutionary tendencies. Gales fled to America to avoid arrest for treason, and Montgomery started a new weekly journal called the *Sheffield Iris*, advocating peace and reform principles.

The first number appeared July 4, 1794, and he edited it till July, 1825. Almost immediately after the first appearance of the *Iris* he was fined £20 and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for printing a doggerel ballad on "The Fall of the Bastile" for a poor hawker. Again, in 1796, he was found guilty of sedition, fined £30, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for publishing in his newspaper an account of a riot in Sheffield. He was confined in York Castle, where he wrote a small volume of poems entitled *Prison Amusements*, published in 1797. His gentle yet earnest character and his literary ability gradually won him the regard of his political opponents, and he began to take high rank as a sacred poet.

In 1806 he published *The Wanderer of Switzerland;* in 1807, *West Indies;* in 1813, *The World Before the Flood*, which attained great popularity; and in 1819, *Greenland*. In 1833 a pension of £200 was bestowed upon him by the government. He was a liberal Whig and an ardent slavery abolitionist, and in his manhood reunited himself with the Moravians. Besides the works mentioned he published others of later dates, including *Original Hymns*. Many of these hymns find place in every modern church collection, and breathe an air of devout piety. Montgomery died near Sheffield, April 30, 1854.

28 *Psalm* 122. C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Miss Harriet Auber was a lady in the communion of the Church of England, who was born in London, October 4, 1773, and died at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, January 20, 1862. She published only one book, which was issued anonymously, and this she entitled *The Spirit of the Psalms; or, a Compressed Version of Select Portions of the Psalms of David*. This was in 1829, and she lived to be eighty-nine years of age. Her life was a very quiet and secluded one, but she left behind her a host of friends to whom her gentleness and grace had endeared her.

29 *Psalm* 132. C. M.

ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

This is the version of Psalm 132 by Dr. Isaac Watts, and in his edition of 1810 it appears with eight stanzas, and is entitled "A Church Established." The author placed a "pause" after the third verse, and the hymn has been generally made to commence with the fourth as he suggested. It is often used with great success as a dedication anthem.

30 *"Come, Lord!"* C. M.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

BIRTHPLACE OF MISS ANNE STEELE.

In 1760 Miss Anne Steele, the composer of this hymn, published in London two volumes of what she entitled *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional;* to these she added her name only as "Theodosia." These ancient books, as they came forth to the public in the first edition, lie before me as I write. The old spelling, the singular forms of the letters, the frequent elisions for the sake of the meter, are very interesting as showing the customs and tastes of the times. Two fairly good woodcuts adorn the pages and act as frontispieces, allegorical and religious, with mottoes to match. This hymn is taken from a long poem. Its title is: "Intreating the Presence of Christ in his Churches." The text affixed to it is Hag. 2:7: "The Desire of all nations shall come."

It is to be regretted that we are not able to secure any portrait of this devout lady, whose poems have been the stay and delight of many thousands of the tried children of God. But we have the picture of the house under the roof of which she was born and reared. She was the eldest daughter of Rev. William Steele, of Broughton, in Hampshire; and it is recorded that he was a clergyman of much piety and force, who for sixty years in succession ministered to a Baptist congregation in that village, where she was born in 1716, and where she lived all her life. What Isaac Watts was on the one side, Miss Anne Steele was on the other; differing in sex but both unmarried, they sang the sweetest songs of praise and experience for the Christian home, and gave to the church of Christ some of the noblest lyrics for divine services in the sanctuary. And they lived tranquilly in the south of England, only fifteen miles apart. This devout and spiritually-minded woman became a member of her father's church when she was only fourteen years old, and for all the rest of her life she was the faithful associate and worker with him in everything that was for the glory of the Master whom he loved. In her early life she was betrothed to a gentleman named Ellsworth; but on the day previous to their expected wedding he was suddenly drowned. Her heart was almost broken; she remained true to his memory; and for all the long subdued years afterwards she spent the little strength she possessed in doing affectionate and generous deeds of good among the neighbors with whom she was thrown. She wrote many hymns, some of which are among the most prized by God's people of every name. Her health was always feeble; her spirit was pensive, but not sad; aspiring, but never excited; for many seasons a great sufferer, she sang for the churches some of their most cheering songs; then in full faith died at the last in 1778, aged sixty-one.

31 *Sincerity.* C. M.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies:
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

When Lord Elgin was appointed as ambassador to the Sublime Porte in 1799 he was accompanied by the Rev. Joseph Dacre Carlyle, the son of George Carlyle. This clergyman of the Church of England had been Professor of Arabic at Cambridge for five years, and the Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne afterward. He was one of the scholars who aided in the purposes of the expedition, specially seeking to ascertain what literary treasures survived in the public library of Constantinople. He was an accomplished man, well fitted for a position of that sort. His journey on the trip was extended to Asia Minor and the Greek archipelago, and on his travels he seems to have used a portion of his spare time in poetic composition. His fame has never at all rested upon his verses, much less upon his hymns; for only the one before us has found its way into the common collections or even appeared on this side of the ocean. He was a tall man in figure, thin and dark, with reserved manners and shy demeanor. The best work he was doing was that of an Orientalist; he was at the time of his decease editing the Arabic text of the Bible; but it was cut short very abruptly by his death at the vicarage in Newcastle. He was born at Carlisle June 4, 1758, and he died April 12, 1804. This one hymn was found at the end of a volume called *Poems Suggested by Scenes in Asia Minor, Syria, and Greece*, 1805. It is entitled, "A Hymn Before Public Worship," and has been very much altered since his day.

32 *"Light in thy Light."* C. M.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light in thy light, oh, may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,
The peace by Jesus given—
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Some little trouble has been found by those who have tried to locate and identify this hymn. The fact is, it is made up of two joined together, both of them written by Rev. Charles Wesley; these are taken from his "Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures," 1762. They are founded upon the priestly benediction recorded in Numbers 6:25, 26. Upon the first of these verses he composed one of them, and on the second the other; the four stanzas are then grouped as one hymn.

33 *Psalm* 118. C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

In the collection of Dr. Isaac Watts this piece stands as a version of Psalm 118, Fourth Part, C. M. He has evidently not had very amiable themes to deal with in this old poem until he came on along to the middle of it at least; for he has not offered us much poetry in even the three parts of fourteen stanzas in all. But here he has boldly swung away from the rather rough phraseology, gone straight out of the Old Testament into the New, chosen such verses as he liked the best, and made a beautiful hymn out of them, filled it with evangelical sentiment, entitled his work "Hosanna: the Lord's Day; or Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation," and sent it on down the ages with joyous expectation that the churches would greet it as worth their singing.

34 *The Sanctuary.* S. M.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, D. D.

This hymn, by Rev. Samuel Stennett, D. D., was first published, like most of the compositions bearing his name, in the collection of Rev. Dr. Rippon. It is a bright song to sing for those who are in the mood for meditative worship. "I have in my congregation," once said a venerable minister of the gospel, "a worthy woman, quite aged now, who has for a number of years been so deaf as not to distinguish the loudest sounds; and yet she is always one of the first in the Sabbath meeting. On asking her the reason of such constant attendance she answered: 'Though I cannot hear your voice I keep coming to God's house because I love it, and because I am longing to be found in his ways; and he gives me many a sweet thought upon the text, when some one has been kind enough to put my finger upon it in the Bible; and then, too, though I have to be quiet, with no part with the rest, I feel that I am in the best of company, in the more immediate presence of God, and among his saints who are the honorable of the earth. I am not satisfied with serving my Maker in private; it is my duty and privilege to honor him regularly in public.'" And, no doubt, the pastor himself went away from such a parishioner thinking joyously in his heart how fine it was that God's love and communion were given to many whom he could not reach in the sanctuary, and so it became to all alike a "charming place."

Rev. Samuel Stennett, D. D., was born in Exeter, England, where his father was pastor of the Baptist Church, 1727. When the lad was ten years old his father removed to London, and became the minister of the Baptist congregation in Little Wild Street. As the young man grew up he assisted his father in the pastoral care of the parish, and when the people called him he became his father's successor, and remained in the pastorate till his death, August 24, 1795. He was an excellent scholar, gaining the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Aberdeen, possessed of fine literary ability, and having great influence among those who maintained themselves in usefulness outside of the Church of England. The king seems to have given to him his entire confidence. John Howard was his frequent hearer. Once writing a letter from Smyrna, this famous reformer took occasion to speak of the exceeding pleasure he had in reviewing his notes of Stennett's sermons.

35 *Day of Light.* S. M.

THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

Rev. John Ellerton contributed this piece to the *Selection of Hymns for use in Chester Cathedral*, 1867. He is a clergyman in the Established Church of England, having taken orders in 1850. He was born in London, December 16, 1826, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1849. As late as 1883 he was rector of the parish church of Barnes, Surrey, England, and is at present rector of White Roding. This well-known and honored poet has given many excellent hymns to all the hymnals. He issued one collection bearing his own name, *Church Hymns, Annotated;* this was published by the "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge," London, 1881. His hymns are peculiar in that they refer more directly to the worship in the Lord's house

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

upon the Lord's day. The Sabbath has this wonderful power as an institution: those who love it love it dearly. It gathers into itself memories of youth, reminiscences of seasons of grace, family mercies and affections, times of refreshment and days of alleviated sorrow, when God has sent help from the sanctuary. It is, indeed, "the first of days," for it has light and rest in it as well as peace and prayer and love and praise, and an outlook far beyond.

36 *Rev.* 15:3. S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say—
"Ye blessèd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim:
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond, who wrote this familiar hymn, was a Calvinist Methodist minister, who afterwards with his friend Cennick became a Moravian. He was converted under Whitefield's preaching, and exercised his calling in Bristol and London and other parts of England. The date of his birth is January 6, 1719; he died in London, August 19, 1783, and was buried in the Moravian Cemetery. This hymn was published in his volume called *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745. A plain allusion is made in it to Rev. 15:3. The title which the author gave it was: "Before Singing of Hymns, by Way of Introduction." The original contains fourteen stanzas. Martin Madan is said to have altered it much in 1760, and even to have added one or more of the verses now in use, and suppressed the rest.

37 *"Immanuel's Ground."* S. M.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

This is No. 30 of Dr. Watts' Book II. There it has ten stanzas, and is entitled, "Heavenly Joy on Earth." In the second stanza the author wrote the line "But fav'rites of the Heavenly King." With a very finical taste for so-called restoration, some of the modern collections have expunged the excellent emendation, *children*, and replaced the awkward *fav'rites*.

There was once a difficulty in Rev. Dr. Samuel West's congregation in the old New England times. The choir had declined to proceed with the music. So the shrewd clergyman introduced the services with this hymn. Having read it slowly through, he looked significantly up at the performers in the gallery and said: "Please commence at the second verse." It is needless to mention that the choir went on as usual, and sang with the rest:

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad."

38 *Psalm* 92. S. M.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

This is another of Miss Harriet Auber's very good versions; that timid singer has given us no details. This is her rendering of Psalm 92, S. M. It was published in the *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.

39 *The Eternal Sabbath.* S. M.

HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Whether architecture and poetry are always found in alliance or not we may not be ready to say, but Charles Bulfinch, of Boston, was an architect, and Rev. Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, D. D., the author of this hymn, was his son. And Charles Bulfinch drew the plans for the Massachusetts State House, for the City Hall in Boston, for Faneuil Hall, and more than forty churches and great buildings in the New England towns; and Stephen G. Bulfinch wrote at least three volumes of lyric poems and hymns, together with many more volumes of prose. This hymn appears in his *Contemplations of the Saviour*, 1832. He was born in Boston, June 18, 1809; graduated at Columbian College 1826, studied divinity at Harvard University, was ordained to the Unitarian ministry in 1831, and continued in the pastorate of the churches in that connection with various charges until he died at East Cambridge, Mass., October 12, 1870. He was not known very widely outside of his own denomination, though he was a man of marked ability and force. His best poetry was contributed to the hymnal prepared for the Unitarian body.

40 *Hymn of Praise.* S. M.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Rev. Thomas Jervis was an English Unitarian, and was settled in a congregation in Leeds. This hymn written by him is found in a *Collection of Hymns and Psalms for Public and Private Worship*, issued in 1795. The book is notable among hymnologists as having been one among the earliest, if indeed not the first of them all, which sought to attach the names of the authors to their own compositions, and actually placed an index at the beginning by which they could be identified. Of the six hundred and ninety pieces twenty-one are credited to this one of four compilers. He made this rather good Sabbath invocation; but one feels sad to have to say that there was nothing else worth having, for in faith he was almost a Deist, and never alluded to the Saviour as an object of praise or even of recognition. And yet he was the son of a Presbyterian minister in Ipswich, England; was born in 1748; for some years was settled as a preacher in London; then afterward at Leeds he labored ten years and retired from active service. He died at Fryerning, Essex; in the year 1833. His hymn has been much altered since.

41 *Christian Outlook.* S. M.

Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way,
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

It was the habit of Dr. Philip Doddridge, the author of this hymn, to throw the leading thoughts of each of his sermons into the form of stanzas. These he would often give out to the congregation as a hymn to be sung after he had finished preaching. Thus they served as a vehicle of praise and prayer, and at the same time remained in their memories as a

compend of truth and doctrine. Of course, it was to be expected that hymns produced in such a methodical manner would be deficient in poetic fervor and sometimes be didactically commonplace. Of Dr. Doddridge's poems generally Mr. S. W. Duffield has reason in saying: "They frequently drop from great heights of pure devotion into prosaic or commonplace expressions." It is true also that his hymns have needed more pruning and more changes than most of the older productions of his contemporaries. But it must be admitted also that some of his pieces rank very high in spiritual and literary merit. Dr. Doddridge composed four of the one hundred and five lyrics of the first grade, pronounced such by the entire Anglican Church. Of his pieces Dr. James Hamilton wrote in the *North British Review:* "If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared for ever; but, at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother-tongue is spoken."

This hymn before us appears, in the collection of his poetry made in 1755, as No. 69, and bears the title of "Singing in the Ways of God." It has six stanzas and is founded upon Psalm 138:5: "Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord." It is his challenge and his invitation to Christian pilgrims that they shall "with music pass along." He gave them in all three hundred and sixty-four hymns for their prompting and their use. Of these James Montgomery wrote: "They shine in the beauty of holiness; these offsprings of his mind are arrayed in the 'fine linen, pure and white, which is the righteousness of saints,' and, like the saints, they are lovely and acceptable, not for their human merit, for in poetry and eloquence they are frequently deficient, but for that fervent unaffected love to God, his service, and his people, which distinguishes them."

42 *Psalm* 63. S. M.

My God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And, on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given a version of Psalm 63, S. M., in eight stanzas, entitled "Seeking God," from which this selection is taken. Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, in commenting upon this old temple-song of David, remarks: "There is not a place beneath which the believer walks that is free from danger. Behind every tree there is an Indian with an arrow barbed, behind every bush is the lion seeking to devour, under every piece of grass there lies the adder. Yet the Christian worker goes calmly on, knowing that his Lord will direct his course; he follows where his Father leads, and he directs his steps. Arrows cannot pierce him, lions cannot devour him, adders cannot injure him, unless it is the divine will, and their bringing death to him would only usher him into the presence of his Lord, to go no more out for ever."

43 *Psalm* 84. S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Dr. Isaac Watts has placed this familiar song among his hymns as No. 14, in Book II.; it is there entitled "The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances." It has four stanzas, and the date of its composition is 1707. It is evidently founded upon Psalm 84, and might very legitimately be considered at least a paraphrase of one part of it.

44 *Jesus Intercedes.* 7s.

To thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

Here again we find the exquisite simplicity of James Montgomery in the transferring of Scripture language to the cadences of meter and the rhythm of lyrical music. This piece is not a translation of actual poetry of any part of the Bible, but the grouping of Scriptural expressions with a rare felicity and skill in the accommodation of phraseology and sentiment to the uses of the house of God. It comes out of the *Original Hymns*; there it is No. 115, and consists of seven stanzas. Some alterations have been made in the third and fourth verses, but it is still given with the old title, "A day in the Lord's Courts."

45 *"Thy Face We Seek."* 7s.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

This is one of the brightest and best of the hymns of the Rev. William Hammond, an English Moravian Methodist minister, who died in 1783. It was published in his *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs* in 1745, and is entitled "A Hymn to be Sung at Public Worship."

Here, again, we find the figure of Jacob's wrestling with the angel. One of the verses reminds us very strikingly of the same sentiment and the same meter given in the hymn often quoted from John Newton. It is interesting to notice how this picturesque simile has been caught up and swept on over an extensive region in the East. Even those erratic bands of Dervishes whose devotions meet the tourist's eye almost everywhere in Egypt have chosen the wrestle as their pattern in worship; for that is what they are trying to do in their dances; these whirling motions are nothing more or less than prayers. The devotees are trying intelligently to give physical embodiment to their supplications. They consider they are praying to God in passion of wistful desire when they are putting forth such hideous dislocations of their limbs, such grotesqueness of grimace, such contortions of person. Never was a worse caricature. God does not desire sinewy writhings, or dismal shoutings, or vile defilement of dust and perspiration. It was not Jacob's athletic struggle that constituted his entreaty; he wept while he was wrestling; and yet it was not the weeping. In the moment of the heaviest and most excited muscular energy there was a spiritual exercise quite distinct from it, though figured by it; and it was in the spiritual feeling that the whole prayer resided.

46 *Psalm 23.* 7s.

To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

Rev. James Merrick was a clergyman of the Church of England, but his health was insufficient for the labor of the pastoral office, and so it is not known that he ever received a charge. He was born January 8, 1720, at Reading, in Berkshire, entered Trinity College in Oxford, where he graduated with credit. Most of his life was devoted to literary pursuits, and he published some books, theological and classical. In 1765 he issued his work, *The Psalms Translated or Paraphrased in English Verse.* It is in this that the present version of the twenty-third Psalm is found. The critics have mercilessly ridiculed his attempts, both in this direction and in prose, as "tame, florid, and insipid." Only two or three, and these much altered, of all these laborious lyrics of his have lived to our day. He died at Reading, January 5, 1769.

47 *Twilight.* 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., is a minister of the American Baptist Church. He composed this beautiful hymn in 1832, and published it, with other excellent contributions, in the *Psalmist*, a denominational collection of wide circulation, of which he was one of the editors, in 1843. The venerable author was born in Boston, Mass., October 21, 1808. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, where he was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and at Andover Seminary in 1832. His golden wedding was observed September 16, 1884, at Newton Center, Mass., where he now resides. He has filled the office of pastor, editor, and professor, and been useful and honored in every position. So hale and hearty is he still, after having almost crossed the century, that those of us who know and love him hope he may live to see the opening years of another which we are soon to hail as the twentieth. A popular journal has said of him that he has "a full head of hair, with puffs around the ears, a pair of keen gray eyes, and a ring beard that is almost entirely white," a description which his portrait verifies. He had a fair start in literary life, for his famous friend, Dr. Holmes, once described him in a class poem—such as he knows how to write—thus:

"And there 's a fine youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

He has made the position honorable by an industrious and faithful life, and now rests on what he has won.

48 *"First of Days."* 7s.

On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise,
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

4 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself, bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker was an English baronet, and a clergyman of the Church of England. He was born in London, May 27, 1821; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1844; becoming the vicar of Monkland in Herefordshire in 1851. He died at Monkland, February 12, 1877. He was the chairman of the committee that compiled *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, from which this hymn was taken, and for which it was prepared with others; all of these are of the highest excellence. This is a translation, by some critics thought to be the only one, certainly the first, of the Latin hymn, *Die parente temporum*, found in the *Breviary of Le Mans*.

49 *Morning.* 7s, 6l.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Even the Methodist hymn-book seems to be wrestling over this hymn, although it is given on page 24 of *Hymns and Sacred Poems* by Rev. Charles Wesley. It was printed for a long time in Toplady's volume as if it had been his; but some good Wesleyan brother found out that Toplady was born in 1740, and that was the date of publication on the title-page of Wesley's book. And then no less a man than Dr. Morley Punshon quoted it in one of his sermons, which were printed, ascribing it to Sir Robert Grant. The fact is, there was one stanza, put first in the old hymn-book, and beginning, "Oh, disclose thy lovely face," which was not of any special value, but the rather got in the way of the rest of the hymn and blocked the frequent choice of it. Nobody knows who wrote those lines or how they in the first instance found their way into Charles Wesley's poetry. He never wrote them, and when they were discarded at last every true singer discovered what a fine lyric had come out all at once into popularity and use. The three verses will be found full of the sunshine of which they sing.

50 *Evening.* 7s, 6l.

Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

This is one of the hymns which Dr. Thomas Hastings gave to the churches in his *Spiritual Songs* in 1831. It is characterized by the whole spirit of that good man, grateful, meditative, devout. The tune "Halle," to which it is generally set, was arranged by him also from the same air which has proved so useful and popular in the modern piece of music in an English hymnal now known as "Hursley;" but this in six lines sevens was published and sung all over our country many years before that.

Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., was born in Washington, Conn., October 15, 1784. Twelve years afterward his parents removed to Central New York in sleighs and ox-sleds, for that region, now famous as the institution of Hamilton College can make it, was then an unbroken wilderness. In the wintertime, set free from the labors of farm-life, this courageous boy used to go six miles daily to school on foot. While in his earliest childhood he began to study music. Soon he was in a village choir, then he was teaching music in a school, then he took it up as a profession. In 1816 he compiled, with such help as he could get, his famous *Musica Sacra*. Then he went to Troy, and by-and-by to Albany, having charge of choirs and congregations. Before long he became the editor of a religious paper in Utica, *The Recorder*, but he never gave up his music. In 1832 he removed to New York city, twelve churches uniting to give him support. There he remained all the rest of his life issuing books and composing hymns. He published a little volume of consummate merit for that day, called *Spiritual Songs*, in 1831, for an old copy of which one has to offer a reward now. He wrote more than six hundred hymns, and in 1836 published his *Christian Psalmist*. After a while he was associated with William B. Bradbury, and issued several books of tunes and anthems with him. He and his son, the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D. D., now the honored President of Union Theological Seminary, compiled a hymnal called *Church Melodies*, a manual for congregational singing, with tunes adapted to the hymns printed on the pages, and it was received widely into use. Thus he lived indus-

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

triously, and the college degree of Doctor of Music came to him unsought, and all of God's people of every name loved and honored him. He had a strange affection of his eyes, which hindered him and gave him trouble; he was always tryingly near-sighted. But he was cheerful even in his old age, glad in the home that was faithfully furnished him by his son. It was that son, under whose roof his failing years were passed, who said of him: "He was a devout and earnest Christian, a hard student, and a resolute worker, not laying aside his pen until three days before his death, which came to his relief in his eighty-eighth year, May 15, 1872." His monument is his music; this man made the tune for "Rock of Ages."

51 *Psalm* 42. 7s, 6l.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, oh, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

There are several renderings of Psalm 42 in common use, of which that by Nahum Tate and that by Henry Francis Lyte are perhaps the best known. This of James Montgomery is another of the same tone and nearly in the same language. He has two versions of it, each consisting of four stanzas, found in his *Original Hymns*. This is No. 96, and is entitled "Longing for the Courts of the Lord's House." Perhaps no testimony to the grace of our English Bible could be given better than this disclosure, made unconsciously by three poets of the highest class, that the words fall into rhythm and meter almost at once and without effort the moment they undertake to fashion it for musical service.

52 *"Mercies New."* 7s, 6l.

EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For thy mercies, Lord, are sure:
Thy compassion doth endure.

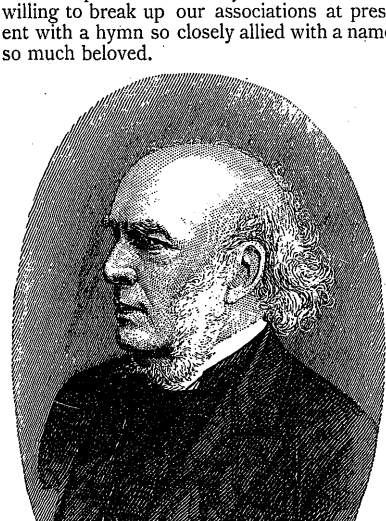
2 Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the bread of life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

We have been for many years, and in several compilations, crediting this hymn to Dr. Horatius Bonar. But the *Dictionary of Hymnology* states explicitly that it was composed by Rev. Greville Phillimore, who was born in 1821, and died January 20, 1884. He graduated at Oxford, 1842, and entered the English Church in 1843, becoming rector of Henley-on-Thames, 1867; and of Ewelme, 1883. The same authority adds that the piece began, "Every morning they are new," and was published first in *The Parish Hymn-Book*, 1863.

We give this information with a loyal belief in its probable accuracy. But we feel unwilling to break up our associations at present with a hymn so closely allied with a name so much beloved.



REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Dr. Horatius Bonar was born at Edinburgh, December 19, 1808. His ancestors for several generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He received his early education at the high school and University of Edinburgh. In youth he devoted himself to the service of God, and chose the Christian

ministry to be his life-work. He was fortunate in having Dr. Chalmers for a teacher. The lessons taught him by that divine were doubly helpful; they laid the foundation of the solid learning which advanced with growing years, and they filled him with the enthusiasm of a master-mind consecrated to the highest aims. The value of such a training can hardly be overestimated. It gave tone and strength to a life when most susceptible of influence.

In 1837 the student became a minister. His sphere of labor was the famous old town of Kelso, situated on the banks of the Tweed, and surrounded by a country celebrated in song and tale. He gave himself up to his work with unflagging assiduity. In the pulpit he preached with fire and unction; and in house-to-house visitation he proved himself the comforter of the sorrowful and the guide of the perplexed.

Varied and numerous as were the calls on his time, he managed to spare some hours to edit the *Presbyterian*, a magazine which did yeoman service for evangelical truth in its day. This was the literary apprenticeship of the skilled writer. He loved to handle the pen, but his chief joy lay in preaching. The impulses which he got from his teacher were deepened by his fellowship with the saintly McCheyne, of Dundee. A great revival had sprung up in Dundee. The Spirit of God was poured forth and many souls were saved. A tide of blessing swept through the land. Mr. Bonar entered heartily into the movement and helped to spread it. He spared not himself in his effort to carry the gospel to the perishing. At home and from home he spoke as a dying man to dying men. The result was many conversions. This success did not satisfy him. He wished to do more. He thought his pen could reach those beyond his voice, so he wrote "The Kelso Tracts." His aim was threefold—to warn the careless, to put salvation simply, and to edify saints. These messengers of life entered hundreds of homes and were eagerly read. They were not arrows sent at random, but struck with convincing power. Their circulation in Scotland and England was very large; and they met with a warm reception in America. Their work is not yet ended, for to this day they are blessed of God.

The disruption came, and brought with it stirring changes. Some ministers were perplexed, but Mr. Bonar was not. He cast in his lot at once with the Free Church. He had not, like most of his brethren, to leave his church on leaving the denomination. It was secured to him and his congregation by some clauses in the title deeds. As the years rolled on it became increasingly a center of light and usefulness. Its pulpit gave forth no uncertain sound, but declared fully the faith delivered to the saints. Its people were full of zeal and good works. Fired by their pastor's example, they followed him as he followed the Master.

The years of the Kelso ministry flowed smoothly. They had not much in them of external interest, but they were full of good work well done. In the pulpit, in the study, and at the fireside, the minister showed himself worthy of his high calling. He did not seek earthly honor, but it came to him. His name got to be a household word, and his writings won a high place in the devotional literature of the century. Few "poets of the sanctuary" have done more than Dr. Bonar in enriching our hymnal treasury with those gems of truth and power which will be the heirlooms of the church until the songs of the earthly Zion are exchanged for the melodies of heaven. There is not a land where the English language is spoken in which Dr. Bonar's hymns are not household words.

As his reputation grew efforts were made to lead him to a larger sphere. Such efforts were unsuccessful till, in 1865, a handsome new church was built in that suburb of Edinburgh called The Grange. He was asked to fill its pulpit, and he consented. Like-minded men and women flocked around him; and for twenty-four years he ministered to them. Few visitors to Edinburgh have missed the opportunity of hearing him preach. They might go out of curiosity to see and listen to the sweet singer, but they were not long in the pew before they forgot the poet in the preacher. The opening prayer lifted them into the presence of God, and there they remained as the rich voice went on to speak of a love stronger than death, and of the deep experiences of Christian living. A Sabbath at The Grange is, as we have reason to know, a treasured memory to many tourists.

Thus he lived on for a splendid score of years. He had at last to secure an assistant, but the people would not let him retire. He grew to be very old. They celebrated his jubilee when he was fourscore. He died at home in Edinburgh, July 31, 1889. The services were held in the Chalmers Memorial Church, which was thronged. Rev. Mr. Sloan, who was Dr. Bonar's colleague, read the Scriptures, the Rev. George Wilson of the Established Church (an intimate friend of Bonar) and the venerable Principal Cairns of the United Presbyterian Church offered im-

pressive prayers, and Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., pronounced the benediction. No word of eulogy was offered. He was buried there, at the base of Calton Hill, and lies with his kindred near the house of John Knox.

53 *Psalm 67.* 7s, 6l.

On thy Church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Miss Harriet Auber has given these two stanzas as her version of Psalm 67. They were included in *The Spirit of the Psalms*, and appear never to have tempted any alterations, and certainly have never needed any. The best comment upon this hymn would be a simple exposition of the inspired words upon which it is founded. Christ loved the Church, gave himself for the Church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all. Normally the blessings of the world come through the Church; when the Church is revived and alive the world feels it at once. When God makes his face to shine on the Church, then "earth will yield her rich increase." But God sometimes passes by a cold and backslidden church and reaches souls who are perishing, and converts them with a sovereign love. He thus is found of those who sought him not.

54 *The Sabbath.* 7s, 6l.

Lord, it is thy holy day;
Here we meet to praise and pray;
Joining with one heart and mind,
Earthly cares we leave behind.
On the day which thou hast made
Us in our rejoicings aid.

2 Glad as when the glorious shout
Of the morning stars rang out,
Thee, Creator, will we praise,
And our hymns of triumph raise.
Sun and moon, your songs unite;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

3 Louder yet our strains be borne,
Mindful of that happy morn
When the world's Redeemer rose,
Victor from the grave's repose;
Who by death subdued the grave,
Mighty he our souls to save.

4 Looking for that rest above,
For the Sabbath of thy love,
Here to-day by hope we rise
To our mansion in the skies:
Here by faith and love prepare
For our endless Sabbath there.

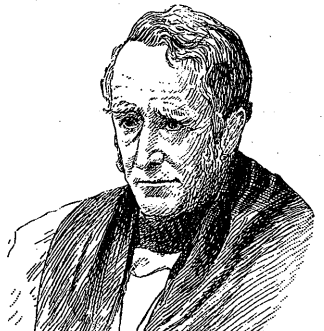
In 1863 Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D. D., published in London a volume called *Hymnologia Christiana*. In that this hymn appears, but without any hint as to the authorship of it. This compiler is now not living, and all inquiry in that direction ceases. It needs only to be added, although it does not help much, that for the use in *Laudes Domini* the copy was obtained from *The Augustine Hymn Book*, a hymnal compiled and published in London (with no date affixed) by Rev. David Thomas, D. D., the well-known author, and for so many years editor of the *Homilist;* this hymnal bears on its title-page the quotation from Augustine: "A hymn must be praise—praise of God—and this in the form of song."

55 "*Day of Resi.*" 7s, 6s, D.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.



BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., was born in Lambeth, October 30, 1807; was

graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, in 1830; was ordained to the ministry in 1835; was appointed to the Bishopric of Lincoln in 1869, where he died, March 20, 1885. He was the nephew of William Wordsworth, the poet. He was scholarly, as is evidenced by his *Commentary Upon the Old Testament*, in which he followed the Authorized Version, and upon the *New Testament in Greek*. His writings were patristic to the last degree in spirit and quotation; at times he was polemic and not always courteous to his brethren of other names. He seems, after he was elevated to an ecclesiastical eminence in the Established Church, to have narrowed in temper and grown bigoted in feeling. He made a deliberate attempt to prevent the Methodist preachers from using the title of "Reverend," as if this were the exclusive privilege of the Episcopal clergy. But he must have had seasons of amiability, for he composed some of the best hymns that have of late been given to the churches at large. This one appears in a collection he published, containing 127 that were his own; that was called *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays, Holy Days and other Occasions Throughout the Year*, and was issued in 1862. There this one is found as the first, with six stanzas.

56 *Foretastes of Heaven.* 7s, 6s, D.

THE dawn of God's new Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To cheer a thirsting land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all our work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few true conquests won.

3 Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,
Still grant us in our need
Here in thy holy presence
The saving name to plead;
And on thy day of blessings,
Within thy temple walls,
To foretaste the pure worship
Of Zion's golden halls:—

4 Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past.
When angel-hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for thee,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity!

Mrs. Ada Cambridge Cross published in 1866 a book of poetry entitled *Hymns on the Holy Communion*, and, later on, a volume called *Hymns on the Litany*. She is the daughter of Henry Cambridge, and was born at St. Germains, Norfolkshire, England, November 21, 1844. She was in 1869 married to Rev. George Frederick Cross of Coleraine, Victoria, in Australia. Two years later her husband was ordained to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and in 1877 became the incumbent of that parish on the other side of the world, where he now resides. For years this hymn bore only her maiden name, by which she was more widely known.

57 *Cheerful Devotion.* 7s, 6s, D.

THINE holy day's returning
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

REV. RAY PALMER, D. D.

Dr. Palmer was born at Little Compton, R. I., Nov. 12, 1808, and was graduated from Yale College in 1830; after his theological education was finished he went to Bath, Me., where he had charge of the Central Congre-

gational Church for fifteen years. He was pastor of the First Congregational Church in Albany from 1850 to 1865. He then acted as secretary of the American Congregational Union, and resided several years in New York City. Subsequently he was engaged in pastoral work in the Belleville Avenue Church of Newark, N. J., until his death, March 29, 1887. Thus he lived full of honors, labored with unusual success, and went to his rest loved and wept by all.

This little hymn has been made to suffer somewhat of late years from its close association with its popular neighbor, "O day of rest and gladness." These two have been printed together over and over on the same page, and set to the tune "Mendebras," ever since 1865. The compiler of the *Songs for the Sanctuary* found Dr. Wordsworth's piece upon the cover of a religious tract in London, and introduced it to the American public in that of his earliest popular collection; and the page was completed by this of Dr. Ray Palmer, obtained in manuscript. That page has done valiant service in many other books since.

58 *Humility.* 8s, 7s, 4.

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by thy grace;
Oh, incline us more to love thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
Hear us, Saviour,
And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
For the Spirit of thy love;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
Blessed Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

Daniel Clement Colesworthy was a layman in the Congregational Church, a printer by occupation, and for a long time edited the Portland *Tribune*. He removed to Boston afterwards, and became known to the singers in our American Zion by the publication of a diminutive book of *Sabbath-School Hymns* about the year 1833. This was followed by others, in which real merit was disclosed. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1810. The present hymn was chosen from Rev. Elias Nason's *Collection*, published in 1857, to which it may have been contributed. It is a simple, devout, and useful prayer. The author was still living in Boston, 1885.

59 *"Send Blessing."* 8s, 7s, 4.

SAVIOUR, send a blessing to us,
Send a blessing from above;
All thy truth and mercy show us,
Be thou here in power and love;
Grant thy presence,
Be it ours thy grace to prove.

2 Nothing have we, Lord, without thee,
But thy promise is our stay;
And thy people must not doubt thee;
Saviour, now thy power display;
And let gladness
Fill thy people's hearts to-day.

Another of Rev. Thomas Kelly's hymns, full of petition and trust in God, characterized by his best peculiarities, pathetic, direct, imploring. "And thy people must not doubt thee." The date of it is 1840.

60 *"Father, Hear Us."* 8s, 7s, 4.

GOD Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then for ever, yea, for ever,
In thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

Rev. John Pierpont was a Unitarian clergyman by profession, well remembered and reputed as one of our established American poets. John Neal, another poet of fame like his own, was at one time his partner in the dry goods business in the city of Baltimore. The author of this hymn was born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; he was graduated at Yale College in 1804. In 1809 he studied law, in 1812 he was admitted to the bar, and practiced for a while in Newburyport, Mass. Then for a season he went into trade. In 1816 he studied for the ministry, and was pastor of the Hollis Street Church in Boston for many years. Subsequently he went to Troy, N. Y., and then to Medford, Mass., where he preached for ten years more. In 1861 he volunteered as chaplain of a regiment recruited in Massachusetts, and was engaged in actual service in the Civil War, although he was then seventy-five years of age. The writer of this notice was happy in making his acquaintance during one of his vacations in the White Mountains. He was then old but active, full of enthusiasm, gentle and amiable, wonderful in conversation and widely familiar with literature, a most attractive gentleman of the old school of manners, winning friends with all who learned to know him. His death occurred soon after this, suddenly, at Medford, August 27, 1866. His hymns and his poems were of the first rank in excellence.

61 *Glory to God.* 8s, 7s, 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God, the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:

Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign:
Glory, glory
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

It is characteristic for many truly devout Christians, like Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, the author of this hymn, to interrupt the course of their writing or arguing by a sudden burst of simple praise, growing up out of the thoughts with which their hearts are distended. To us the interjection seems irrelevant, but to them it is a part of the actual necessities of the position. Here is a hymn that merely utters an ascription of "Glory to God" over and over with a tireless repetition. Poetic and enthusiastic natures will often do that. John gives a calm prosaic introduction to the Apocalypse; but the moment he seems to see the visions he has had, and which he is now going to record, his pen rushes into a doxology of matchless force and beauty; he cannot be hindered, he must sing: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." And so Paul, though he is lost in the mysteries of theology, breaks into a poem: "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" We talk of ejaculatory prayer—a habit of lifting brief sentences of supplication when we are so situated that we cannot pause for a retreat to our accustomed closets of devotion. It might be to our spiritual advantage to educate ourselves into a similar habit of ejaculatory adoration, so that we could indulge in an impromptu doxology as well.

62 "*Let Thy Servants Hear.*" 8s, 7s, 4.

IN thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened
May we give them, Lord! to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment.
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

This hymn was written by Rev. Thomas Kelly in 1815. With a full ring of delightful devotion it lifts every spiritually-minded believer into the heights of Sabbath praise. It was one of the most thoughtful remarks of William E. Gladstone that the religious observance of the Lord's Day "is a main prop of the religious character of a country. From a moral, social, and physical point of view the observance of the Sabbath is a duty of absolute consequence." But to the Christian the observance of the Sabbath is not only a duty and a privilege, but the richest joy. To him the Sabbath is a type of that rest which remains for the people of God, and he can say with Wilberforce, "Oh, what a blessing is Sunday! to me it has been invaluable." So careful was this good man of the sacredness of the Lord's Day that once, when the English Parliament was fixed to meet on Monday, January 16, 1800, he, immediately upon hearing it, wrote to Mr. Percival, and remonstrated against its being held on that day on account of the Sunday traveling which it would occasion. The time was immediately changed to the following Thursday, in answer to his remonstrance.

63 "*Bless the Seed.*" 8s, 7s, 4.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

Rev. Jonathan Evans was a minister of the English Independent or Congregational Church. He was born at Coventry in 1749. In his youth he was an artisan of the humblest class and worked in a ribbon factory. In his character he seems to have been wild and wicked, and his life was of no credit to him. But he had been brought up in ignorance, and was associated with profligate companions. In 1776 he was brought under conviction of sin, and turned his steps towards the better counsel of the religious people connected with the West Orchard Street Chapel; they pointed him to Christ, and he became a devoted follower of Jesus as his new master. He was a business man, but he displayed excellent gifts as an exhorter and evangelist, and he was active and industrious in all spiritual work.

Before long he began to preach. Rev. George Burder became the pastor of that small congregation, and this young man delivered the sermon at his installation. In 1784 he fitted up a boat-house on the bank of the canal at Foleshill, near Coventry, and invited the villagers to come freely to worship. This grew into a chapel, and when the church, duly organized, summoned him to the care of it he was publicly ordained to the pastorate which his indefatigable labors had made needful. There he remained for the rest of his life. He studied medicine somewhat in the intervals of his toil, so that he could help the poor without need of charge when they were sick. When Burder's *Collection* appeared some of his pieces, published in the *Gospel Magazine*, were inserted. This one annotated here was given to the world in *Rippon's Selection*. He died full of years and beloved by his people, August 31, 1809.

64 *God's Presence.* 8s. 7s, 4.

GOD is in his holy temple;
All the earth, keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit;
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and, sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet.

James Montgomery has given us a poem of four stanzas in his *Original Hymns*, from which these two have been selected. It bears the title, "For the Great Congregation." He does not say so, but he must have had in his mind the verse in Habakkuk's prophecy: "The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him." Professor Tyndal declares that, when he stood once under the arch of Niagara, the immense cascade far above his head produced in his soul the feeling of peace and good-will to all mankind. God's house, even by itself, has a power to humble the proud spirit and lift the hushed believer into rest.

65 *Continued Meetings.* 8s, 7s, 4.

WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blessèd Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blessèd Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

This hymn was written by Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, the well-known author of "My Country, 'tis of thee." The date affixed to its composition is 1834. It was doubtless prepared for some occasion of protracted service, some gathering of a large body of people. It was the custom, thirty years ago, to introduce the autumn and winter work with a continuous assemblage of church members; it was believed that united prayer would stimulate the graces of true believers, and fervid exhortations would arouse the laggard ones to fresh duty; and it was always understood that, when the saints came back to faithful activity, the Holy Spirit would surely answer with energy in the conversion of souls. "No doubt," writes good William Gurnall, the famous divine of the seventeenth century; "no doubt the prayers which the faithful put up to heaven from under their private roofs are very acceptable to God; but if a saint's single voice in prayer be so sweet to his ear, much more the church choir, his saints' prayers in concert together. A father is glad to see any one of his children, and makes him welcome when he visits him; but much more when they come together; the greatest feast when they all meet at his house."

66 *The Lord's Day.* 10s.

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

Rev. William Mason was an English Episcopalian, the incumbent of Aston, and at one time a chaplain to George III. He was born at Kingston-on-Hull in 1725, entered St. John's College in Cambridge, 1742, in due course graduating with honor. For thirty-two years he was precentor and canon residentiary of York Minster, and rector of Aston, where he died April 5, 1797. An edition of his works was issued in 1811, in the first volume of which this hymn appears, showing that some changes have been made since.

67 *Evening Worship.* 10s.

OH, come, and let us all, with one accord,
Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the Lord!
Let us this evening bless his holy Name,
Yea, let us laud and magnify the same.

2 Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice to give him thanks and praise;
Let us and all his saints his glory sing,
Who is our blessèd Saviour, Lord, and King.

3 For by his word the heaven and earth were made,
The earth's foundation also firmly laid;
All things were done at his divine command,
And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

4 Therefore let all in heaven and earth agree
To sing his praise in perfect unity;
Yea, let his servants all, with one accord,
With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

The compiler of *Laudes Domini* found this hymn in the *Temple Choral Service Book*, edited and compiled by E. J. Hopkins, the well-known organist of the Inner and Middle Temple in London. Its author is thus far unknown. It seems to be one of those pieces that have become traditional in the ancient psalters, and are kept because of their strange style as monuments of a hymnody long since superseded. Rev. S. W. Duffield reckons it as having been produced in the seventeenth century. It is a version of Psalm 95, and appears also as a Long Meter hymn.

68 *Penitent Prayer.* 10s.

FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

2 Lord, we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare:
Is not our life with early mercies crowned?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 Oh, by that name in which all fullness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate and take us in.

The author of this truly excellent hymn was a titled lady in England. Her whole name was Lucy Elizabeth Georgiana Whitmore, and she was the wife of W. W. Whitmore, living in Dudmaston, in Shropshire. Her father was Orlando, the second Baron Bradford; so, like Lady Huntingdon she came of a noble line. We are reminded at once of the saying credited to this older authoress of hymns, that she "thanked God often for the letter M; for the Scripture did not say not any, but, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." Lady Whitmore was born January 22, 1792, and died March 17, 1840. Her one hymn was found at the close of a small volume of prayers for family use which she compiled and published in 1824; it is based on Luke 15:20.

69 *Psalm 42.* 10s.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid—
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love!

Rev. Robert Lowth, D. D., was born at Winchester in England, November 27, 1710. He was graduated at Oxford 1734, and at once took orders in the English Established Church. After rapid advancement along the line of preferment, he became Bishop of St. David's in 1766, and in the same year of Oxford, and in 1777 of London. He was tendered in 1783 the highest honor of all, the Archbishopric of Canterbury; but this he declined because of family afflictions and the advance of years. He died November 3, 1787. This hymn he wrote in Latin, and we use the translation made by George Gregory. It is a version of Psalm 42.

70 *"Holy Rest."* 10s.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

Rev. Simon Browne was the honored and useful pastor of an Independent Church in Old Jewry, London. He was born about 1680 in Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, England. He is said to have begun his active work as a preacher when only twenty years of age. In 1716 he left a flourishing charge in Portsmouth, in order to go up to London. There, with Dr. Watts for his neighbor in Berry Street, he commenced the pastorate which he relinquished in 1723; at this time he was afflicted in mind with the notion that he was no longer able to *think*. He thought, he reasoned, he argued, and to his perfect satisfaction he proved, that he was unable to con-

duct any mental operations. So he went into literary work! He made a dictionary, he issued a book on the Trinity, he continued Matthew Henry's Commentary by expounding the First Epistle to the Corinthians. It was in view of the twenty-three separate publications this *thinkless* man prepared that Toplady once remarked that "instead of having no soul, he wrote and reasoned and prayed as if he had two." He issued also a *Defense of Christianity*, which prompted Dr. Allibone to say, "If he was crazy, he was at least more than equal to two infidels"—meaning Woolston and Tindal. When his friends pointed to his productions, this singular man replied: "I am doing nothing that requires a reasonable soul." He explained the singularity thus: God had "annihilated in him the thinking substance and utterly divested him of consciousness;" though he retained the human shape and the faculty of speaking in a manner that appeared to others rational, he "had all the while no more notion of what he said than a parrot." In this delusion, but with the love and respect of those who knew him best, he died in 1732.

71 *Psalm* 84. H. M.

LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Dr. Isaac Watts has given this as his version of Psalm 84, in the meter he calls "P. M.," that which in modern hymnals is marked as "H. M." The *Hallelujah Meter* used to be a *Particular Meter*. This has in his original form four stanzas, and is entitled, "Longing for the House of God." It suggests the never-failing thought of the royal psalmist of Israel, that of rest on the day of rest. A pleasing incident has been given lately in the public prints; a Christian minister tells the tale. It shows how cogent and how simple is the argument for the Sabbath.

"A florist from whom I was in the habit of purchasing plants, and receiving instructions in regard to their culture, came to my house one day with some roses. 'Now,' said I, 'Mr. W., I want you to tell me about watering. I do not think I quite understand about this part of the care.' 'Well,' he replied, 'only experience can teach you; some plants need more water, some less, and you must find out by watching them. Almost all plants need some water given at a regular hour every day, just as much as you need your breakfast. But I do not mean to say *every* day, for I have learned by experience that they must have one day in the week to rest; the water stimulates the roots, and they need to be left in peace for one day in seven.' 'How beautiful that is,' I replied, 'the day of rest! It shows the wisdom and necessity of the Sabbath. I have never watered my plants on Sunday, but did not have this reason for it. You, I suppose, also leave your greenhouses to rest on Sunday?' Mr. W. was not a Christian, and he looked rather disconcerted; but he frankly acknowledged that he had never thought of it in that way, and that in fact he spent more time among his plants on Sunday than upon other days. He promised me in future to change his custom. Here is a testimony to the wisdom and love of the Lord of the Sabbath, by one utterly unprejudiced. He had never given a thought to the keeping holy the Sabbath day, but he had learned by experience its necessity."

72 *"Light in Thy Light."* H. M.

O ZION! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With luster new, divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round his throne, ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

Dr. Philip Doddridge has included this in his volume, where he gave it the title, "The Glory of the Church in the Latter Day." It is odd to find him apparently doubtful about a single word he felt it necessary to use in the last verse in order to complete his rhyme; it is not very perfect after all: "ten thousand stars, in nobler spheres," a critic would say

would pass better without any notice taken of it. It seems quaintly fastidious to discover a foot-note referring to this introduction of a new word. The note says: "Spheres—orbs or paths, in which the stars move." It has not been needful to continue this now. But the poem, as a whole, is really one of the most brilliant of his.

Once, when I was on the sea, exactly at noon I saw a common sailor approaching the captain, who was on the bridge as usual at that time. I watched him as he came up, touched his Scotch cap in salutation, and said with gruff respectfulness, "Eight bells, sir!" He meant by the announcement to report that he knew by the stars that it was just noon—that is, in sailor parlance, eight bells by the clock. The captain with equal gruffness replied, "Make it eight bells!" It struck me rather as an odd assumption for that captain or for that sailor to *make* it noon. It *was* noon anyway, no matter what they did or what they thought about it. But I kept my eye on the seaman; he went up to the ship's bell a hundred feet away, and struck it with the clapper eight times, so that the sound went through all the ship from engine-room to topmast. The thing was new to me; I thought instantly of God's glory—his inherent glory and his declarative glory. He says to every man, "Glorify me!" That means, "Make me glorious!" But he *is* glorious in despite of men. We can neither add to nor take from his glory. *Then say so.* That old sailor could not make it noon; it was noon. But he could make it noon in the ship; he could go and strike the eight bells, and then even the cook would know it and own it and live as if he felt it was noon overhead and all around him. Men cannot touch God's inherent glory; they can proclaim his declarative glory, however. Zion cannot make "rays divine stream abroad;" but Zion can tune her voice, and raise her hands on high, tell all the earth her joys, and boast salvation nigh!

73 *Psalm* 43. H. M.

Now to thy sacred house
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from thy throne thy mercy shine.

2 Oh, send thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Now in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word:
Henceforth, to thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise my life shall be.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., LL. D., was born in Northampton, Mass., in 1752, May 14, and died in 1817, January 11. In 1785 he published his first poem, *The Conquest of Canaan*, a copy of which Dr. Belcher tells us he once saw sold in England for more than five dollars. This, it is likely, was bought as a curiosity or an antique; for the poem, although it was the most ambitious literary effort of his life, never reached any great popularity or fame. There was comparatively little of exploration or travel in the Holy Land in those days, and some of the oriental imagery was at fault, and critics noted it uncharitably.

It is in such a psalm as this that we seem to see the venerable Dr. Timothy Dwight at his characteristically best in look and mien. A pardonable enthusiasm makes Mr. Samuel W. Duffield say of him: "His stately progress to the house of God might well serve as a commentary upon his own hymn." In his collection Dr. Dwight has called this his version of Psalm 43; it commences with the line, "My God, defend my cause," and the present compilation of verses begins with the third.

We are to remember, in all attempts to estimate the greatness of President Dwight's life, that he was a sufferer from a terrible malady nearly all the effective years of his career. According to the custom of those slowly learning generations he was deliberately inoculated, not vaccinated, as is the practice now, so easy and so safe, but actually given the disease so as to prevent his having it when he might fare worse by taking it

the natural way! The result was favorable in one respect—he never had it again. But his sight became affected, and ever afterward, during forty years of hindrance and inability, he could read consecutively only for fifteen minutes at a time; sometimes for weeks his eyes were useless. He lived by the help of an amanuensis in all his literary undertakings. The pain behind the eyeballs and in the frontal region of the brain was constant, and agonizing whenever his zeal or enthusiasm led him beyond the narrowest limits of work.

74 *Type of Heaven.* H. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
All hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay!
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

Rev. Thomas Cotterill was a clergyman of the Church of England, perpetual curate of St. Paul's, in Sheffield. He was born at Cannock, Staffordshire, December 4, 1779. He was graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1801. Four or five years afterward he entered upon his parochial and ministerial duties at Tutbury. In 1817 he became curate in Sheffield, where he passed the rest of his life. This brought him into companionship with James Montgomery. They made a hymn-book together, and so were very affectionate and familiar. Cotterill composed at least thirty-two pieces, some of them excellent for that day. He died December 29, 1823. It was of him that Montgomery spoke when he wrote the hymn we all remember, "Friend after friend departs." The hymn, as it stands in *Laudes Domini*, is made up of two stanzas of this poet, and one, the last, by Miss Elizabeth Scott. The compiler of that collection took the hymn as he found it; the changes and combinations were made long before his fashioning of books began.

75 *Welcome Worship.* H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

For many years the inquiry has been pressed concerning the almost mythical "Hayward," whose name appears in connection with this familiar and favorite hymn. It has been traced back to Dobell's *New Selection*, published 1806, and there the trail ends. No one seems to know any more about the piece or its author.

76 *Psalm 122.* S. P. M.

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait.
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

This is given as Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 122, P. M. It is not better than some of his other translations, but it is sprightlier for singing by reason of the felicitous choice of a new meter in the musical adaptation. The tune to which it is commonly sung appears to have been constructed from the ancient "Crusaders' Hymn."

77 *Cant.* 1:7. P. M.

TELL me, whom my soul doth love,
Where thy flock are feeding;
Where the pastures which they rove—
Thou their footsteps leading?

2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat,
Where at noon they rest them;
Where at night their safe retreat—
Fold, where none molest them?

3 Strong in thy protecting arm;
Richly thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;
Let no foe ensnare me;
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In thy bosom bear me.

This poem was written by Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D. D. February 6, 1870; he says that he designed it simply as a paraphrase of Solomon's Song 1:7, 8, and so gave it the title of "Shulamith." Dr. Wolcott was born, a son of Elihu and Rachel M. (McClure) Wolcott—a lineal descendant of Henry Wolcott, who settled at Windsor, Ct., in 1630, and was one of the first magistrates of that colony—at South Windsor, July 2, 1813, and died in his new home in Longmeadow, Mass., February 24, 1886. He fitted for college, under the late Chief-Justice Strong, in the academy at East Windsor Hill; graduated from Yale in the class of 1833, and at Andover in the class of 1837. He was ordained in the the Bowdoin St. Church, Nov. 13, 1839, Dr. Kirk preaching the sermon, and went as missionary to Syria, reaching Beirut in April, 1840. He began missionary work in Abieh, a village in Mt. Lebanon, but the rising of the mountaineers against the pasha compelled him to retire to Beirut. His next move was in the spring of 1841 to Damascus, where he opened a school for the Druses of Mt. Lebanon in *Deïr el Khamr*, from which he was soon again dislodged by civil war. The next winter he went to Jerusalem, and there and elsewhere made those exceedingly valuable topographical explorations afterwards published in the *Biblical Repository* and elsewhere, and embodied in the American revision of Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. His attempts to resume missionary labor at Mt. Lebanon being still further prevented by the hostilities of the times, and his family broken up by sickness and death, he embarked at Beirut, January 2, 1843, for his native land by way of England in the spring of 1843, arriving at Boston April 21, 1843, and was settled at Longmeadow, August 30 following. After a short but successful pastorate there, he was settled, October 3, 1849, in Belchertown, whence he went to the High Street Church in Providence, R. I., April 3, 1853; to the New England Church in Chicago, Ill., September 27, 1859, and the Plymouth Church in Cleveland O., February 5, 1862. From this pastorate he was dismissed, February 17, 1874, to accept the district secretaryship of the Home Missionary Society of Ohio and parts adjacent, which position he held with distinguished usefulness during seven years. Residing for a time, without charge, in Cleveland, in literary and other labor, he then came back to Longmeadow, where, in a beautiful home erected for his comfort by his children, the closing months of his life were spent.

78 *Wells of Salvation.* P. M.

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessèd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

Robert Campbell, a Scotch advocate, the translator of this poem, was born at Trochraig in Ayrshire, Scotland, December 19, 1814. While living in Edinburgh, in 1850, he prepared some versions of Latin hymns to be used in a service-book for the diocese of St. Andrews, among which this one appears. Late in life he left the Protestant Establishment and joined the Church of Rome, in the communion of which he died, December 29, 1868. This piece is somewhat freely rendered from a hymn written for the festival of the Holy Evangelists by Adam of St. Victor—*Jucundare plebs fidelis.*

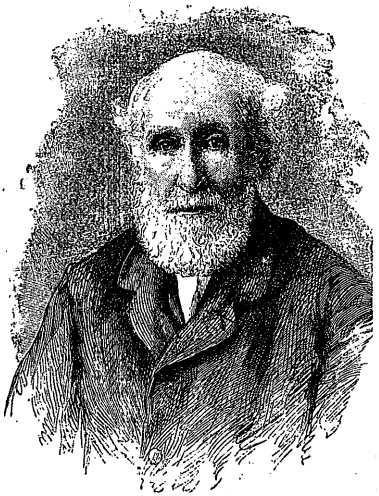
79 *"Deliver Us From Evil."* P. M.

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of thy mercy large and free:
Through the day thy love hath fed us,
Through the day thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, oh, pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behavior,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From all evil us deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O thou Lamb of Calvary!

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With thine own serenity;
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity.

George Rawson, the author of this hymn, preferred for a long period to be known only as "A Leeds Layman." He contributed fifteen acceptable pieces to the *Leeds Hymnbook*, 1853, and twenty-seven to the *Psalms and Hymns of the Baptist Denomination*, 1858. In 1876 he gave a large volume of his compositions to the public with his own name. His home was for many years at Clifton, near Bristol, in England. Born June 5, 1807, he lived to reach an honored old age, and died March 25, 1889, writing new hymns and revising old, not always for the better, clear



GEORGE RAWSON.

down to the time of his decease. He was a solicitor by profession, and a Congregationalist in church connection. His hymns always awaked much curiosity, while he concealed himself under his pseudonym, and they have always been welcome for the spirit they breathed and the good they have done. They appear in the hymnals of many of the churches in America.

80 *Evening Song.* P. M.

UPWARD where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest—
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far beyond the arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him,
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessed feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

This will be recognized as one of Dr. Horatius Bonar's best and most popular hymns. It was published in 1867. It will find its exquisite illustration in a fragment of one of those simple, strong sermons with which the lamented Bishop Simpson used to counsel and comfort God's people in his later years. He says: "I was visiting a friend some years ago who had lately built a new house. It was just finished. It was beautiful, useful. He took me up stairs. It had wardrobes, toilet-glasses, books and paintings. It was furnished grandly. And the father turned to me and said, 'This room is for our daughter. She is in Europe. She does not know we are arranging it. Her mother and I have fixed up everything we could think of for her, and as soon as the house is fully finished we are going to Europe to bring her back, and we are going to bring her up stairs and open the door and say, Daughter, this is all yours.' And I thought of the joy it would give her, and I thought, 'How kind these parents are!' Just then I turned away and thought, 'That is what Jesus is doing for me.' He says, 'I am going away. I will come again. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' Then I said, 'This father and mother are rich, but they have not all treasures; there are a great many things they don't know how to get. But Jesus, who is furnishing my mansion in glory, has everything. He has undertaken to furnish a place for me, and I shall be with him for ever.'"

81 *Sabbath Morning.* 7s, 6l.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

This familiar and favorite hymn comes from Rev. John Newton's *Olney Hymns*, Book II., No. 40. It consists there of five stanzas, and bears the title, "Saturday Eve-

ning." It was designed as a meditation and suggestion for the close of the week, rather than a lyric for public service on the Lord's day; and certain changes have been noticeably made in order to adapt it to its new use. It has always been welcome to Christian people because of its bright and brave putting aside of the weights and its putting on of the wings of true devotion, and so its coming up into God's presence with a joyous heart. Long ago it was said of Sir William Cecil, some time Lord Treasurer of England, that, when he went to bed, he would throw off his professional gown and say: "Lie there, Lord Treasurer," as if bidding adieu to all State affairs in order that he might the more quietly repose himself. The quaint old Spencer quotes this exclamation, and then homilizes upon it concerning one's going to any religious duty, whether hearing or praying, coming to the Lord's table, entering the sanctuary, or even engaging in private devotions; he thinks one might say: "Lie by, world; lie by, all secular cares, all household affairs, all pleasures, all traffic, all thought of gain; lie by, all! adieu, all!"

82 *The Holy Day of Rest.* 7s, D.

WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell
Thus he vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word,
When we sing thy praise and pray;
Earth can no such joys afford:
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin and rest from pains,
Endless joys and endless praise.

This hymn appeared anonymously in *Conder's Collection*, in 1836. It might be marked with a star as well as in any other way, so far as any trustworthy information can be obtained as to its author. The simple name "William Brown" is found annexed to it in Thomas Russell's book, *A Collection of Hymns, designed as an appendix to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns*, 1839; that is, it was not in the tenth edition of that volume, 1826, but it was in the twentieth edition in 1843. No one seems to know who the author was.

83 *Invocation.* 7s, D.

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

This is selected from Rev. Charles Wesley's "Hymns for those who wait for full Redemption," included in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. It is found complete in his published volume, issued in 1749, where it has an additional stanza, there omitted. From the frequency with which this hymn appears in our modern collections, we easily infer that the compilers have recognized its unusual fitness as an invocation to be used at the opening of public service. It sings its praise with the same breath with which it presses its prayer. It is a genuine cry of the soul for the aid of God's Spirit.

84 *Psalm* 84. 7s, D.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte is one of the most graceful of all our poets in the management of words and phrases, and so is unusually successful in his rendering and paraphrasing of Scripture. This is his version of Psalm 84, published 1834, in his *Spirit of the Psalms*. He was born at Ednam, near Kelso, in Scotland, June 9, 1793, and was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, 1814. He was an excellent scholar, and a poet of no mean order

from the beginning of his studies; he took the prize three times in the competition for excellence as the composer of an English poem. He entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1815, being made the curate of a small charge near Wexford. Two years later he removed to Marazion, in Cornwall. In 1823 he was appointed Perpetual Curate of Lower Brixham, in Devon. There he died, November 20, 1847.

85 *"Rest and Love."* 7s, D.

LORD, remove the vail away,
Let us see thyself to-day:
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son,
Let thy living Church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in thee;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace;
That thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love,
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 Give our souls the spotless dress
Of thy perfect righteousness;
So at length each welcome guest
Then shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp and raise the song,
All thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

The little book which has attracted so much attention, *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, is a series of translations of the best of the German songs of devotion, many of these being the old lyrics of reformation times, the grand anthems of the ages. Two sisters conducted this work jointly, and seem to have had the persistent desire to keep each other's secrets in relation to the share each one of them took in the literary drudgery. Miss Jane Borthwick is assumed to have had the prominence in composition, and Mrs. Eric John Findlater to have in the larger measure supervised translation. The pieces were at first published in *The Family Treasury*, and the signature, "H. L. L." grew famous as a hieroglyphic that no one could interpret. The poetry is of the highest order, and the choice of hymns rendered is excellent. The present one is from the *Zeige dich uns ohne Hülle* of Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock. He was born at Quedlinberg, July 2, 1724, and died at Hamburg, March 14, 1803. The translations were published in 1854–1862. Of these sixty-one are to be credited to Miss Borthwick and fifty-three to her sister. Mrs. Findlater was born at Edinburgh, November 26, 1823; her husband was a Presbyterian clergyman at Lochearnhead, in Perthshire, and died May 2, 1886.

86 *Morning Song.* P. M.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

5 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.

This rendering of a hymn by Baron von Canitz has been ascribed to Dr. Thomas Arnold most likely because, appearing anonymously in the *British Magazine* for July, 1838, of which he was the editor, it seemed

to belong to him. But since then it has been given on the best authority to the Rev. Henry James Buckoll, an assistant master of the Rugby School, who translated it from the German hymn. A claim is made still that Dr. Arnold did the same at an earlier date, and that expressions in his composition are found in this piece. One is piqued at being so mystified and balked in his conclusion; but as yet information is too scant for any settled decision. Friedrich Rudolph Ludwig, Baron von Canitz, was born at Berlin, November 27, 1654, and died August 11, 1699. He wrote the original *Seele du Musst munter werden.* The author of this translation was the son of Rev. James Buckoll, rector of Siddington, near Gloucester, England. He was born September 9, 1803. He was educated at Oxford, took holy orders in the Established Church in 1827, and died at Rugby, June 6, 1871.

87 *Morning Hymn.* 8s, 7s, 7.

HALLELUJAH! fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of our toil and care to-day:
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blesséd moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship
We will seek our joy to-day:
It is then we learn the fullness
Of the grace for which we pray:
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with thee be ended,
As with thee it has begun;
And thy blessing, Lord, be granted
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

Another hymn taken from the collection made by the two sisters, Mrs. Findlater and Miss Borthwick, *Hymns from the Land of Luther.* Miss Jane Borthwick rendered this from that of Rev. Jonathan Krause, who published it in 1739; he was a native of Silesia, born in 1701, and in later life pastor in Liegnitz. The German piece begins: *Alleluja! schöner Morgen.* Miss Borthwick was born, April 9, 1813, in Edinburgh, where she still resides. She is also the author of many original pieces of religious poetry of rare merit, gathered in a volume called *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours,* published in 1859.

88 *The Gates of Zion.* 8s, 7s, 7.

OPEN now thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for him who answers prayer:
Oh, how blesséd is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace.

2 Yes, my God, I come before thee,
Come thou also down to me;
Where we find thee and adore thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart, oh, enter thou,
Let it be thy temple now.

3 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May thy word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear thee,
Let thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near thee
Whilst thou dost thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Miss Catharine Winkworth was born in London, September 13, 1829, and died in 1878. She was the daughter of Henry Winkworth of Alderley Edge, near Manchester England. She published an excellent book in 1869, called *Christian Singers of Germany* and was also helpful in all the work which has rendered *Lyra Germanica* so popular among English readers and lovers of song. The hymn now before us was composed by Rev. Benjamin Schmolke. It was first printed in 1732, has seven stanzas, and begins "*Thut mir auf die schöne Pforte;*" it was intended for a communion hymn.

89 *Hallelujah!* 8s, 7s, 7.

UNTO thee be glory given,
Word incarnate! evermore;
Thee the spirits blest in heaven,
Thee the angel choirs adore;
Still their hallelujahs rise
Midst the anthems of the skies.

2 We too, bending low before thee,
Lord of all, blest Trinity!
Of thy mercy now implore thee,
That throughout eternity
In thy kingdom we may raise
Hallelujahs to thy praise.

These two stanzas are evidently compiled from a hymn beginning, "Heaven with alleluias ringing," which is found with six stanzas in *Barnby's Hymnary,* where it is numbered 401, and is given without any clew to its authorship except an allusion in the general preface. The author is thanked, with specification of the initials "H. M. C." in the index, for having furnished "most valuable aid in translation," and having permitted to the compiler of that collection the "use of many hymns." It was needed, just as it is, for a invocation, or opening doxology, in a peculiar meter, and is excellent for such a purpose. But the previous stanzas were not appropriate for singing in a promiscuous assembly like that for which *Laudes Domini* was prepared, and so only a part was chosen. The full

name of the writer is Mrs. Harriet M. Chester. She is the widow of Harry Chester, at one time an assistant secretary of the Committee of Council of Education; he died in 1868. She has translated many German and Latin hymns for the public prints and Hymnals.

90 *"Departing Day."* 8s, 4.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And througing angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all!

Rev. Godfrey Thring, the author of this hymn, was born at Alford in England, March 25, 1823. He was educated at Shrewsbury School, and was graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1845. In 1858 he succeeded his father as the rector of Alford, Somersetshire, and became the prebendary of Wells. Forty of his hymns were issued in a volume, 1866. He also compiled the *Church of England Hymn-book* in 1880. This hymn was found in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, in the edition of 1868. It is certainly very beautiful in sentiment and rhythm.

91 *"We Follow Thee."* 8s, 4.

THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by thy faithful word—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword—
We follow thee.

2 With enemies on every side,
We lean on thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow thee.

3 O Master, point thou out the way,
Nor suffer thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day
We follow thee.

4 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh, keep us, aid us by thy grace:
We follow thee.

5 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save thee, to love?
Still in thy light we onward move;
We follow thee.

The compiler of *Laudes Domini* has been heard to say that this hymn of Dr. Horatius Bonar was introduced to his notice in the ordinary service at the Regent's Square Church, in London, in a period of his long-continued illness and depression; it was sung to the tune as here set, "Sarum," and filled the whole room of worship with glorious sound of human voices and hearts: "And no one knew of the stranger there, nor ever thought how such a song lifted him as never song lifted him before."

92 *Sabbath Rest.* 8s, 4.

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil secure and trouble free;
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
And peace on all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As now the weekly labors cease;
No voice but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That thou this restful day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

Another of Rev. Godfrey Thring's pieces of poetry, composed evidently under the full inspiration of a Sabbath evening rest. The compiler of *Laudes Domini* found this piece in a small fugitive collection of religious poems; no names were affixed to any of them, and no clew to the sources from which they were obtained was given. He chose this as one of the most attractive hymns he had gained for a long time; it appeared fairly necessary to the place and adaptation he could assign to it. But one line in each stanza was too long by a word for the music; it was necessary to find now and then an expletive, and then the gain was secured. Afterward he found out, by what is sometimes called a happy accident, that the poem was composed by the author whose name it now bears. The date of this writer's earliest hymns is 1862.

93 *The Hour of Prayer.* 8s, 4.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Miss Charlotte Elliott was born near Brighton, in England, March 18, 1789; she was the granddaughter of the Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield. Her early life was spent at Clapham, but in 1823 she removed to Brighton permanently. She was never robust, and often was feeble, but her mind was clear and her imagination vivid. She loved poetry, and music was her delight. This seems to have given to her poems that sense of exquisite finish in rhythm. She offered only about one hundred and fifty hymns to the public; but almost all of these are now in wide and common use. Some time in 1834 she published the *Invalid's Hymn-Book*, to which she contributed from her own pen 115 pieces, including this and the other by which she is most widely known, "Just as I am, without one plea." After the death of her father in 1833, and of her mother and two sisters in 1843, their home was given up, and in 1845 she went with her sole surviving sister for awhile to dwell upon the Continent. Returning, they settled at Torquay, and lived there in peace for fourteen years; by-and-by they went to Brighton again, where at last, at the great age of eighty-two years, Miss Elliott passed away, September 22, 1871, in the full hope and triumph of the gospel she had sung so long.

94 *Evening Psalm.* 7s, 5.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights, with morning shine;
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Rev. Gilbert Rorison, LL. D., made a collection of hymns in 1851 for the use of his own congregation, in which this one appears. The author was born in Glasgow, Scotland, February 7, 1821. His life was spent in Scotland; educated at Glasgow University, he commenced an excellent and useful ministry in Aberdeenshire, as the incumbent of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Peterhead. He died at Bridge of Allan, October 11, 1869. This hymn is a sufficient monument for any man; it is full of reverent devotion, so simple, so orthodox, so gentle and unaffected, that it commends itself directly to our sympathies and needs.

95 *Jesus, Have Mercy.* 7s, 5.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite—
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D., was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, in charge of the parish in which this child, called by his name, first saw the light. The boy had fine chances for education in mind as well as improvement in taste, and early displayed marked abilities for composition. He is said to have rendered *Phædrus* into verse before he was seven years of age. In 1800 he entered Brazenose College, Oxford; there he took prize after prize during a most brilliant career of literary success. Taking orders in the ministry as his calling in life, he began preaching at Hodnet in 1807. In 1822 he was invited to the important and honor-

REGINALD HEBER.

able pulpit of Lincoln's Inn, London. But the next year he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, and sailed at once for his work as a missionary. But his labor was brief; he died April 3, 1826. His was an intense life; it has moved the world; but it was only a few years in length. He died very suddenly; he had been busy in a confirmation service, became heated in that inhospitable climate, and was found dead in an apoplectic fit in the bath to which he had gone. This hymn first appeared in the *Christian Observer* in 1811. It was usually sung on Quinquagesima Sunday, when the gospel for the day has the account of Christ's healing of the blind man Bartimeus. Certain allusions in the phraseology are easily traced to that source.

96 *The Mercy-Seat.* L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, the author of this hymn, afterward known as Canon Stowell, of Chester Cathedral, was for awhile the popular and beloved minister of Christ Church, Salford. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Douglas, on the Isle of Man, December 3, 1799. A volume of religious poetry was compiled by him and published at Manchester, in England, 1831, and in this appeared the familiar hymn which has made his name dear all round the world, with a few others of his. The title of this one was "Peace at the Mercy-Seat." It had been contributed earliest to a periodical, *The Winter's Wreath*, in 1827. The author seems to have enjoyed much favor and success in his career. In 1818 he entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, graduated in 1822, and took orders in 1823. First as a curate in Yorkshire, then as incumbent of St. Stephen's Church, Salford, he gathered such crowds to hear the plain truths of the gospel that the people cheerfully gave their money to erect the large and elegant structure of Christ Church, Salford, in which delighted thousands attended his ministry. In 1845 he was made an Honorary Canon of Chester, and afterward Rural Dean of Salford. He was an enemy to Tractarianism, and a sound Evangelical Churchman. He also wrote the *Jubilee Hymn* for the British and Foreign Bible Society. He died at Salford, on the Sabbath day, October 8, 1865. To the question put to him in his very last moments, "Is Jesus with you and precious to you?" he answered calmly, and without any hesitation, "Yes; so that he is all in all to me."

97 *"The Evil Hour."* L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears—
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, the author of this hymn,

was unfortunate in choosing his friends, or else he was betrayed by Rev. John Logan, a minister in the Scotch Presbyterian Church of Leith, who had been his intimate in college. This plagiarist seems to have deliberately set his name to some of Bruce's best compositions, and so claimed them as his own. A justification of the matter has been effected among literary people in these late years, and it is now admitted everywhere that this, which is found in the *Paraphrases of Scripture* permitted to be used in connection with Rous' version of the Psalms, was the production of Bruce while he was studying for the ministry. He was born at Kinnesswood, in the county of Kinross, Scotland, March 27, 1746. In early life he herded cattle, and learned his lessons of poetry from nature directly. He entered college, a very poor boy, at the age of fifteen, and soon was on the regular course of study at Edinburgh University. He had to teach school in order to pay expenses; but salaries were small in the rural neighborhoods, living was rough and meager. The young man's constitution was slender, his health suffered; rooms were damp and comrades were few. He broke down in spirits and in strength. His chest failed him; consumption did its work speedily and relentlessly. July 5, 1767, he died at Kinnesswood little more than twenty-three years old. His life was sad, his heart was heavy; but his faith was strong and his hope unfaltering. Under the pillow he died upon his Bible was found, and the words were marked in Jer. 22:10: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

98 *The Mercy-Seat.* L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

When the prayer-meeting at Olney was removed to a larger room, William Cowper wrote this hymn to be sung in the opening service. The piece was afterward published in the volume of *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is founded upon the familiar promise of the Lord's presence with even a few worshipers. As we sing it, our minds are arrested by the supreme thought of the wonderful preciousness and availableness of prayer as an instrument of communication with God. What could we poor mortals do without it here on the earth? In one of the public gatherings not many months ago an old sailor rose to make some remarks. He said: "One of our boats was dashed to pieces at sea; six of the men clung to the fragments; three days they were without help; for we in the distant ship could not find them. They told us afterward that the most awful and lonely thought they had in those dreadful hours was that they could do nothing to make us hear them; and that made me think of our prayers to God: what if a man was just so cut off that he could not pray; what if, when we were floating around on this mighty ocean of peril, we had no voice that could be sent over in any way to heaven!"

WILLIAM COWPER.

There are three portraits of Cowper, by three distinguished painters: Abbot, Romney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. These were all taken within a short time. That by Abbot, an oil painting, was taken in July, 1792, at Weston; that by Romney, in crayons, in August and September of the same year, when the poet was on a visit to Hayley, at Eartham; and that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Weston, in October, 1793. The portrait which is most familiarly known, having been often engraved, and appearing in various editions of the poems, was painted after his death, from the portraits of Abbot and Lawrence, by Jackson, R. A., and is now in the possession of Earl Cowper, at Penshanger,

Hertfordshire. The artist has very successfully combined the characteristic points of the portraits taken from life, and gives an excellent idea of the poet when a little over sixty years of age.

Mr. Jackson, in his picture, retained the well-known cap, which the poet was accustomed to wear in the morning, when at work, either in parlor or garden. When in consultation with Dean Stanley as to the portrait to be chosen for the stained glass memorial window in Westminster Abbey (the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia), the Dean said, "We must have the cap at all events, for everyone knows him in that better than in the wig." It is is a curious head-dress, but it was comfortable, not unbecoming, and it was not the poet's own choosing; it was the gift of his cousin, Lady Hesketh. The fact is immortalized in the lines entitled "Gratitude":

"The cap that so stately appears, with ribbon-bound tassel on high,
Which seems, by the crest that it rears, ambitious of brushing the sky;
This cap to my cousin I owe—she gave it, and gave me beside,
Wreathed in an elegant bow, the ribbon with which it is tied."

So we see that Cowper, along with his grateful feeling for the comfortable head-dress, was quite aware of the odd appearance of what he thus humorously describes. Romney and Lawrence both painted him in this cap, and Jackson very wisely adopted it in the posthumous portrait.

Over almost the whole life of William Cowper hangs, as it were, a deep cloud of melancholy. At the rare intervals when the blackness of darkness departed, he wrote with singular facility, quite voluminously also, and with an originality and naturalness which opened up a new era in English literature.

This distinguished poet was born, November 26, 1731, at Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire. He was the son of a clergyman of good family, his granduncle being Lord Chancellor Cowper. Unfortunately for the happiness of his future youth and manhood, the timid child lost his mother at the age of six. At an early age he was removed from a country school and sent to Westminster School, where he was goaded almost to madness by the usage he received from the rougher and less sensitive boys. This is well reflected in the tone of the *Tirocinium*. Speaking of this period, he says himself: "Day and night I was upon the rack; lying down in horror and rising up in despair." After he left school he was articled to an attorney and spent three years in his office; after which he entered himself of the Middle Temple. An appointment received by him through the influence of his uncle, as clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, so wrought upon him from first to last as to drive him actually insane. In the well-managed asylum of Dr. Cotton he recovered his health. Returning to Huntingdon, he became acquainted with the family of the Unwins, who devoted a great deal of care to make his lot tolerable. Regular in all his habits, devout, honest, pure, with a conscience void of offence both toward God and man, he had the impression that he was one of those who could not be saved—a morbid belief which never quite forsook him.

When Unwin died Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney. Here he formed two lasting friendships—one with the Rev. John Newton and the other with Lady Austen. He died at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800.

99 *"What Thou Wilt."* L. M.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh! be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

It would seem very easy to find any one of John Newton's poetical pieces, and especially any one of the hymns he gave to the worship of the churches. But this one went for many years without credit to anybody; and yet there it was all the time in the *Olney Hymns*, Book I., No. 32. It appears with eight stanzas, from which those in use at present are selected. It has a text from 1 Kings 3:5 annexed to it.

100 *Retirement.* C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. PHŒBE H. BROWN.

Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown was the daughter of George Hinsdale, and was born at Canaan, N. Y., May 1, 1783. In reply to a question addressed to her by Rev. Elias Nason, she answered: "As to my history, it is soon told: a sinner saved by grace and sanctified by trials." An orphan at two years of age, she came upon the world in a somewhat poverty-stricken plight, and had to meet its rough ways as best she could. She did not learn to read until she was eighteen years old, and it is recorded that she never had more than three months' schooling in the whole of her life. Timothy H. Brown, a house-painter, married the affectionate and faithful creature, and she went to live in Ellington, Tolland County, Conn. She was poetic by temperament, dreamy, a lover of nature, and deeply religious. Her life was hard, her children were fretful, neighbors could not understand her when she went away into an adjacent grove to be by herself and pray. Gossips gave other reasons. Then she somehow composed a poem in nine simple stanzas, entitling it "An Apology for my Twilight Rambles, Addressed to a Lady." This bears date of Ellington, August, 1818." This hymn, as it now generally appears, was published in *Village Hymns*, compiled by Nettleton.

She afterward told a friend that the piece was kept in a portfolio for a long time, and probably Rev. Lavius Hyde got hold of it, and so it came to Mr. Nettleton, who afterward applied to her for some few more of the same sort. She furnished two or three, but they were less valuable than the first one, and needed modification. She once wrote that when her spot among the trees was broken up she often "thought Satan had tried his best to prevent [her] from prayer by depriving [her] of a place to pray." Whether this was true or not, her later poetry did not fulfill the promise of this hymn by which she is best known. She lived at Monson, Mass., subsequently, where Nettleton says he formerly found her "in a very humble cottage;" then removed to Henry, Ill., and there she died, October 10, 1861, and was buried at Monson at last.

101 *Prayer Has Power.* C. M.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there 's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

Rev. James Cowden Wallace was a Unitarian minister, born at Dudley, in England, about the year 1793. He was settled in the pastorate first in Totnes in 1824, and afterwards at Wareham, where he died in 1841. He wrote many poems and other pieces for the *Monthly Repository*. The name of this author has in several critical volumes been given as John Aikman Wallace, and he has been announced as a clergyman of the Presbyterian Free Church in Scotland; both of these statements are mistaken.

This hymn is suggested by the inspired verse: "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." It is worth while to give a thought like that fixed lodgment in our hearts; it is very wonderful. Sleep is a concession to human weakness and frailty. It is of necessity that things which wear out should have time to recuperate. But a frightful part of our lives is lost in such a waste of the hours of night after night for three-score years and ten. Sleep is of the earth, earthy. It is not needed in heaven; it is not permit-

ted in hell; we shall grow happier when we are rid of it. God never has needed anything of that kind; the inspired singer has told us that twice in one psalm of only eight verses, giving two of them to the reiteration of the sentiment. "The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber."

102 *"Two or Three."* C. M.

WHEREVER two or three may meet
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim:—

2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfill to us thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

Thomas Hastings, *Mus. Doc.*, gave this hymn in manuscript to the compiler of *Songs for the Sanctuary*, in which it was first published in 1865. It chose its theme from Matt. 18:20. Half a score of the sacred poets have taken the same text for their inspiration; Cowper and Wesley, Fawcett and Kelly, Watts and Carlyle, Newton and Anne Steele, have in turn clung to the verse and pressed the argument contained in it. Matthew Henry once gave the counsel that always ought to be kept in remembrance by devout and affectionate souls. "Whatever God gives you in a promise," said he, "be sure to send back to him in a prayer."

103 *The Mercy-Seat.* C. M.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

This hymn, written by Miss Anne Steele, and included in the volume she published under the name of "Theodosia," 1760, is remarkable for the power it wields over our deepest sympathies; its very simplicity is its charm. Cyprian, the ancient father in the Church, whose name has been held reverently in the memory of Christendom since the day when first he made Africa illustrious nearly sixteen centuries ago, has beautifully described the benefit and delight which he found in retired prayer and meditation: "That no profane listener may hinder my musings, and no domestic clamor drown them, I withdraw to a recess in the neighboring solitude, where the creeping tendrils of the young vines form a shady arbor. Behold! there I obtain a feeling of truth which learning could not give, and drink in, from the quick impartings of divine grace, stores of heavenly thought which long years of study could never supply."

104 *"Weary, Heavy Laden."* C. M.

APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

This is by Rev. John Newton, and in the *Olney Hymns* it is No. 12 of Book III. The hymn just previous to this in that collection is entitled, "The Effort," and begins with the line, "Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat." This is entitled "The Effort; in another measure." It consists of six stanzas.

Some commentators have seemed to find here the evidence of George Herbert's influence upon Newton's composition. It is true that Herbert was a great favorite with both of the Olney poets; but I cannot connect such a strain of deep penitence and humble pleading for pardon with so quiet and meditative a model. To me it appears like one of those cries of this man's soul out of the depths in which it lay during the early years of his experience. There are other hymns, evidently composed in much more assured and joyful periods of his history. When the story of his association with William Cowper opened, and those dear intimacies began in the Olney parsonage, his song rose to the heights of serene confidence and joy. Most of us who take these matchless lyrics on our lips find we have use for them all in our penitence and in our pardon.

105 *Gen.* 32:26.

LORD! I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

This hymn by Rev. John Newton may profitably be compared with the magnificent poem of Charles Wesley known as "Wrestling Jacob." Both are founded upon the experience of the patriarch at Penuel (Gen. 32:26). This one in particular pictures to us the matchless mercy of God. We can talk to him in our own plain, artless, unconstrained way, and he takes pleasure in listening to us. Here, in the inspired history, a poor mortal of no higher fame or name than a herdsman had power to prevail in a contest for a blessing with the omnipotent God, and received a new name as a princely prevailer with the Highest.

There is no hope of advantage in any attempt to follow up this mere historic incident as a fact. When the wrestle ends that ends its instruction. But this was no ordinary part of Jacob's biography. It is evident that it was so truly intended to be an emblem of wistful and importunate supplication that the prophet Hosea was inspired, full a thousand years afterward, to suggest its interpretation. The Christian Church has taken it up at once; and now the expression, "wrestling with the angel of the covenant," is as familiar as any of our household words the world over. "Yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed; he wept, and made supplication unto him; he found him in Bethel, and there he spake with us; even the Lord God of hosts; the Lord is his memorial."

106 *God Everywhere.* 7s.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, to whom this hymn is now credited, was known more widely by his music than by his poetry. He was a carpenter by trade, but, fond of music, he became a composer and at last a teacher. With us he has his immortality in the tune *Coronation*. He issued at least six collections of tunes and it is claimed that he published a volume of poetry containing some of his own hymns but the book cannot now be found. Some writers who are to be trusted declare that this piece has been altered from a long meter having six stanzas, commencing: "All those who seek a throne of grace," and marked there, as are a few others, with the initial "H." Oliver Holden was born at Shirley, Mass., September 18, 1765, and died at Charlestown, Mass., September 4, 1844. The hymn suggests a season of quiet and grateful devotion after trouble, when a believer longs to tell his love and gratitude away from all public demonstration. It makes us think of the incident related long ago of Grant Thorburn. His building had been saved from absolute conflagration by miracles of daring and patience in fighting with fire. One of the bystanders told that modest man: "Why, my dear sir, you now ought to kneel down here on the pavement and thank God for your deliverance!" But with his usual diffidence he replied, almost in a whisper: "Tut, tut! neighbor; such things would be better done afterward in one's private chamber, and with the door shut!"

107 *Quiet Communion.* 7

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears:
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

From the date of its first publication the hymn of Dr. Ray Palmer has been popular and useful. It was written in New Haven, 1834, and the text of Scripture annexed to

is Psalm 36 : 9. It resembles in its sentiment, though it scarcely equals it in its strength, another hymn by the same author, "Away from earth my spirit turns." When a New England man, born in a village, and trained by religious parents as a true son of the soil, reads such a poem as this, the picture is simple and suggestive. Reminiscences of early days render the stanzas in turn as pathetic as they are picturesque. There is in the hymn the indescribable quietness and humility of a prayer-meeting, gathering, according to the ordinary appointment, "in the vestry at early candle-light," as it used to be announced. Then the fathers and mothers and children, one by one, would "steal" forth with their candles and their *Village Hymns*. Those were grand old days! Such customs made great men and noble women. That training told in the after years. Some of that generation love to look back for encouragement and strength now.

108 *A Prayer in Need.* 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

This is another of Rev. John Newton's contributions to the *Olney Hymns*. It is No. 31 of Book I. There it has seven stanzas, and is founded upon 1 Kings 3 : 5. It owes something of the modern revival of its popularity from the use Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was wont to make of it in divine service. It is said he was long accustomed to have one or more stanzas of it softly chanted just before the principal prayer. In this way many additional thousands of people became familiar with its words, and so learned to love it. It is peculiar in that it fastens a devout man's attention upon preparation for an approach to the mercy-seat, as well as upon the petitions he proposes to offer there. The exercises of one's soul preliminary to prayer are important, and in a great measure essential to the reverence of the devotion. One of the finest incidental revelations of character found in all the Bible history is that which is discovered in the narrative of Joseph while in Egypt. Pharaoh suddenly sent for him; and though this young man must have known now that his fortune was made, and though he longed inexpressibly to get out of the filthy dungeon, he was of too decent a turn of mind to rush into the king's presence without care. He made all the retinue wait for him outside, though they came "hastily"; he would not be hurried into indecorousness of behavior; he "shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh." We need to pray for better gift at prayer.

"It is harder," so remarked the pious Gurnall, "to get the great bell up than to ring it when raised." Ejaculatory prayer is useful; but there is need of set seasons likewise. "A large part of my time," wrote McCheyne, "is spent just in getting my heart in tune to pray." The stringing of the bow and the notching of the arrow have much to do with the success of the archer's shot; and it is not wise to be headlong.

109 *Redeeming Love.* 7s.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.

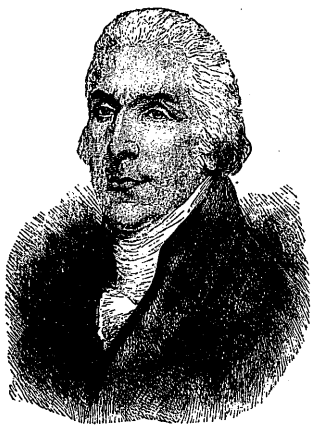
2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love—
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

Most ministers, even of modern times, have in their libraries the *Village Sermons* of Rev. George Burder. The volume was published in 1794, and has continued to have a prosperous sale down to the present day. The author was born in London, June 5, 1752. The early tastes of the child were imaginative and poetic, and he showed skill in drawing; indeed, he studied for a while at the Royal Academy, and planned to be an artist. He gave up this ambition, however, at the age of twenty-three, having been converted under the preaching of Whitefield, and became connected with the Tabernacle Church. He soon began to preach, and was ordained to the ministry of the Congregational body in 1778.



REV. GEORGE BURDER.

He was an Independent pastor at first at Lancaster, then at Coventry for twenty years, and ultimately at Fetter Lane in London, where he died, May 29, 1832. He was busy with his pen all his life, contributing to the religious periodicals and issuing volumes of his own. In 1799 he was with others instrumental in founding the Religious Tract Society. While he was preaching at Fetter Lane he became the secretary of the London Missionary Society, and shortly after this he aided in the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In 1784 he published a *Supplement to Watts*, which collection went through fifty editions: this contained four hymns of his composition. He was an excellent, industrious, and devoted Christian, preaching, half blind and infirm, until three months before his death at eighty years of age.

110 "*The Sacred Fire.*" C. M.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there 's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

We are told in the *Treasures of the Talmud* that the heart of devout believers is like a harp of many strings, some shorter, some longer, but all needing to be tuned occasionally and struck in their appropriate turn. Those old rabbinical writers also reported that David when at the height of his success as a sweet singer of Israel had an æolian harp placed in his palace in such a way that it might be moved to music by the wind which in the night came to its strings. Then, as he heard its mysterious strains, he would arise from his couch and compose a psalm of praise to Jehovah. We need not try to be responsible for the facts stated and assumed in these ancient comments on the Word of God; but the figure is quaintly apt as a description of inspiration.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome was an English Baptist clergyman, born at Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire, January 23, 1717. In early life he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but he removed with his parents to Bristol, where his father was pastor of Pithay Church, and afterward he became a preacher, went to London for a while, and then was chosen to be the pastor of the church at Bourton-on-the-Water in Gloucestershire, at which work he continued until his death, September 3, 1795. He wrote 830 hymns, but only a few of them have survived. This one is a fair example of his style; it is plain, didactic, often as commonplace as a definition in the dictionary; he is said to have written it in 1749, after an illness. James Montgomery, in his introduction to the *Christian Psalmist*, did all that could be done as a commendation when he said he found Beddome's verses "very agreeable as well as impressive, being, for the most part, brief and fitting," and when he declared that some had "the terseness and simplicity of the Greek epigram."

111 *Retirement.* C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy great bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

The biography of William Cowper has for its frontispiece a picture consisting of seven small views, describing his life to one's eye as it must have appeared during the period in which this hymn was written. His health was

measurably restored. He took a short journey out of his habit; he was in an intelligent and almost a happy frame of mind. In the village of Huntingdon he found congenial rest. His life was distinctly associated with that of John Newton, his dear friend in whose parish he had spent so much time that the church and the parsonage at Olney seemed almost like his own. He had his hares and his devoted comrades and his writing friends. His correspondence was singularly full; and his spirits were so cheerful that the letters have entered into English literature. And while resting he waited upon God. He attended church for the first time in two years. Before service he found a quiet nook among the trees, and prayed with all the fervor of a joyous heart. After he came home he went out to it again. He artlessly relates the story of his experience: "How shall I express what the Lord did for me, except by saying that he made all his goodness to pass before me!" This was the hymn that William Wilberforce used frequently to repeat to himself in his most exciting histories as a public man, calming himself with the thought of the true "peace of God."

112 *"Behold He Prays."* C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery told his friends, with whom he was sometimes in rare moments of intimacy wont to speak of his own literary productions frankly, that he had received a great many testimonials of approval in respect to this piece of poetry. This fact is the more interesting to us just now, because the cry is raised that the verses are not to be reckoned at all as constituting a lyric song to be sung, but a poetic definition to be read in one's solitude as an encouragement to prayer. Yet the author included it among his hymns in the volume bearing the name; he added, however, the final stanza in order to give it a formal address to God, and so fit it to the exigencies of public service. It has been accepted without hesitation as not only a valuable aid to devotion, but as a classic among the treasures of the Church at large. Attention has been often called to the peculiar circumstances of Montgomery's death, as illustrating the sentiment he expressed when to the utterance of prayer he gave the name of the Christian's "watchword at the gates of death." When the poet was more than fourscore years of age, in 1854, he still kept up his practice of family worship, and in person officiated in the supplication. This he did one evening as usual, and it was observed that he was especially fervent in his form of address and directness of expression. It was his last audible prayer; he went at once to his chamber for sleep, and in the morning was found unconscious upon the floor of the room. He never spoke again; so this good man passed away; thus he entered heaven "with prayer."

113 *The Evening Hour.* 7s, 10l.

FATHER, by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace;
Thou, whose genial dews distill
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Grant thy children sweet repose:
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

2 Saviour, to thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried,
Meet thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessèd Saviour, yet through thee
Pray that we may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blessèd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O God, most present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let thy angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed;
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

Joseph Anstice was an English Episcopalian,

Professor of Classical Literature at King's College in London, to which high literary position he was appointed when only twenty-two years old. He was born at Madeley Wood, in Shropshire, in 1808; educated at Westminster School and at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was graduated with great distinction. He did good work in his classroom, but his health became precarious in 1835, and life began soon to fail. Fifty-four hymns of his composition, published posthumously, have been read by many with a certain sense of commiseration when they learned that most of them had their origin within the walls of a sick chamber and at a period when death was close at hand. He was often too feeble to write, and could only dictate the lines to his faithful wife: and it is on her testimony also that we learn that he continued to teach his students clear up to the last morning of his life. This is what gives such pathos to a melancholy which pervades some of the verses, and such attractiveness to the unalterable trust which gives cheer and hope to them all. After much patient suffering this good man died at Torquay, February 29, 1836.

114 *Hear, O Lord!* P. M.

When the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above:
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learnéd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

This hymn is in the best spirit of Dr. Horatius Bonar, and well represents his thorough appreciation of Scripture incident and principle. He has caught the entire meaning and spirit of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, given in the sixth chapter of Second Chronicles, and has made the sentiment serviceable for one of the grandest hymns of New Testament supplication. One peculiarity in the music usually sung with this piece is found in the strain attached to each verse as a refrain. It has a wonderful effect when the brisk and spirited movement of the first eight lines is suddenly succeeded by the slower and march-like advance of the quotation from Mendelssohn, coming on with its suggestion of impassioned imploration and entreaty.

115 *The Throne of Grace.* 10s, 4.

There is a spot of consecrated ground
Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found;
'T is named, and Christians love the well-known sound,
The "throne of grace."

2 'T is here a calm retreat is always found;
Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground:
Pure airs and heavenly odors breathe around
The "throne of grace."

3 While on this vantage-ground the Christian stands,
His quickened eye a boundless view commands;
Discovers fair abodes not made with hands—
Abodes of peace.

4 This is the mount where Christ's disciples see
The glory of the incarnate Deity;
'T is here they find it good indeed to be,
And view his face.

5 Here may the comfortless and weary find
One who can cure the sickness of the mind,
One who delights the broken heart to bind—
The Prince of Peace.

6 Saviour! the sinner's Friend, our hope, our all!
Here teach us humbly at thy feet to fall;
Here on thy name, with love and faith, to call
For pardoning grace.

7 Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till, numbered with thy ransomed flock above,
We cease to want, but never cease to love,
The "throne of grace!"

This hymn seems to have given perplexity to some of the hymnologists. In *Songs of Grace and Glory*, compiled by Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, and published in London, 1876, the poem is found in full, from the parts of which this hymn is made. It is ascribed to Miss Charlotte Elliott, and consists of ten stanzas. This is a correct crediting of the authorship, for the whole three parts of the long composition are found in her *Hymns for a Week*, 1839. It is designed to suggest the localization of our thoughts and wishes and experiences around some favorite spot. The expression "throne of grace" is in Hebrews 4:16: "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of

our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." It is indeed a great thing to have had admission to the presence of a king like Jehovah, and to have received a token that showed our words had been heard and heeded by the majesty of heaven. The success of just one real prayer of ours ought to be the memory of a lifetime. We might keep saying: I am the man, dust and ashes myself, who once, on such a day and such an hour, asked—and Jehovah answered me! Nay more, he told me to come again! Think now of a human being who can honestly say, "I have daily audience for my petitions in heaven!"

"I wonder not the eye of man cows lions in their den,
Or that a son of genius can sway the minds of men;
I wonder not the conqueror moves nations with his rod;
But rather that a little child can move the hand of God!"

116 "*Forsake Me Not.*" 10s, 4.

FORSAKE me not! O thou, my Lord, my Light!
I lift mine eyes unto thy holy height,
And trust thee with a child's sweet trust—untaught:
Forsake me not!

2 Forsake me not! By sorrow oft depressed,
On thee alone, Almighty Power, I rest!
Strength faileth me; be thou my strength—Christ-bought:
Forsake me not!

3 Forsake me not! Help me to know thy way
Let me at last, at closing of my day,
Into the light of thy dear face be brought!
Forsake me not!

This exquisite piece of poetry appeared in the *Christian Union* in 1883. The name appended to it was that of Mrs. John P. Morgan; she was then residing in New York, but every effort to procure other information has failed. The translation is probably from some German hymn. The spirit of the petition it presses is almost passionate in its expression of both need and trust.

These covenant-engagements of God—how slight they seem, but what a resident omnipotence they possess! They may not impress the imagination much, but they will wrestle beyond measure! There they lie in the clear stream of Scripture like the five little stones in the brook of David; but each one is good for a giant. There they wait in the storehouse of God like the five loaves and the two fishes of the unnamed lad of Bethsaida; they hardly filled his wallet, but they proved quite enough to feed the five thousand. The simple fact is that in all the engagements God makes he puts his own truth at stake. "All the promises of God in Christ are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us." Hence when human wrestling lays hold of a text of Scripture, it is all that a maxim of Plato or Confucius would be, and in addition it is God himself. There was no irreverence —nothing, indeed, but clearest intelligence and firmest faith—in the reply made by a harassed believer to the ribald skeptic who told her that God's covenant might fail at the last, for she had no hold upon him. "Ah, no fear of that," she answered; "he has more to lose in it than I have!"

117 "*God Pities.*" S. M.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day!
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

Here we have another of Dr. Philip Doddridge's hymns, numbered 346 in his collection. It is founded upon 1 John 1:3: "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." It has the same five stanzas, and is entitled, "Communion with God and Christ." One of our modern pastors has related an incident in his own experience; it serves as an illustration, and we give it in his exact words:

"An inquiring friend once asked me, after a public service, When you close your eyes for prayer, and commence as you did this morning—'Infinitely high and holy God'—what do you see, or what do you seem to see? What he meant was, what sort of mental conception does any Christian have in his ordinary devotions? What is the image which rises before him when he addresses what he terms in common conference the throne of grace?

"Since then I have passed the question on and around, especially among those of largest experience and rarest gift in public prayer. Various answers are given. One said he seemed to see a vast audience-room, vague angels ranged through it, a throne in the midst—and he never found himself going further; but toward the ineffable center of Royalty he sent his petition. Another said that on the instant of closing the world out

from his vision he appeared to himself to be looking straight up into a splendor of light, an undefined radiance of glory that no man could approach unto. Another told me he saw positively nothing; he felt himself in a Presence; he spoke as he would speak to a friend in the next room, out of sight but within hearing. Another pictured himself as kneeling at the very foot of the cross on Calvary, like the Virgin Mary and her friends. And another still chose for a like similitude Mary at Bethany, sitting at the Saviour's feet.

"On the whole, the impression I have now is that most believers seem to have a vision of a personal God in the form of Jesus Christ—the Redeemer in his human shape more or less recognizable—and that the image different Christians contemplate will vary according to the floridness or dullness of their imaginations, according to the clearness or vagueness of their intellectual processes, and specially according to their individual temperament."

118 *"The Throne of Grace."* S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Another of those familiar pieces in our conference meetings, given as No. 33 in Rev. John Newton's *Olney Hymns*, Book I. There it has eight stanzas. It is founded upon 1 Kings 3:5: "Ask what I shall give thee." How strange is the spectacle of a habitually prayerless man! We have heard of one who lived without a country. We know men without a home. But how an intelligent moral being can live, and yet not be on speaking terms with his Maker, passes comprehension. The privilege is open to all. Said good Bishop Leighton, with generous expostulation: "Remember, none of God's children are born dumb!"

119 *Importunity.* S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

This is No. 106, Book II., in Rev. John Newton's *Olney Hymns;* it appears there with six stanzas. He commences it with "Our Lord, who knows full well." He refers directly to the parable of the judge, in Luke 18:1–7. "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." God invites and counsels importunity, and his best people witness to its value in their practical experience. Testimonies are not rare. Sir Matthew Hale says: "If I omit praying and reading God's Word in the morning, nothing goes well all day." General Havelock used to rise at four o'clock, if the hour of marching was at six, rather than lose the privilege of communion with God before setting out. And Dr. Cuyler said of the late William E. Dodge: "The secret of his success lay in the first hour of every morning. That hour he gave to God, with his Bible and on his knees, and if he came down town to business with his face shining with cheerfulness and loving-kindness, it was because he had been up in the mount in communion with God."

120 *Psalm* 81. S. M.

SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his sacred house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 And we, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he that Israel then supplied
Will keep his Israel still.

We are indebted to a memorial by one who does not care to be openly known by any other address than what is signified by the letters "A. M. M. H." for many of the most interesting particulars concerning Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, the author of this version of Psalm 81. The monograph containing the

information was published in 1850. The date affixed to this hymn by Sir Roundell Palmer is 1834–1841. Whoever is familiar with St. Bernard, Paul Gerhardt, Caswall, or Faber, will be pleased to find the same devout and courageous spirit in Lyte which in those poets was their distinguishing charm. There is a kind of military ardor in these verses, a sense of swift marching with front full in air, as if the singer snuffed the battle afar off and was *not* afraid in the least to meet the shock of it, knowing that he had supreme help. "The battle is not yours, but God's." This was the favorite text of Sir Fowell Buxton. He once wrote to his daughter that she would find his Bible opening of itself to the place where this passage occurs. This text it was which gave him courage to move in the British Parliament for the emancipation of slaves throughout the British Empire. When he entered on that conflict he stood almost alone; when this bill was first read in Parliament it was received with shouts of derisive laughter. But he bethought him of this text, and he began his speech, saying: "Mr. Speaker, the reading of this bill is the beginning of a movement which will surely end in the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions." The old Hebrew prophet never said a truer word. Sir Fowell knew it, for the battle was not his, but God's.

121 *"Bless the Lord!"*

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours:
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

After Louis XIII. of France had besieged a city of the Huguenots, the citizens assembled in the evening on the wall and there sang with sweetness and solemnity one of their favorite psalms. The king was so impressed by the scene that he turned to Mazarin, who was at his side, and exclaimed: "We can do nothing with this people!" The siege was expeditiously raised, and the persecuted followers of God triumphed over their foe. The present hymn, of which this little story forms so fitting an illustration, is taken from James Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, in which it is reckoned as No. 86, with the title affixed: "Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving."

122 *Psalm* 95. S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own our gracious God.

The title given to this piece is, "A Psalm before Sermon;" it is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 95, S. M., and it has in all six stanzas. Perhaps no one of this writer's frequent calls to praise has become more familiar than this through the various churches across the whole world. There is something in every true Christian's heart that answers to such a challenge. It is the singing of praises which prepares the soul for its daily exposures. "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." Just before Jesus our Lord went forth "over the brook Kidron," into Gethsemane trials, he "sang a hymn." Men called Cromwell's Ironsides "psalm-singers," but they dreaded the men who came with nasal music on the field of Naseby. The battle-hymn helped Gustavus Adolphus, and the Covenanters of Scotland forgot the roughness of their versions in the inspiration of the psalms of David. Our hearts ought to grow valiant whenever this lyric is given from the pulpit and old *Silver Street* follows from the choir.

123 *Psalm* 100. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

This hymn appeared in 1719, and was reckoned by Dr. Isaac Watts, at first, as No. 43 in Book I. But in the edition of his works printed in 1810 it is transferred to the place it has since occupied, as the Second Part, L. M., of Psalm 100. Originally it began with this stanza:

"Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore."

Assuredly, all right-minded Christians are glad enough to know that the opening never has been the beginning of this grand old song of the ages. This weak and local verse has wisely been dropped, and one pauses a moment to ask whether people are in earnest when they have such a world of talk to make about the iniquity and impertinence of mutilating the hymns of the ancient poets. Does anybody want that stanza to come back again, and head the psalm precisely as Watts wrote it?

Moreover the first two lines of the second stanza were given up for the same sufficient reason; these lines are simply unendurable:

"Nations, attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

For these John Wesley in 1741 substituted the noble couplet we now use:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy."

No instance that can be adduced shows better the mistaken zeal of some critics who are apparently disturbed by alterations made in these modern versions of old poems, and who clamor for "restorations" to the original words of the authors. Does any one really want these lines to reappear in the place of the changes? Christophers says: "The Christian Church will never cease to enjoy the grand swell of Psalm 100, as given by Watts: but thanks will ever be due Wesley for making these first verses worthy of the last." And Stevenson adds to this: "Never was a transformation more complete than the one made by this alteration. From being a hymn comparatively unnoticed and unnoticeable, it has been rendered one of solemnity, power, and sublimity."

124 *Psalm* 100. L. M.

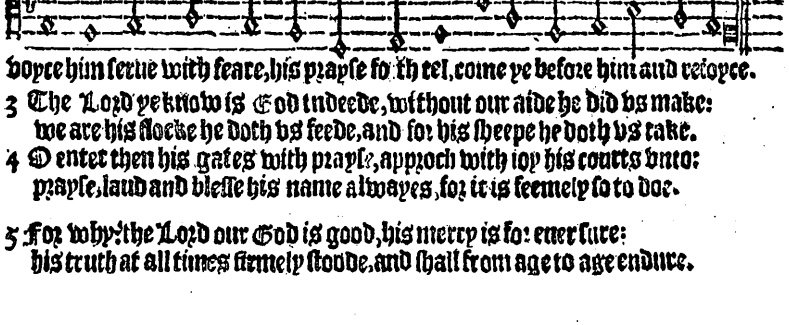
ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

From the ancient copy of Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, set to music, the date of which is 1605, I have caused to be photographed and engraved the original tune, with words inserted in the staff, as it first appeared to the English-speaking public Here, then, is the beginning of our "Old Hundred." The quaint black type, the al-



most unintelligible contractions in the words, the funny and inconsistent spelling, the rough phrasing of the poetry, the rugged strength of expression combined with some small touches of wonderful majesty and grace, and, above everything else, the matchless devotion and awful reverence for the majesty and holiness of God—these are the elements of that force which kept the old psalm, with its strain of melody clinging to it, in the hearts of the people through the centuries past.

Rev. William Kethe has been reputed as the author of this composition. He was an exile with Knox at Geneva in 1555; chaplain of the English soldiers at Havre in 1563; and subsequently we find him acting as pastor of a congregation—that of Okeford, in Dorsetshire. Much discussion has been wasted upon this question, and still it remains unsettled; meanwhile the traditional credit is given to him as the author.

A group of tourists left our shores lately for a trip through Europe and Asia. They traveled by way of Egypt. Reaching that country, they determined to see the pyramids. The massive piles of masonry seem familiar enough to those who have never been within thousands of miles of them. But to the observer they appear magnificent beyond description. The party was largely composed of ministers of the gospel. These gathered around the base of the great pyramid. They looked toward the summit. The stone terraces towered row above row up to a dizzy height. They began the ascent. Their agility, combined with much help, brought them to the top-stone. There they sat in amazement and gazed upon the flat country of deserts. Then they drew out their pocket Bibles. The one hundredth Psalm, in long meter, was announced. To the *Old Hundred* tune it was sung. Upon the winds of the wilderness the sacred melody floated. From this eminent station these singers sang the song of the Hebrews, and their strains melted away above the graves of their fathers, where they had lived and died in bondage. A song of praise from the great pyramid! May it be a prophecy of the good time coming, when Africa shall be filled with the music of worship, and the sweet psalms of Israel shall be heard in all her plains and mountains. Those who help the missions are hastening the day when the inhabitants of that great continent shall be a gospel choir singing the high praises of their God.

125 *Doxology.* L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

This verse, which is found at the close of both the morning and the evening hymn of Bishop Ken, has become the accepted "Te Deum" of the American people. Whenever spontaneous praise rises in a vast body of citizens, it is sure to choose this as a vehicle of swift and satisfactory expression. At camp-meetings, at stately Sabbath services, in times of political exultation, in cathedrals, churches, and schoolhouses, out on the steps of the Custom House in Wall Street, in deepest shadows of war lit by sudden news of victory—always the popular resort is to these four lines of ascription of praise to the Triune Maker of the universe. With uncovered heads the throngs of living men and women send it aloft to the strains of the Old Hundredth Psalm.

126 *Doxology.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

In many portions of New England it has from time immemorial been the custom to use this stanza, which is Dr. Isaac Watts' Third Doxology, L. M., instead of Bishop Ken's verse now sung in the Middle States. It is found in his *Hymns*, Book III., where it is No. 32. Like the other familiar stanza, it has always been married to the same old tune. And there is not in musical literature a wider grouping of anecdotes of deepest interest than those which are on everybody's lips, and in everybody's heart, about this admirable piece of composition, originally set to the *Hundredth Psalm* and taking its name from it. It has gone all around the world, and will live while any human voice is left to sing it on this side of heaven.

Here is an excellent chance to quote some wise, calm sentences once written by old Andrew Fuller. He says: "The criterion of a good tune is not its pleasing a scientific ear, but its being quickly caught by a congregation. It is, I think, by singing as it is by preaching: a fine judge of composition will admire a sermon which yet makes no manner of impression upon the public mind, and therefore cannot be a good one. That is the best sermon which is adapted to produce the best effects; and the same may be said of a tune. If it corresponds with the feelings of a pious heart, and aids him in realizing the sentiments, it will be quickly learnt, and be sung with avidity. Where this effect is not produced, were I a composer I would throw away my performance and try again."

127 *Psalm* 117.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

This is the version of the shortest chapter in the Bible—which, by the by, is an anonymous poem—given in the collection of Dr. Isaac Watts as his rendering of Psalm 117, L. M. The power of association is very interesting to every one who studies the workings of his own mind and heart. Here now, as this small song of two stanzas is offered for singing, how instinctive is the gathering together of one's forces for a speedy departure at the close of worship! For years the custom held place in most of our grand religious assemblies of rising without much formality of announcement, the leader merely saying over solemnly that one line at the beginning, which meant so much, "From all that dwell below the skies," and the organist striking only one note of what everybody in the audience knew was "Old Hundred," and then the praises of a mighty chorus went up to God! How some of us seem to hear this chorus now! How the faces of dear old friends long gone come up into view as we start the familiar strains! May the time never come when the sound of this short sweet hymn as the dismissal will weary upon our tongues!

128 *Psalm* 65. L. M.

PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

We have here Rev. Henry Francis Lyte's version of Psalm 65. It reminds one at once of Dr. Watts' somewhat similar commencement; but it differs from the whole structure of his in that it groups together other verses of the sacred poem, and so leads us into a fine and high contemplation of nature as showing forth God's praise in return for his bounty.

The same hand which trimmed the husks of green buds away from the opening blossom presides over all the fruitful development, and at the last tinges the borders of the leaves with most wonderful pencilings of light. His hand shakes the boughs in the autumn, and by the same law that brings forth Mazzaroth in his season, that guides Arcturus with his sons, conducts the trembling things to their forest grave at the foot of the trunk they had aided to foster. God buries all these leaves unhelped and alone. He is doing this all the time, far up in sylvan solitudes where never the eyes of man have glanced, where the brook from the mountains "sings on and skips on, nor knows its loneliness." It is when a Christian contemplates such minute and delicate providences as the covenant of nature discloses that he understands the extraordinary personifications of the ancient imagery. The whole earth seems to be intelligently cheerful in the companionship of its benefactor: "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

129 *Psalm* 146. L. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 146, P. M. His title of it is "Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth." John Wesley, in the course of his editing of it for his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1741, made a number of changes which were not for the better, and have only served to confuse the forms in which it appears in various modern hymnals. It was the strain, however, which lingered longest and latest in that good man's mind during the last

two days of his life on earth. For in his dying moments, so his biographer says, his voice was exhausted: he tried again and again to repeat the stanzas, but he could only manage to speak the words: "I 'll praise—I 'll praise—" and so he died.

130 *God's Glory.* L. M.

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works through all this wondrous frame
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

The author of this hymn, Rev. Thomas Blacklock, D. D., was born in Annan, Scotland, November 10, 1721. When we bear in mind that this poet of the Church lost his eyesight by smallpox before he was half a year old, and so was absolutely blind for the threescore and ten years he lived, we can better appreciate the wonderful sentiment of an ascription like this, which dwells upon the glory of God in the stars and "radiant spheres" of the heavens, hidden to all except the spiritual vision of his imaginative faith. He managed to obtain an education which gave him full rank with some of the best scholars of the age in which he lived and preached and wrote voluminously. In 1760 he became pastor of the congregation at Dumfries in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, and was regularly ordained to the ministry.

But he had trouble in his parish, and after a stormy period of ecclesiastical litigation he yielded the place and gave up the work. Then he moved into Edinburgh and with his wife's help set up a boarding and day school. He also wrote books, poetry, and prose. To the original edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he contributed his celebrated paper on the education of the blind. He died in Edinburgh, of a nervous fever, July 7, 1791. Following his rhyming taste, he once wrote a description of himself—which self he had never seen:

"Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes;
My youthful down is, like my talent, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice, too rough to charm a lady's ear,
So smooth a child may listen without fear;
Not formed in cadence, soft and warbling lays,
To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue,
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say:
'See—see *Memento Mori* cross the way!'"

131 *Psalm* 29. L. M.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er all the ocean and the land:
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

In his rendering of old temple songs Dr. Isaac Watts offered only this version in long meter of Psalm 29. The title he affixed to it well describes the poetry: "Storm and Thunder." It consists of six stanzas, notable for their fine versification and for the majesty of the sentiment they express. The psalm is remarkable as a description of the oncoming, the progress, and the subsidence of a tempest of wind and rain, with lightning rending the forests and blinding one's eyes as he watches its advance and retreat. McCheyne and Andrew Bonar vied with each other unconsciously in sketching the method of the poem as it appears from the pen of David. The words of the latter in his published comment are worth quoting: "We might, no doubt, apply every clause of it to the Lord's display of his majesty in any thunder-storm. An awestruck spectator cries, as the lightning plays and the thunder rolls: 'The God of glory thundereth!' (Verse 5). 'The voice of Jehovah is breaking the cedars!' And as the crash is heard, 'The Lord has broken the cedars of Lebanon! Travelers tell us of the solemnity and terrific force of storms in the East. But the thunders of the Great Day shall, most of all, call forth these strains to the Lord the king."

132 *"God is Here."* L. M.

LO, God is here! let us adore!
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

JOHN WESLEY.

Rev. John Wesley is known to us in the realm of hymnologists better by his translations than by his original compositions. In appearance he was below the medium height, being about five feet four inches tall, though admirably proportioned in his physical make-up. In his well-moulded countenance a prominent nose, piercing eye, firm and neatly-cut lips formed striking features, while his energy yet dignity of action, his scholarly ability and remarkable culture, overspread as they were by a light of benignant piety, rendered him a conspicuous figure wherever he went.

He has recorded concerning this piece that he chose it from the hymns of Gerhard Tersteegen, the Westphalian poet, author of many of the finest of the German songs for worship. It is the one known as "*Gott ist gegenwartig*," found in *The Spiritual Flower-Garden*, published in 1731, and finds its suggestion, of course, in Jacob s words, Genesis 28 : 16, 17. The translation was made during the voyage of the two Wesley brothers to Georgia. The history of John Wesley is too familiar to all readers of religious literature to require any rehearsal in such annotations as these. He was born at Epworth parsonage, Lincolnshire, England, as the fourth son of nineteen children, June 17, 1703. He is always reckoned as the founder of the Methodist denomination; he preached 40,000 sermons and traveled a quarter of a million of miles. After holding a service in a private house in London one day, he returned to his home feeling very ill. He was then eighty-eight years old; it was his last sermon, fitly founded upon the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found" he died shortly after, March 2, 1791.

133 *A Joyful Song.* L. M.

SING to the Lord a joyful song;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us his gracious gifts belong,
To him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true:

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy:

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.

The facts concerning the Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL. D., are easily ascertained from any one of the manuals of hymnology; for his work is of such excellent merit that he has found a place at once in all the collections of sacred songs. He was the son of Archdeacon Monsell, born at St. Columb's, Londonderry, in Ireland, March 2, 1811, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, graduating in 1832. He entered the Episcopal ministry in 1834, and, after several fields of working, at last in 1870 he became rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford, Surrey, where he died in consequence of injuries received from a fall off from the roof of his church, April 9, 1875. This hymn was published in his volume entitled *Hymns of Love and Praise*. The text annexed to it is Psalm 145 : 1, 2, and it consists of five double stanzas.

134 "*Beauty of Holiness.*" P. M.

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel, and adore him; the Lord is his name!

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee;
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Another of the fine hymns with which Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell has enriched the church, and characterized by his almost matchless grace of versification as a lyric

song. It was originally issued in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863, where it appears with the exclamation "Oh" at the beginning of its first line. The exigencies of musical adaptation render it almost a necessity that this should be dropped, precisely as the author did drop it when he prepared a new version of the poem for his *Parish Hymnal*, issued ten years later.

135 *God's Grace.* L. M.

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place
Where he unvails his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

In Book II. of Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns* this is found as No. 47. It is entitled "Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ," and has six stanzas. It has been remarked of this wonderful man by his candid biographer that he sometimes wandered into the regions of unauthorized speculation, and grappled with knowledge "too wonderful" for a finite intellect to embrace in all its height and length and breadth and depth. To err is human, and even-handed justice requires the admission that Watts shared the common lot. His great intellectual infirmity was undue spiritual curiosity, though it was indulged from the purest motives and with the best intentions. Thus he sought to explore the mystery of the incomprehensible Jehovah, and vainly beat the bars of the prison-house which here environs every mortal, to the no small disquietude of his spirit. His "solemn address to the great and ever-blessed God," written with great eloquence and feeling, betrays the agony of his soul, and his sense of the vanity and danger of attempting to be wiser than what is written. "Happy had it been for him," beautifully remarks Southey, "if he who humbled his mind to the composition of songs and spelling-books for children had applied to his own case our Saviour's words, and in this instance become as a little child himself. Happy had it been, because, during the whole course of his innocent and otherwise peaceful life, he seems never to have been assailed by any other temptation than this of the intellect; never to have been beset with any other troubles than those in which his own subtlety involved him." He would have avoided thereby much mental disturbance and profitless discussion, as well as have had no occasion to pen the self-condemning though thankful acknowledgment, "Blessed be the name of my God, that he has not suffered me to abandon the gospel of his Son Jesus." It is full of joy and cheer to us, to whom his name and fame are dear, that he found his absolute peace of mind in the contemplation of God's *grace* as above every other attribute he possessed. It was of that Jesus' face became "the brightest image." In his later life he was wont to say on retiring to rest, as if the thought were habitual to him: "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I wake in this world or another."

136 *"Te Deum."* L. M.

LORD God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore
World without end for evermore.

This piece of poetry, continued in *Laudes Domini* as it first appeared in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865, compiled by the same hand, has puzzled a great many of the critics who exercise themselves in looking for traces of authorship. The simple fact is, the hymn, as it now stands, was aggregated from a half-dozen versions of the *Te Deum* by as many translators. The five stanzas grew under the hands of all those who attempted to use it. One part came from *Plymouth Collection*, and another from the *Moravian Hymn-Book*. Each compiler seems to have added a little touch of his own. And the tune "Ware," with which it has become fixedly associated during the thirty years of use, had a strong influence in shaping the cadences of the lines. Josiah Conder is in it, and Bishop Gambold, and a few others of equal fame. But it might as well be for ever marked *Anon.*

137 *Psalm 36.* L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Dr. Isaac Watts has offered this as his version of Psalm 36, L. M. It is entitled "The Perfections and Providences of God; or, General Providence and Special Grace." It is the hymn one would sing on the way to church; it makes one think as he reads it of a summer walk over the hills, with mountains in prospect and white clouds trailing above his head, the sea perhaps gleaming in the distance, and the spire of a village sanctuary lifting its slender finger to point the way to God.

138 *The Triune God.* P. M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

In the "Account of First Rank Hymns," issued in the interest of Anglican Hymnology, this one, written by Bishop Reginald Heber in 1827, is registered as the eleventh upon the list in point of merit and also according to use in the collections. It appeared first in the volume called *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Service of the Year*. A reference is made to the portion of Scripture appointed for the Epistle on Trinity Sunday, especially to the words "They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." The hymn has had vast popularity for its real merit, for it is as stately and beautiful as an anthem; but the tune to which it is now invariably sung, "Nicæa," by Dr. Dykes, has given it a matchless glory all over the world. This piece of music was made expressly for this poem, and took its name from the fact that Nicæa, in Asia Minor, was the city in which the chief Christian Ecumenical Council held its assemblies in A. D. 325. It was on this occasion that the doctrines of Christ's eternal sonship and his equality with the Father were settled as the creed of the churches; then also the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which the Arians had attacked, was established. Hence a Trinity hymn, fine as this, became associated with a strain of music bearing the name of the ancient town where the Council was held.

139 *Psalm* 65. C. M.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 O Lord! our guilt and fears prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
The distant isles shall fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 65, First Part, C. M. It has six stanzas, and bears the inscription, "A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called." One line in this first verse contains the whole purpose of singing in church, and another line suggests a modification in the form. Praise waits for God—that is the purpose; God has an ear—that touches a delicate but wholesome suggestion. We quote a paragraph from one of our religious periodicals of highest standing, which had been censuring some choirs for careless work:

"What are hymns for, in any church? We greatly fear that other churches than those which we have named are occasional sinners in the same way or in a similar way. Every reader of these words, unless we are happily mistaken, can remember instances in which music has been introduced to amuse the people, or can recall hymns which the majority of the choir, or of the congregation, did not seem to regard as a part of Christian worship, expressing the sincerest convictions of the religious body using them. Too often, in soundly evangelical and orthodox churches, a well-paid choir sings hymns or anthems or sentences in which the congregation can take no part, for the very sufficient reason that the words are utterly indistinguishable. Too

often a random choice of an inappropriate set of verses jars discordantly upon the fitness of the service or the sanctity of the place. Too often the singers, paid and unpaid, regular and volunteer, give utterance to words, words, words, with never a thought of the meaning. The holiest aspirations of the great Christian lyrists—Watts, Wesley, Montgomery, Toplady, Faber, and the rest—are thus made vain repetitions. The outpourings of the devout soul are turned into an empty mockery. The words of Scripture itself, at times, are 'rendered' not as by one who says from the heart, 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord,' but as one who addresses a divinity who, having ears, hears not."

140 *Psalm 27.* C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires—
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given us this as his version of Psalm 27, C. M., First Part. It has five stanzas, and is entitled "The Church is our Delight and Safety."

141 *"The Voice of Praise."* C. M.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D. D., was a Scotch Congregationalist; in 1803 he was ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of a church in Glasgow. He must have been precocious in intellect, for he entered on his collegiate course in Glasgow University at twelve years of age; he was born at Dalkeith, Midlothian, December 22, 1779. In 1811 he was made Professor of Divinity in Glasgow Theological Academy, in which office he remained until his death, December 17, 1853. He edited a volume of psalms and hymns for the use of Scottish Congregationalists, in which he included several original pieces of his own. This hymn has in it a fine ring of challenge and invitation that is full of fervor and inspiration. It calls to praise—praise and the giving of thanks from grateful hearts—as the one hope, duty, and help of the believer. We all remember the old classic stories of the dangerous Sirens which infested a certain island, seducing the pilots as they approached and so destroying the ships. Ulysses tried force in resistance; he filled the ears of his sailors with wax so that they could not hear the song, and fastened himself to the mast so that he could not yield to it. But the Argonauts tried cunning instead; they took Orpheus on board with a lyre, and his music so transcended that of the sea-nymphs that they admitted they were beaten with their own instruments of attack. Let the children of God keep on singing praises to him, and they will be safe.

142 *"Salvation to God."* 10s, 11s.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

This hymn is also from the pen of Rev. Charles Wesley; it originally received six stanzas, and is entitled "To be sung in a tumult." History tells us that in the year 1744 arose a spirit of fierce persecution against the new people in England called "Methodists." At that time the political aspects of the nation were confused; the country was at war with France; the house of Stuart was still seeking full restoration; an invasion was daily expected for the purpose of bringing back the exiled representative of that proscribed line, and so dethroning King George II. And, strangely enough, the followers of these evangelical leaders were accused of being papists in disguise, actually working for the cause of the Pretender! Their meetings were broken up by riots, and many of their preachers were

impressed into the army. Even John and Charles Wesley were brought before the magistrates for a strict and humiliating examination. In the midst of these comfortless disturbances from men they sought help from God. They published that pamphlet, containing thirty-three pieces, which has come down to us in later days, bearing the name of "Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution." The present hymn appeared among those in that collection.

143 "*Worship the King.*" 10s, 11s.

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space:
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

The somewhat fastidious *Anglican Hymnology* numbers among those "first-rank" hymns which it commends as the best in the language, three of Sir Robert Grant's productions, of which this is one. The author was born in 1785; having studied at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1806, he was admitted to the bar the following year. He became a member of Parliament for Inverness, and continued in public life till 1831, when he was sworn a privy-councillor, and so put in the way of promotion from the Crown. Three years later, in 1834, he was appointed Governor of Bombay. It was during his residence in India that he not only wrote his two books on that country, but also several others, mostly political and literary. He is best known upon this side of the sea by his hymns; these are few in number but excellent in spirit, and have deserved the high popularity they have enjoyed among the various churches.

They were written at different periods of his life, and were gathered after his death by his brother Charles, Lord Glenelg, and published in 1839 in a volume entitled *Sacred Poems.* Sir Robert Grant died in the land which he had governed only four years, and was buried at Dapoorie, in Western India, July 9, 1838.

144 "*There Remaineth a Rest.*" 10s.

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blesséd ones see,
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest!

2 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

3 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blesséd people eternally raise.

4 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

5 Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever one.

This spirited hymn is a translation of Peter Abelard's *O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata*, written in the twelfth century. The rendering here given is made by John Mason Neale, who has enriched our modern hymnology with versions of many of the finest treasures of the Greek and Latin Churches; it has been the best service of his life.

REV. JOHN M. NEALE, D. D.

Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D., was born in Conduit Street, London, January 24, 1818. In 1836 he entered Trinity College in Cambridge, and, taking prizes almost at once in evidence of his superiority in industry and intellectual force, he easily won the distinction of being the best man in his class. In 1840 he entered the ministry of the Church of England. Although he was educated, trained, and powerfully moulded by his mother, of whom he once said: "To whom I owe more than I can express;" and although his mother and his father are reputed to have been "very pronounced evangelists," this son became at

once one of the most advanced of the Ritualists in England. He started sisterhoods, he instituted orders, he made establishments; he accepted alterations of the ritual in the interest of nearer approach to Rome. He went so far in his practices that at last his bishop "inhibited" him for the space of fourteen years; mobs attacked him, and some of his "houses" were given up. But he went on his way even down to the time of his death, which occurred August 6, 1866. He was then in charge as the Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. His tastes were better fitted for a career in the Middle Ages. He loved what was mystic, poetic, legendary; he luxuriated in reading and relating the stories of the saints; the visions and so-called miracles of the past touched his imagination as if they had been real and actual. Out of this came the incomparable aptitude he possessed and the success he achieved in clothing the old songs of the monks with a rich and beautiful English dress for these days of light and sensibility in religious worship. He has taken us into his confidence in one instance, telling us the processes of his mind as he ranged at will through the studies he made in mediæval literature. "It is a magnificent thing," he says, "to pass along the far-stretching vista of hymns, from the sublime self-containedness of St. Ambrose to the more fervid inspiration of St. Gregory, the exquisite typology of Venantius Fortunatus, the lovely painting of St. Peter Damiani, the crystal-like simplicity of St. Notker, the scriptural calm of Godescalcus, the subjective loveliness of St. Bernard, till all culminate in the full blaze of glory which surrounds Adam of St. Victor, the greatest of them all."

145 *Glory to the Lamb.* 10s.

BLESSING and honor and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore,
Give ye to him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

2 Dwelleth the light of the glory with him,
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,
Light in its gladness and brightness and balm.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose lamp is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Dr. Horatius Bonar added to his many other excellences as a lyric poet that of variety in meter. He has in this instance taken quite an unusual measure of difficult rhythm, to which it was not easy to adapt fitting music; yet he has given a hymn full of dignity and grandeur, representing the "Song of Moses and the Lamb" in heaven itself.

It is interesting to notice that whenever we are shown the pageants of the grand army of God in review, the Scriptures represent the legions as singing. And usually we find recorded the exact words of their song. Evidently more is made of music in heaven than we are wont to make of it here on earth. At any rate, the words are brought into more prominence than modern artists are accustomed to give them. A strain of inarticulate sound has power, but the joining of intelligent thought to the tones is worth more by far as an act of adoration. Recall some of Faber's lines:

"There are sounds like flakes of snow falling
In their silent and eddying rings:
We tremble—they touch us so lightly,
Like the feathers from angels' wings.
There are pauses of marvelous silence
That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
Under water, or under ground.
O music! thou surely art worship;
But thou art not like praise or prayer;
And words make better thanksgiving
Than thy sweet melodies are."

146 *God in Creation.* 10s.

HONOR and glory, thanksgiving and praise,
Maker of all things, to thee we upraise;
God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord;
God by the angels obeyed and adored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to thee owe their birth;
All the creation, thy voice when it heard,
Started to light and to life at thy word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are thy creatures, and all are thy care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

6 Yea, thou art Father of all, and thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Sharing our nature, though sinless, thy Son
Came to redeem us, by Satan undone.

7 God in three Persons! give ear to our prayer;
Thought, word, and deed in thine image repair;
Guide us in life and protect to the last,
And at thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.

When the *Sarum Breviary*, the *Sarum Missal*, and the *Sarum Psalter* had been published, there seemed to be wanted one more volume in order to complete the peculiar series. This was the *Sarum Hymnal*, and

there was just the man close by for the work. The Rev. Edward Arthur Dayman, who had been one of the original compilers of the book, now revised it thoroughly and added somewhat to it also, and then it took its place with the rest. His own translations from the ancient songs of the church much increased the value of the collection. This one was made for Barnby's *Hymnary*, 1872, and is of the same excellent structure as the others in both meter and sentiment. It is a version of *Jubilemus omnes una*, one of the sequences to be found in the Latin *Gradual* belonging to the early part of the twelfth century, now in the British Museum. The translator was born at Padstow in Cornwall, in England, July 11, 1807. He graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, of which he was made a Fellow in 1828, and entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1835, becoming the rector of Shillingstone, near Blandford, Dorset, in 1842. In 1849 he was made rural dean, and in 1862 became one of the prebendaries of Salisbury Cathedral. He died at Shillingstone, October 30, 1890.

147 *Angels' Worship.* 10s.

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Thrice-holy" song ever and aye!

2 These are thy counselors: these dost thou own,
God of Sabaoth! the nearest thy throne;
These are thy ministers; these dost thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

3 When by thy word earth was first poised in space;
When the far planets first sped on their race;
When was completed the six days' employ,
Then "all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight;
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore!

Another of Dr. John Mason Neale's translations, included in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. He gives to it a name that is peculiar to the mystic mood belonging to some of the zealous preachers of Anglican theology and ecclesiology in our modern times: "A Cento from the Canon of the 'Bodiless Ones'; Tuesday in the Week of the Fourth Tone." It is a rendering from one of the hymns of St. Joseph of the Studium, and really gives us a fine vision of the spectacle in heaven when the "Trisagion" is sung (Isaiah 6:3); it represents the angels in the act of worshiping the grand majesty of the Triune God in the throne.

"I can just remember," said a theologian of the last century, "that when the women first taught me to say my prayers to God. I used to have an idea of a venerable old man, of a composed and benign countenance, with his own hair, clad in a morning-gown of a grave-colored damask, sitting sedate in an elbow-chair." Such conceptions are interesting as a study; but are they not frequently absurd as an experience? Would it be to edification if a company of religious people, in our modern times, were to compare together the actual sight they seem to see when they close their eyes for the act of prayer? Scripture pictures of the Divine Being, which are not infrequent, have nothing of this grossness. There is an unparalleled dignity and grace in every attitude and gesture when the presence of Jehovah is seen.

Hence we expect a vision of grandeur whenever an inspired pen is painting it. Take, for example, that given by the evangelist John in the Apocalypse—the vision he saw in the Spirit on the Lord's day.

"And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle; his head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as the sound of many waters; and he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

It does not seem as if there could be any use in one's trying to understand thoroughly such a spectacle as this; its vagueness is its glory. It is easy to point out the symbols found in the description, however. "Hairs white like wool" must signify venerableness; "eyes of a flame of fire" must mean omniscience; the "two-edged sword" indicates justice; the "voice as the sound of many waters" might suggest power or authority; and the "countenance as the sun shining in his strength" certainly intimates the positive purity of holiness. Still, most of us would disdain this form of rhetorical exposition; the scene loses, rather than gains, by such an analysis of the inspired figures. And, on the whole, it distracts the grand swell of praise when one begins to demand a direct picture of God's person as the object of worship.

148 *Singing to God.* 7s. D.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

In James Montgomery's *Original Hymns* this piece appears with six stanzas. It is entitled "Glory to God in the Highest," and has for a text Luke 2:13. In one of the meetings held in the city of New York, during what is termed the Week of Prayer, it was announced that a particular speaker of much reputation was expected to make an address upon a theme not usually chosen. Curiosity was at its supreme height in the churches. Conjectures were hazarded as to what he was likely just now to say. He would encourage Christians to redoubled devotion. He would denounce public and conspicuous sin. He would stir men's moral courage, or sting their consciences with rebuke. He would unsparingly show up the formality of the usual religious services in the town, and expose the hypocrisies of the preachers with a dreadful threatening of divine wrath. At any rate he would be worth hearing on the occasion. But when the great man took the platform, his opening words were only these, calmly and gently uttered, as if a brother or a comrade would remind us of a familiar fact. "I suppose," said he, "that for one real Christian who fails in prayer, there are four Christians who fail in praise." That was all: then he went on to remark that he had been informed by an active pastor in one of the larger congregations that he had been requested to offer a prayer for persons going to sea, for the home ones dangerously sick, for those perplexed in mind, body, or estate, fifty times for once that ever he had been asked to give thanks for a recovery from illness, for a safe voyage, for even the conversion of a beloved friend unto God. It is likely that the intimations given by the speaker were true then, and on inquiry it is likely they would be found to be true now. We forget what is doing for us every hour of every day of our lives. "And shall man alone be dumb?"

149 "*Te Deum.*" 7S, D.

God eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall;
All the world doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.
All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?
With the prophet's goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.
All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own!

This is an excellent translation of the ancient *Te Deum*. It was first published in the *Devout Chorister*, 1848, for which it was written. It there appears with eight four-line stanzas, and is there entitled "Hymn for Choristers." The author, Rev. James Elwin Millard, D. D., was born May 18, 1823. He became a graduate of Magdalen College, 1845, and a Fellow of the same in 1853. He entered the ministry of the Church of England at once, accepting the curacy of a congregation in Bradfield, Berks. Subsequently he for a while acted as Head Master of Magdalen College School, but in 1864 became the vicar of Basingstoke in Hampshire.

150 "*In Excelsis.*" 7S, D.

GLORY be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of heaven.
Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove—
God of power, and God of Love!
Christ our Lord and God we own—
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,
Take, oh, take our sins away!
Powerful Advocate with God!
Justify us by thy blood.
Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee—
One supreme eternal Three.

Almost everybody who has made hymns of his own has, early or late in his career, tried his hand in translating the *Gloria in Excelsis* into meter. This is Charles Wesley's excel-

lent version; he published it in his own *Hymns for the Nativity*, and John Wesley likewise printed it in his *Select Hymns with Tunes Annext*. It is rather a paraphrase than a rendering; indeed, it is simply entitled "Glory to God," and has annexed to it the Scriptural reference, Luke 2:14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

151 *The Light of the Lord.* 11s, 10s.

Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee:—

2 To thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

4 So when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with thee.

5 Be this by thee, O God thrice holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose name by men and angels is confest.

It is not known who wrote or compiled this cento, the excellent poetry of which deserves the favor of a meritorious name. It appeared in this country earliest in the hymnal issued by Dr. Hedge and Dr. Huntington, *Hymns for the Church of Christ*, Boston, 1853. Some effort has of late been made to connect its authorship with a translation published in 1848 by W. J. Copeland in *Hymns for the Week*. But that piece is not like this. It begins and continues entirely distinct. The first line reads thus: "Lo, now the melting shades of night are ending;" and it claims to be a rendering of Gregory's ancient Latin hymn: *Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra*. The resemblance is very remote.

152 "*Praise Jehovah.*" 11s, 10s.

PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye Jehovah! for his loving-kindness
And all the tender mercy he hath shown;
Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons and takes us for his own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of all our blessings;
Before his gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son;
Praise ye the Son! who died himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One!

This hymn, which claims to be a version of Psalm 149, is found in a lithograph volume of the author's verses printed from the manuscript and issued without date for private circulation, by Margaret, Lady Cockburn-Campbell. She was the eldest daughter of Sir John Malcolm, a general in the British army. She was married on June 20, 1827, to Sir Alexander Thomas Cockburn-Campbell, a resident magistrate at Albany, in West Australia. He died at Alphington, near Exeter, England, February 6, 1841. Her husband was one of the founders of the Plymouth Brethren, and in the *Psalms and Hymns* of that body her pieces became known.

153 "*I Am.*" P. M.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

This hymn was written by Rev. Thomas Olivers, an itinerant Methodist clergyman, closely associated with the Wesleys in his work and aims. Without doubt he was an enthusiast and a dreamer, for he used to claim that with "the eye of his mind" he had visions of our Lord on several occasions. He was born at Tregynon, Montgomeryshire, in 1725. But his father died when he was only four years old, and his mother followed soon after. The boy was passed on around from one to another, and grew up uneducated and godless. His temper was bad and his life was vicious. Apprenticed to a shoemaker, he formed and kept low associations, and melancholy prophecies were made for his future. But George Whitefield preached a sermon which went into history; the text was, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" That cobbler's boy was at Bristol at the time, and he heard the voice from heaven, and was among the thousands converted by it. The change was radical and permanent; there was never any doubt about Thomas Olivers

after that. He told everybody that the rest of his years were going to be devoted to "getting and doing good." He had poverty and worry; even persecutions came upon him for his zeal. But he preached right along, courageously and patiently, till he died in London, March, 1799.

He wrote other hymns; but this one in particular has a famous history. It has always been too long for the collections; only three or four out of twelve verses can be advantageously introduced in a compilation for church service. The poem is a free rendering of the Hebrew *Yigdal* or Doxology, with what the Methodist preacher called "a Christian character" given to it in the translation. In this song of worship the entire creed of thirteen articles, as the Jews hold it for their doctrine, is rehearsed in metrical form. It is claimed that it was composed a thousand years ago by Daniel ben Judah; but the exact date of his birth or death is not known. And the tune "Leoni" to which it is set, and to which it is sung every Friday night in the synagogues over the world, is equally famous. It was arranged for Olivers for his version of the *Yigdal*, by Meyer Lyon, chorister of the Great Synagogue in London at that date; so in recognition of his courtesy it has borne his name.

154 *Universal Adoration.* P. M.

ANGELS holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight:
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary, tell his glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land, wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks, cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

5 Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

6 Praise him ever, bounteous Giver;
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

From one of the morning papers of to-day (1892) we clip the brief sentence which shows the affectionate appreciation in which the author of this hymn is held over on our side of the sea: "Hale and hearty old Professor Blackie, now eighty-two years old, gives lectures in England on Scotch songs, with specimens of Scottish minstrelsy given by accomplished assistants."

John Stuart Blackie, LL. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, is a rugged and independent Scotchman, of cultured mind and genial soul, a banker's son, a lawyer by profession. He was born in Glasgow, July 28, 1809. After graduating at Marischal College in Aberdeen, and also pursuing his studies extensively in the University of Edinburgh, he was called to the Scottish bar in 1834. But in 1841 his *alma mater* in Aberdeen elected him the Professor of Latin Literature, and subsequently he became Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, 1850. He has been widely known in almost every field of literature, poetry and prose, and noted for his force and brilliancy of thought. He translated Goethe's Faust from the German, and Æschylus from the Greek, and gave works to the world on æsthetics and mythology with equal success. And now he is publicly lecturing on all sorts of themes in his old age with a versatility and strength of persistence which are wonderful. The hymn now before us was published in a book of his called *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems*, 1857; it there bears the title *Benedicite*, the name of the Latin canticle of which it is at least a paraphrase.

The spirit and temper of this happy-hearted man are best seen in the portrait he once drew of himself: "I am rather a young old boy, and I am one of the happiest creatures under the sun at this moment; and my amusement is to sing songs. In railway coaches and other places I see a number smoking what they call tobacco. Well, whatever may be said about that, it is not an intellectual or a moral stimulant, and the flavor of it is not at all like the rose or any poetic thing I know. It is essentially a vulgar amusement. My amusement is to sing songs. At home I am always singing Scotch songs; and abroad, when those wretches are smoking, I hum to myself, 'Scots wha hae,' or 'A man 's a man for a' that,' and songs of that kind. I advise you to do the same. Your soul will become a singing-bird, and then the devil wont get near it."

155 *"Lord of Might."* P. M.

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round thy throne of light—
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can!

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render thee!

The well-known hymn quoted above is from the collection entitled *Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*, which was published in 1866. The author, Rev. Francis Pott, is a clergyman of the Church of England, at present the incumbent of Norhill, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. He was born December 29, 1832, and was graduated from Brasenose College in 1854, and took his Master's degree 1857. His ministry was begun as a curate in Bishopsworth, Bristol; afterwards he officiated in 1858 at Ardingley, Sussex.

156 *Divine Presence.* P. M.

God reveals his presence;
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him.
God is in his temple;
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence;
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding:
"Holy, holy, holy,"
Hear the hymn ascending—
Angels, saints, their voices blending—
Bow thine ear To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

3 O thou Fount of blessing,
Purify our spirit,
Trusting only in thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold thy glory,
May we ceaselessly adore thee:
Let thy will Ever still
Rule thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

4 Jesus, condescending
To the meek and lowly
From thy heaven high and holy,
Make us now thy temple;
Waft us then to regions
Filled with bright seraphic legions;
May this hope Bear us up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on thee, our Saviour.

The author of this version of one of the compositions of Gerhard Tersteegen is perhaps best known to us as a translator. The Rev. William Mercer was born at Barnard Castle, County of Durham, England, about the year 1811. He was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1835, and entered the ministry of the Church of England the next year. In 1839 he was made the rector of Trinity Church, Habergham Eaves, Lancashire. In 1840 he was called to the curacy of the larger church in Burnley, two miles away from his present charge. He labored there for a year, became the perpetual curate of St. George's Church in Sheffield; there he spent the remainder of his life. He died August 21, 1873, at Leavy Greave. The hymn-book called familiarly, *Mercer's Collection*, had for its real title, *The Church Psalter and Hymn-Book*, 1854. It was very popular as a manual of worship, being used in fifty-three London churches at one time, and in 1864 selling upwards of one hundred thousand copies a year. In the preparation of this volume the compiler was assisted by James Montgomery, who was responsible, no doubt, according to his well-known views as to alterations, for many of the changes which were made in other people's compositions.

157 *Psalm* 147. C. M. D.

With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters vail the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 147, C. M. It consists altogether of eight stanzas, and is entitled, "The Seasons of the Year." It is one of the very few fitting pieces which we have for use when the spring turns in from the winter, or the autumn drops down into the experience of ice and snow. It can be made the theme of profitable comment as illustrating the revelation of many divine attributes.

We judge of an artist's taste, his intelli-

gence, his character, by just the paintings which come forth from his pencil. Why not learn our Creator's finest attributes from the forms of wonderful beauty we see in creation? And if we put nature and the Word together, they will teach us much. Snowflakes have been caught at the moment of falling; and while they glistened in unbroken beauty upon a surface of black velvet, the scientists have classified the shapes of the crystals. Ninety-three exquisite forms of star and cross and crown, and what not else, they have put on the catalogue already. There never was a mechanician with so excellent an eyeglass, or so steady a nerve, that he could cut a pattern which would not be rude in outline and rough in surface beside one of these. And then especially the cleanliness of a field thus newly covered is a display of spotless purity inimitable and unmistakable. All these white blossoms of winter falling around us, like fruitful petals from a tree of life, or like feathers from the wing of almighty protection: all this exquisite frost-work on the window; all these lodged rainbows in the icicles and these jewels in the silvery drapery along the eaves; all this pluming of the gate-posts, like the helmets of hussars; all this crowning of the mountains and this fringing of the streams; all this is just the clear presenting to us of God in his works, the imaging forth of his character.

158 *Psalm* 139. C. M. D.

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

2 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
In all the varying scenes of time
On thee our hopes depend,
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

This hymn, which manifests the author's spirit of devotion and the sense of God's power in nature, was written by the Rev. John Thomson, and first appeared in 1810, in Aspland's *Collection*.

Mr. Thomson was a Unitarian minister, but afterwards he became a physician. A treatise written by him in 1809 proves him to be a man of decided opinions, which he had no hesitancy in expressing in a day when they were most needed. He was born in 1783, and received his education at Manchester, in England; and when he died, in 1818, his death was felt by many who had been helped by the life of a man who saw his Creator in all his works.

159 *Alpha and Omega.* C. M. D.

TO HIM that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God—
To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

2 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.
Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee,
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

To give the credit of this piece entirely to Dr. Isaac Watts would be manifestly unfair, since really one line only can be traced to his authorship; that is, "Behold, on flying clouds he comes!" This appears in the familiar hymn commencing, "Now to the Lord that makes us know." In 1775 the Scotch General Assembly commissioned one William Cameron, among others, to revise a collection of hymns, which had been, in 1745, appended without authority to the Psalter in use in the Established Church. It is altogether probable that this hymn was revised and added to by Cameron, but as his authorship of it is uncertain, it is well to give Dr. Watts the benefit of the doubt.

Rev. William Cameron was born in 1751, at or near Pananich, a hamlet near Ballater, Aberdeenshire. He studied at the University of Aberdeen (Marischal College), from which he was graduated in 1770, with the degree of M. A. He became the parish minister of Kirknewton, Midlothian, Scotland, in 1786, where he died, November 17, 1811. He was the author of many original hymns, but he translated and paraphrased more.

160 *"Ten Thousand Blessings."* 8s, 7s.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine!

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

5 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, D. D.

Rev. John Fawcett, D. D., the author of this hymn, was born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire, in England. The date of his birth is confused in the published reckoning, the change from Old Style becoming apparent more conspicuously because of the closeness to the beginning of the year. It is commonly given as January 6, 1739; but that is what we should now consider as January 17. His mother became a widow when this child was eleven years of age; by the death of his father the family of children fell heavily upon her care. The lad in his thirteenth year was apprenticed to a trader; he was converted by a sermon of Whitefield preached from the text John 3 : 14. He saw Christ, as the bitten Israelite saw the brazen serpent of Moses, and turned his entire life upon the look of faith he gave him. Speaking of this incident many years afterward, he wrote: "As long as life remains I shall remember both the text and the sermon." For a while he attended service in the Church of England, but in 1758 he joined the company which organized the Baptist congregation in Bradford. Thenceforward he was identified with the history of that denomination of Christians in Great Britain, and his name is honored now most highly as that of an earnest and faithful worker, and as the author of many of their best hymns. He died July 25, 1817.

161 *Wisdom and Love.* 8s, 7s.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove,
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, LL. D., was born in Exeter, England, October 17, 1792. His education seems to have been confined to the ordinary course of the grammar school of Moreton; and then he was set by his father at work in his own trade, manufacturing woollen cloths for the market in China and the Spanish peninsula. The lad had a strong liking for the study of languages, and soon mastered at least five of those with which his business associations brought him more or less into contact. This was done before he reached his sixteenth year. The mercantile life, however, yielded to the literary, and he became a writer of no mean ability, especially upon political subjects. So he was brought forward into a public position, and entered Parliament while still a young man. During this long career he continued writing, and at the same time occupied several prominent official positions, and in 1854 he was knighted by the queen. In 1828 he received from the University of Groningen the degree of LL. D. As a religious man he has always been reckoned among the Unitarians; but his faith was sincere and his life was evangelical. He was a most indefatigable worker and a greatly useful man. He gave aid to Prison Reform. He helped distribute the Bible. He was on the side of everything good and true. He rested for his salvation upon an atonement wrought out by the infinite Son of God. He died November 23, 1872, and on his tombstone is engraved the first line of the hymn by which it is likely he is most widely known, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." The present hymn was published in an almost forgotten volume, *Hymns by John Bowring*, 1825. This was a sort of sequel to *Matins and Vespers*, London, 1823, in which his religious life is at its best.

162 *Divine Perfections.* 8s, 7s.

GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

The poet-bishop, Richard Mant, D. D., author of this hymn, was born at Southampton (Dr. Watts' birthplace), February 12, 1776. He was a pupil of Winchester school, and subsequently studied at Trinity College, Oxford, graduated B. A. in 1797, and made M. A. in 1799. He was successively fellow of Oriel, college tutor, curate in Southampton, and rector in London. He was created Bishop of Killaloe and Kilfenora, Ireland, in 1820. Of his death Josiah Miller says very sweetly: "After a learned, zealous, and laborious life, he exchanged toil for rest on November 2, 1848."

From his earliest years Bishop Mant showed signs of poetic talent. He wrote poems in honor of his father and of his schoolmaster, and he edited the poems of Thomas Warton, the poet laureate. Even the reasons for his choice in marriage were put in verse and sent to the object of his affections. His works are too numerous even to mention. He is best known, however, by the *Commentary on the Whole Bible*, which he issued in connection with Rev. Dr. D'Oyly, and by the *Book of Psalms in an English Metrical Version*, published in 1824. It is from this volume that the hymn in question is taken.

163 *"Sun of my soul!"* L. M.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take:
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

This popular hymn is compiled from the second poem of Rev. John Keble in the *Christian Year*. It contains fourteen stanzas, and the author annexed to it the text in Luke 24:29: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." The tune *Hursley*, which is now generally sung to it, was arranged by W. H. Monk from a German-Swiss melody, the same as that chosen twenty years before by Dr. Thomas Hastings, and sung here in the United States as *Halle* in six lines sevens, to the words, "Christ, whose glory fills the skies."

164 *Evening Shadows.* L. M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

This excellent evening hymn was written by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, a minister of high standing in the Unitarian Church, and a poet of good repute. He was born at Portland, Me., on June 18, 1819, and was graduated at Harvard University in 1839, and at the Harvard Divinity School in 1846. He became the pastor of a church in Fall River, Mass., in 1848, and in 1853 he accepted a call to the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. In 1869 he resigned his charge in Brooklyn and went abroad. On his return he settled at Cambridge, Mass., and though he continued to preach, he had no pastoral charge until 1878, when he became minister of a church at Germantown, Pa. In 1882 he returned to Cambridge. In addition to writing several essays for *The Radical* (1866–'71) and many hymns that have a place in other collections than his own, Mr. Longfellow compiled, in association with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, *A Book of Hymns*, 1846. It is of this volume that the story is told; it seems that one of the editors made the remark in the presence of a facetious contemporary concerning the embarrassment he felt in finding a name for the new hymnal. "Why," said this helpful friend, remembering the given name of both of the compilers, "you might call it *The Sam Book*." Mr. Longfellow afterward published for congregational use, *A Book of Hymns and Tunes*, 1859, and a small volume for the vesper service that he had instituted. In 1853 he and Col. T. W. Higginson edited *Thalatta: A Book for the Seaside*, a collection of poetry that was partly original. He also published the *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, 1886, and *Final Memorials of H. W. Longfellow*, 1887. He died at Portland, Me., October 3, 1892, and was buried there in the family tomb.

165 *Evening Song.* L. M.

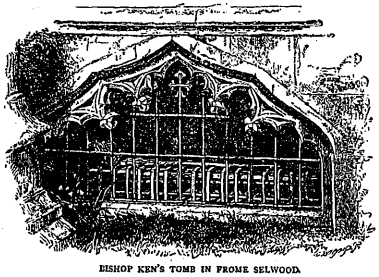
GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!



BISHOP KEN'S TOMB IN FROME SELWOOD.

This hymn, upon the authority of *Anglican Hymnology*, stands among the four which head the list of first-class songs of worship thus far produced in the English language, having received equally the sign of popular approval among the hymnals. "Hark! the herald angels sing," by Charles Wesley, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," by Augustus Toplady, "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," also by Charles Wesley—these are the other three in the exalted companionship. It is likely that a vote among the American churches of every name might show the same results. Certainly the familiar hymn of Bishop Ken would, with "Rock of Ages," stand at the head of the list in the estimate of the people.

It is something to follow the course of a good man, who, amid the strife of parties, is faithful to himself and to his God: who desires not high position, yet accepts it when it falls to his lot, and when conscience forbids him to retain it, can leave it without a wistful look behind. Such a man was Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells under Charles II. and James II.; under William and Mary a deprived nonjuror; under Anne a reconciled but private member of the Church of England. The queen, at Bishop Hooper's suggestion, gave him a pension of £200 a year from the Treasury. Ken, now old and in feeble health, to whom Lord Weymouth had already granted an annuity of £80 a year, accepted the kindly offer, and the last seven years of his life, after the fourteen years of trial which had elapsed since his deprivation, were passed in peace and comfort. On March 10, 1711, he became conscious that death was near, and spent the evening in destroying all of his papers which were likely to perpetuate any bitterness. On March 19, at Longleat, he peacefully breathed his last. On March 21 twelve poor men bore his body to the quiet grave in Frome Selwood. His funeral and his tomb were of the humblest description, in accordance with the character of his life and his own desire.

So passed away the "seraphic doctor" of the English Church. It has been said that by his three hymns—the Morning, Evening, and the less known Midnight hymn—he has conferred a greater benefit upon posterity than if he had founded three hospitals. It had always been his devout and earnest wish that the saints of God might praise God in words of his, and that wish has been abundantly granted. His other poems, though they are always beautiful in sentiment and often bright in language, are practically dead. They are poems of a saint, but of one who did not possess "the vision and the faculty divine" of the poet. But it was not in vain that he, like another displaced bishop to whom he compares himself—St. Gregory of Nazianzus—devoted to sacred song what he calls "the small dolorous remnant of my days." There is a value in the thoughts which he expressed apart from the too prosaic verse in which he enshrined them, and they brought him the most powerful anodynes for his many sorrows.

It is recorded in this good man's biography that he used to sing the Morning Hymn to his own accompaniment on the lute. He was buried in the early dawn at Frome, close by the wall of the church. This had been his own request both as to time and place; he left behind him the wish: "Under the east window of the chancel, just at sunrising." They did what he asked; and they sang, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun." During his last years this devout man carried his shroud in his portmanteau, and was accustomed to say that "It might be as soon wanted as any other of his habiliments." This scene is referred to in fitting terms in

one of the finest of poems written by Monkton Milnes:

"Let other thoughts, where'er I roam,
Ne'er from my memory cancel
The coffin-fashioned tomb at Frome
That lies behind the chancel;
A basket-work where bars are bent,
Iron in place of osier,
And shapes above that represent
A miter and a crosier.

"These signs of him that slumbers there
The dignity betoken;
These iron-bars a heart declare
Hard bent but never broken;
This form portrays how souls like his,
Their pride and passion quelling,
Preferred to earth's high palaces
This calm and narrow dwelling.

"There with the churchyard's common dust
He loved his own to mingle;
The faith in which he placed his trust
Was nothing rare or single;
Yet lay he to the sacred wall
As close as he was able—
The blessed crumbs might almost fall
Upon him from God's table.

"Who was this father of the church,
So sacred in his glory?
In vain might antiquarians search
For records of his story;
But preciously tradition keeps
The fame of holy men;
So there the Christian smiles and weeps
For love of Bishop Ken—

"A name his country once forsook,
But now with joy inherits,
Confessor in the church's book
And Martyr in the Spirit's!
That dared with royal powers to cope,
In peaceful faith persisting,
A braver Becket—who could hope
To conquer unresisting."

166 *"Desire of Nations."* L. M.

WHEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to thee.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 Oh, come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

4 All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whose advent doth thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Many of this author's most celebrated hymns are known to us by translations which are found in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* Charles Coffin was born near Rheims, France, in 1676, and early distinguished himself as a Latin poet and teacher. He graduated at Paris in 1701, immediately afterwards accepting a position at the College of Dormans-Beauvais, the principal of which he became in 1713; five years later he succeeded the historian Rollin as Rector of the University of Paris. He was a man of such force of character that he revolutionized the administration of the university, and under him it was raised to its highest pitch of success. So great was his personal influence that he impressed himself upon a generation of Frenchmen, many of whom rose to eminence in after life. Coffin is celebrated for his participation in the Paris *Breviary*, the liturgical book of the Roman-catholic Church, in which are found the hymns as well as the prayers. A demand for a reformation of the *Breviary* had arisen in the sixteenth century, as the versions then in use contained much bad Latin and many metrical faults; and for many years different authors were employed upon the work. The final revison was published in 1736 by a commission of three ecclesiastics, of whom Charles Coffin was one. Nearly a hundred of his own compositions, including some new versions of ancient hymns, appeared in it, and his work is on a high level of excellence. He died in 1749 honored and admired by those who had known him.

167 *"Bless us this eve!"* L. M.

O FATHER, who didst all things make
That heaven and earth might do thy will,
Bless us this eve for Jesus' sake,
And for thy work preserve us still.

2 O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this eve with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with thee.

3 O Holy Ghost, who by thy power
Dost sanctify the church elect,
Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
Our bodies guard, our souls direct.

4 Praise to the Father and the Son,
O Spirit, equal praise to thee:
All glory be to God alone,
Now, and throughout eternity!

Concerning the now acknowledged author of this hymn, no particulars were given for a long time, beyond his name and the fact that some unmentioned English hymnal published the stanzas first in 1846, with the name of Rev. H. B. Heathcote attached to them. It is only lately that the information reaches us that the hymn was really written by Rev. William Beadon Heathcote, who was educated at New College, Oxford, taking his degree in 1840. For some time he was a Fellow and a tutor in that institution; then he became Precentor of Salisbury Cathedral, then Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury and Select Preacher at Oxford. This hymn is given in two forms, one for morning and the second for evening. The author died in August, 1862. A lyric so really excellent as this deserves to have received a better treatment. Its sentiment is fresh and its struc-

ture is graceful. There is a fable in the Jewish *Talmud* which it readily suggests. The ancient rabbins used to say two angels, one of good and one of evil, accompany every man when on Sabbath eve he leaves the synagogue for his home. If he finds the table spread in his house and the proper lamps lighted, the wife and children being all ready in becoming attire for the sacred day, then the angel of good says: "May the next Sabbath, and may all thy Sabbaths, be like this! Peace unto this dwelling, peace!" And to this blessing even the angel of evil is forced to add, "Amen!" But if the house is not ready, and no preparations for the holy day have been made, then the angel of evil speaks: and what he says is, "May all thy Sabbaths be like this!" And the angel of good is compelled to answer with tears, "Amen!"

168 *Twilight.* L. M.

GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

Miss Anne Steele has added here another of her hymns. It offers the suggestion of Sabbath rest and breathes the air of repose. "Theodosia" is tired with the labors of another day, and now seeks recuperation in spiritual communion with God. Our devotions are often hurried and incomplete, and of course unsatisfactory. The week rushes by and leaves us exhausted. Like the bride in the Song of Songs, we have now and then to confess, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." Our services are too full of excitement on the Lord's day, too meager of tranquil worship. Then comes the joyous evening, and we sit at the Master's feet for our twilight hymn.

Even physicians and scientists are coming to the rescue of this one day in seven as a prime necessity for all classes of human beings. Dr. John W. Draper says: "The constitution of the brain is such that it must have its time to repose. Periodicity is stamped upon it. Nor is it enough that it is awake and in action by day, and in the silence of the night obtains rest and repose; that same periodicity which belongs to it as a whole belongs to all its constituent parts. One portion of it cannot be called into incessant activity without the risk of injury. Its different regions, devoted to different functions, must have their separate times of rest. The excitement of one part must be coincident with a pause in the action of another. The Sabbath is a boon to all classes of men; for, in whatever position of life we may be placed, it is needful for us to have an opportunity of rest. No man can, for any length of time, pursue one avocation or one train of thought without mental, and therefore bodily, injury—nay, without insanity."

169 *"Perpetual blessings."* L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

This familiar hymn is found as No. 81 in Dr. Isaac Watts' Book I., where it shows the usual three stanzas entirely unchanged. It is entitled "A Song for Morning or Evening," and has attached to it two texts. The reference to Lamentations 3:23 appears in the opening verse: "His compassions fail not; they are new every morning;" and that to Isaiah 45:7, in the second: "I form the light and create darkness." The sentiment of the whole poem is well indicated in the name of the tune to which for many years it has been generally sung. "Gratitude" is the truest feeling exercised by a sincere child of God when the day is begun and the care of the Highest is remembered, as well as when the day is ended and the same gracious protection has been received again. This song of the heart is welcomed in all the collections on both sides of the sea. Simple as it is, it has been reckoned as one of the Third Rank hymns of the Future by the critics of *Anglican Hymnology*.

170 *Benediction.* L. M.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

One of Rev. John Newton's exquisite felicities in voicing the apostle Paul's benediction, joined to the common Doxology, and so furnishing a very fitting group of stanzas to be used at the close of divine service. The benediction is found in Philippians 4:7. "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." The Doxology is the final verse in Ken's Evening Hymn.

171 *Evening.* L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

In Book I. of Dr. Isaac Watts this old folk-song appears with its simple title, "An Evening Hymn." It gives for its foundation references to parts of Psalms 3 and 4, and consists of six stanzas. It is accepted in almost all the modern collections, and is perhaps in this country the best learned and most used in all our family devotions at the close of the day. The music of "Hebron" will alone seem to fit the words. Who can forget it?

"Old tunes are precious to me as old paths
In which I wandered as a happy boy;
In truth they are the old paths of the soul,
Oft trod, well-worn, familiar, up to God."

172 *Dismissal.* L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Rev. Joseph Hart, the author of this hymn, was born in London in 1712. Little is known of his early life, but his education was good, and he was for many years a teacher of languages. As a young man he had many serious thoughts, but he led a dissipated life and stifled his better impulses. He even wrote a book in 1741 entitled *The Unreasonableness of Religion;* but his conscience was aroused by the contemplation of Christ's sufferings in the Garden of Gethsemane, and in 1759 he commenced both to preach and to write hymns. Soon after, at the age of forty-eight, he became minister of Jewin Street Independent Chapel in London. His after life was not without thorns, but his conviction of the truths of the Gospel was deep and sincere, and he died in the ministry, May 24, 1768. In the preface to his book of hymns he speaks of his conversion in language which shows how profound had been his sense of sin, and how great the relief when he acknowledged Christ as his Master.

173 *Fruits of Holiness.* S. M.

LORD of the hearts of men,
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless
From age to age thy chosen saints
With fruits of holiness.

2 Here faith and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

3 Oh, love, oh, truth, oh, light!
Light never to decay!
Oh, rest from thousand labors past,
Oh, endless Sabbath day!

4 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bear
Our harvest-burdens home.

5 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits thyself dost love:
Soon shalt thou from thy judgment-seat
Crown thine own gifts above.

J. R. WOODFORD, D. D.

The author of this hymn is the Rev. James Russell Woodford, D. D. He was born at Henley-on-Thames, England, April 30, 1820, and was duly graduated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, in the class of 1842, taking very

high honors in mathematics and classics. He entered at once upon the ministry in the Established Church, being ordained a deacon in 1843 and a priest in 1845. Appointed to the incumbency of the new district church at St. Mark's, Easton, near Bristol, he remained in this charge until 1855, when he was presented to the vicarage of Kempsford, Gloucestershire; then he was chosen by the trustees of the parish and vicarage of Leeds to assume sole care of the work in that busy capital of the West Riding. This was an arduous work, but he became popular and useful at once, giving his whole heart and strength to his duties. But in 1873 he was appointed the Bishop of Ely, and was consecrated to the office on December 14 of that year at Westminster Abbey. There he spent the rest of his life; twelve years of energetic work concluded his ministry; he died at the palace October 24, 1885.

This hymn is translated from the Latin; the original is found in the Paris *Breviary*, commencing "*Supreme Motor cordium*;" the English rendering of it was contributed by Dr. Woodford to the *Parish Hymn Book* in 1863. He has composed some good original hymns also.

174 *The Evening Hour.* 8s, 6s.

THE Sabbath day has reached its close,
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace thy love bestows:
Smile on my evening hour.

2 Weary, I come to thee for rest;
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Grant me thy Spirit for my guest:
Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain:
Smile on my evening hour.

4 Oh, Jesus, Lord, enthroned on high,
Thou hearest the contrite spirit's sigh;
Look down on me with pitying eye:
Smile on my evening hour.

5 My only intercessor thou,
Mingle thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow:
Smile on my evening hour.

6 And, oh, when time's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

We might have known, from this favorite fashion used in its meter, that the hymn before us was to be reckoned with those of the gifted granddaughter of Rev. John Venn, Miss Charlotte Elliott, who wrote "Just as I am, without one plea." That form of stanza has been rarely employed by our sacred poets. We are informed, in the memoirs of another woman, in many respects equally gifted and famous, Mary Lundie Duncan, that once she started for health's sake upon an extended tour in the country. With a younger brother she journeyed through a departing snowstorm to the dwelling of her future father-in-law. Of the trip she says: "The pass of Dalveen looked so beautiful in alternate streaks of snow and green sward, that I could not tell whether to prefer it so or in the rich glow of summer, as I saw it before. On the way I read Haldane's sermon, 'The Jews God's Witnesses,' with much interest. Elliott's poetry employed me for miles." Such a record makes one think of the singing pilgrim, far on ahead of him in the valley of the Shadow of Death, whom Christian heard with a cheered heart.

175 *"Precious seed."* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ or man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

Rev. John Cawood was born at Matlock, Derbyshire, England, March 18, 1775. He was graduated at Oxford in 1801, and was ordained to the ministry in the Church of England. Then he became a perpetual curate in Bewdley, Worcestershire, remaining there until his death, November 7, 1852. He was the author of many hymns besides this one, some of them of real merit being found in our modern collections; but they appear with many changes in the phraseology from his own originals, and have been improved much in matters of taste and gracefulness of composition. This one is given in *Lyra Britannica*, and some date it about the year 1815. It is entitled "Hymn after Sermon," and it is most useful in just that place.

176 *"Keep us."* C. M.

ANOTHER day is past and gone;
O God, we bow to thee;
Again, as nightly shades come on,
To thy defence we flee.

2 Forgive us all the evil done,
The good undone, to-day;
And keep us from the Wicked One,
Now, Father, and for aye.

3 When shall that day of gladness come,
Ne'er sinking in the west;
That country and that blessèd home,
Where none shall break our rest—

4 Where we, O God, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing?

Rev. Isaac Williams, translator of this hymn, was born at Cwmcynfelin in Cardiganshire, Wales, December 12, 1802, but his home was in London, where he received his early education. He gained from his tutor, an English clergyman, a great fondness for Latin poetry, and became so proficient in that language that he used not only to write, but to think in it, being obliged in writing an English theme to translate his ideas, which were in Latin, into his own language. In 1821 he entered Trinity College, Oxford, and two years later won the University prize for Latin verse. This fact became a turning-point in his career, as it brought him into friendship with John Keble, who exercised a powerful influence over him and greatly enriched his spiritual life. Keble interested himself in the young man, and for some years Williams spent his long vacations with him, Robert Wilberforce, then an undergraduate at Oriel College, being sometimes of the party. In 1829 Williams was ordained to the curacy of Windrush, a few miles from Fairford, where Keble was living; but he did not remain there long, as he competed successfully for a Trinity Fellowship and returned to Oxford the same year as college tutor. Here he met J. H. Newman and was strongly drawn towards him, like most people who knew this great man. He became Newman's curate at St. Mary's, Oxford, where he remained until 1842, when he married and removed to Bisley as curate. His life afterward was uneventful except for one occurrence. When Keble resigned his Poetry Professorship at Oxford he was desirous that Williams should be his successor, as he seemed not only to be in entire sympathy of feeling with him but possessed great poetical merit, his reputation as a sacred poet being only second to that of Keble himself. He was, however, identified with the tractarian writers, as he had actually written *Tract 80*, which had given great offence to some, and was known as the friend and coadjutor of Newman. Hence vehement opposition to his election arose; this resulted in his withdrawal from public life and from Oxford. He removed to Stinchcombe in 1848, where he lived in retirement for many years, devoting himself to literary work, until on May 1, 1865, after a long illness, he passed quietly away.

His reputation as a devotional writer, both of prose and verse, is very high, and his character was singularly attractive. His three *Tracts*; *80*, *86*, and *87*, were very valuable to his party at Oxford, and he published many other volumes of sermons and religious meditations which are most winning in their tone. The poetical translations that he made from the Latin, although often not available for common use on account of the irregularity of the meters he adopted, have inspired others to undertake kindred tasks. With a poetical taste so true and a talent so great, his work set a standard which has made itself felt in hymnody in England.

177 *Psalm* 89. C. M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 89, C. M., Third Part. As a hymn to be sung after a sermon it is full of precept and prayer alike. It has a suggestion of warning against dullness in public devotion. "It is dangerous," says pious old Gurnall, "to fall asleep with a candle burning by our side, but more dangerous still to sleep while the candle of the Word is shining so near us." John Wesley, although never neglectful of his ministerial gravity, had nevertheless a good sense of humor. His servant, Michael Fenwick, complained that his own name was not so much as once mentioned in the good man's published journal. Wesley intimated that he would remember him quite conspicuously before long. Indeed, in the very next number he put in this record: "Left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one o'clock preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick."

178 *Twilight.* C. M. D.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows of our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose!

Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, the well-known and well-beloved poet who wrote "The Lost Chord," was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, better recognized most likely by his pen-name "Barry Cornwall." These two authors will stand together for long years as having been geniuses of rare taste and like gift, and at the same time loving workers side by side under one roof. The daughter, who composed the hymn now before us, was born in Bedford Square, London, October 30, 1825, and died February 2, 1864. Though her life was short, she has been able to secure a place in the hearts of many friends by the singular tenderness and sympathetic tone of most of her writings. She had remarkable gift in the way of bringing comfort, and her poems rank high in English literature. She used to prepare pieces and little volumes for specific sale, so as to obtain money for fairs and bazars held in behalf of the suffering creatures of God—men and women and children and animals—so that she was a popular and profitable contributor to societies having benevolent operations in hand. In 1851 this lady became a convert to the faith and practice of the Roman-catholic Church. Her devotion was intense and sincere, outrunning even prudence, and exhausting her life with too great demands upon her strength and her sensibility.

179 *Psalm* 134. C. M. D.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
Oh, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine!
Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

2 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.
Thus cheer us through this desert road
Till all our labors cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

This is found as No. 53 of Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, and is entitled, "Joy and Prosperity from the Presence and Blessing of God." It has four stanzas, and is referred by the author to Psalm 90:17. It was written to be sung at the close of the sermon as usual.

180 *"He careth."* S. M.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I 'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

This is No. 340 in the collection of Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*. He has entitled it, "God's Care a Remedy for Ours." Annexed to it also is the mention of 1 Peter 5:7 as a text: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." There is rather more poetry than usual in this hymn; the author is always didactic, no matter what else he is; but in the final stanza here he has a very beautiful image in the exchanging of a burden for a song. It makes us think of the language Edward Garrett puts into the mouth of one of his speakers in his story: "When the song 's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it 's a-ringing in your ears; it 's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that, maybe, a psalm 'll come by-and-by."

181 *"Still with thee."* S. M.

STILL, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

2 With thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

Rev. James Drummond Burns, the author of this hymn, was one of those poets whose sweetest songs are the result of suffering. Born in Edinburgh, February 18, 1823, he was educated at the High School and University in that city. He received his theological training under Thomas Chalmers, the great leader of the Free Church of Scotland, and in 1845 became pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Dunblane. His frame was enfeebled by hard study, and after two years of pastoral work he was obliged to go to Madeira, where in a favorable climate he improved in health, and took charge of the Presbyterian Church at Funchal. After five years spent in this foreign country he thought himself able to return to England. In 1855 he became minister of the Presbyterian Church at Hampstead, London; but after nine years of work and worry he was forced to seek a southern climate again and went to Mentone, where he died November 27, 1864. Although a poet, whose hymns rank among the very best for beauty and depth of feeling, he was ready at any moment to turn aside from the world of art to assist the poor and sick, and his preaching was full of a spirituality which deeply impressed his hearers. It has been said of him, "He was a true Christian and a true poet, too soon called from toil and suffering into rest and triumph."

182 *"Abide with us."* S. M.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

This is one of Dr. John Mason Neale's most beautiful original poems, and was published first in his *Hymns for Children*, in 1842. Archdeacon Prescott says, "No mediæval research, no wandering among the strange ordinances and phantasies of the Eastern Church, ever drew John Neale away from the pure, simple faith in his Saviour, Jesus Christ;" and this hymn is a testimony to it. So perfect was the poem in every word and phrase that not a syllable has been altered since it was first printed, although it was one of his earliest works.

183 *At Dismission.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

This hymn is correctly attributed to Rev. Joseph Hart, although some of the stanzas were partially rewritten by Dr. R. Hawker. It appeared in 1762, and has been frequently repeated in later collections on either side of the ocean.

184 *Evening.* S. M.

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new luster break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

Another selection from the *Hymns* of Dr. Philip Doddridge, where it is entitled "Walk in the Light." Many changes are to be noted in this piece along the range of years, every one of which has improved the versification. It is now one of the most useful and popular songs for the family altar. It carries with it a breathless rush of tender expostulation in view of human frailty. We happen to belong to that number of prospered persons who were reared on the New England Primer. We have never had much to say about the poetry of that remembered volume, nor do we specially now propose to commend the specimens of uncouth art with which it was illustrated. But two pictures rise in our memory with an accompanying distich, which we are frank to acknowledge have been factors in our life. One represented a boy at his topmost speed, with a tall skeleton running after him, holding an hour-glass in his outstretched left hand, and in his right a sharpened dart, with which last it was intimated he intended to pierce the lad in the back in case he caught him. The legend beneath was this:

"Youth forward slips, Death soonest nips."

The other cut represented an old man with a scythe swinging it at his full strength. Before him was a feeble tuft of grass: behind him desolation. And the legend in this instance read thus:

"Time cuts down all, both great and small."

Now out of this in some measure we wonder if there has not grown a certain sense, which is surely recognizable, of tremendous haste with which we have been agitated from time immemorial. We have always seemed to ourselves to be chased up rather severely by this skeleton, Death, and this scythe-man, Time. Still our immediate neighbors do not appear to have any advantage. The whole world is certainly in an uncomfortable hurry of bustling energy. What a curiously different life that will be when there is no such thing as late or early, long or short, quick or slow. An unruffled current of experience will just flow on at leisure. It is likely there will be changes and all sorts of variety, but we shall enjoy whatever we have clear up to the crisis upon which the next gift of God's love is to come in. No apprehensions will disturb our content. Time will not be standing greedily behind us, ready to swing the scythe. There will be no waste of duration in simply propelling wheels to show how it runs on. Everything will be ours, for even death will be dead. We shall never more be hurried with the remembrance that if we are belated we shall lose something. There will be some tranquility and restful peace.

185 *Home Hymn.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

The author of this hymn was a noted Baptist minister who lived in Virginia during the years from 1775 to 1790. Almost all we have of his career is contained in his autobiography published in 1845, as an interesting and quaint account of a very remarkable man. This volume contained some of his writings in prose and poetry; among these can be found the original form of the hymn before us, with other hymns also; but this one is almost the only one which the churches have kept widely in use. It is really very beautiful in its lofty faith and unaffected simplicity. Many of us in New England sang it for years at the family altar when Sabbath evening came around, and it speaks memories of other days when we teach our children to sing it now. May it live for ever and ever!

The Rev. John Leland was born in Grafton, Mass., May 14, 1754. The description of his person has come down to us, and some of his ordinary traits of character. He was in his later life "tall, muscular, and commanding; age had bent him slightly, but that added to his patriarchal venerableness. He had a noble head, a high, expanded, and somewhat retreat-

ing forehead, a nose a little aquiline, and a bright, beautiful, sparkling blue eye, the expression of which, especially in the pulpit, was electrical; even eighty-seven years had not dimmed it. In his manners and personal intercourse he was plain, courteous, and dignified. He was bland and kind to all. No man could approach him with a rude familiarity." It is added also that he was a man of ready wit and almost boundless eccentricity, but devout and solemn in prayer. At one period of his life he appears to have had considerable political influence—enough indeed to have it recorded that he aided in the election of James Madison over Patrick Henry to the Virginia Convention. This excellent man died at North Adams, Mass., January 14, 1841.

186 *"Closing Hour."* S. M.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue,
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

The Rev. Eleazer Thompson Fitch, D. D., was one of the compilers of the hymnal prepared by the order of General Association of the Congregational body in Connecticut; and in that book six of his compositions appeared, of which this was one. He was born at New Haven, Conn., January 1, 1791, and was graduated at Yale College in the class of 1810. Then he spent some little time in teaching; but in 1812 he became a theological student in Andover Seminary. Dr. Timothy Dwight's death left the chair of Sacred Theology in Yale College vacant, and in 1817 Dr. Fitch was chosen to fill his place. The number of graduates under his instruction grew so rapidly that, at his suggestion, the corporation founded a theological department, which was organized into what is called a Divinity School in 1822. He became the Professor of Homiletics, and at the same time was the college preacher and pastor. His theological views were strongly pronounced, and ultimately drew upon him considerable animadversion from those who were more conservative in sentiment. But he kept his office as lecturer until 1861, and subsequently was retained in the faculty of the Divinity School as emeritus-professor until he died, January 31, 1871, at New Haven. A volume of his sermons was published that same year. He was a man of singular modesty, without any sign of controversy in his disposition.

187 *Sabbath ended.* S. M.

THE day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

This is a very beautiful hymn by Rev. John Ellerton. The first line sometimes is written, "Our day of praise is done." It is an admirable song for the close of public worship. There is no service like that of God, no house more comfortable than his, no peace like that he bestows. In the hurries of our modern church-life much labor is driven into the hours of the day which was meant to be, more fully than it is suffered to be, the "day of rest" for the soul and body too. But, by the grace of God, rests are allowed along the way even when one is passing through the valley of Baca. Shadows of the great rock in the weary land may be discovered even close by the spots where balsam-trees weep tears. Notable seasons of remembrance have we all of halts for refreshment we have already enjoyed. We could tell bright stories about them if we would. Somewhere we have read that a company of travel-worn Indians were fleeing from their foes through a desolate region of our own country in the Southwest. Suddenly they came upon a beautiful spring in the waste. Their chief struck his spear in the sward, crying, "*Alabama! Alabama!*" Here let us rest! let us rest! Thus could the soul of each believer recount the incidents of his traverse, and learn to put new names on the spiritual map he cherishes. Here he has no continuing city; he seeks one to come.

188 *Doxology.* S. M.

To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

This hymn, in Dr. Isaac Watts' Book I., No. 51, is called "Preserving Grace," with a reference to Jude 24, 25, and prepared to be sung at the close of a sermon on that theme. The piece before us is made up of two stanzas out of the original five, with the short meter doxology added.

189 "*Guard and save.*" 7s, 6s, 8s.

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord! to thee;
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God! for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus! hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

This is a translation by Dr. John Mason Neale from Anatolius, one of the Greek hymn-writers about whom very little is known, though he is said to have been a pupil of Theodore of the Studium who lived at the close of the eighth century and beginning of the ninth. More than a hundred of his hymns exist, and have been attributed to St. Anatolius, the Bishop of Constantinople, who died in 458; hence as some of them celebrate martyrs who suffered in the sixth and the early part of the seventh century, the claim is proved erroneous. This piece is a great favorite in the Greek Isles, the melody to which it is there usually sung being singularly plaintive and soothing.

190 "*Into thy hands!*" P. M.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned—

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

4 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

5 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord divine!
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine.

The original of this hymn cannot be discovered at present, but it is supposed to have been no older than the eighteenth century. Mr. Edward Caswall, the translator, found the Latin poem in a foreign collection, a small book of devotions, the very name of which has escaped him. The beauty of the English version increases the regret at the loss of the Latin original. The sentiment which is voiced by these stanzas is very subtle and even mystic. The picture of our Lord in the very act of crucifixion is thrown before our imagination. The gesture of Jesus, as he "bowed his head and gave up the ghost," is employed to signify our own surrender of our spirits into the eternal Father's hands. Hence a religious exercise is suggested of the intensest kind, a direct proffer of our entire being to our Lord in a union that shall be ever and for ever binding. So at the close of evening worship a believer once more covenants in the secret reserves of his inner life, and goes forth to loving duty.

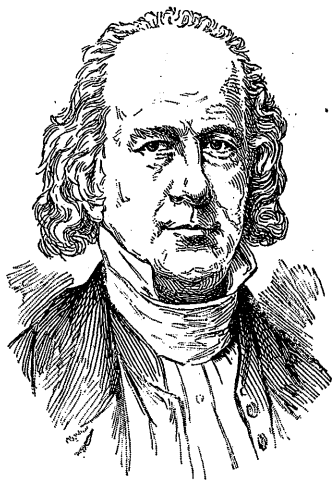
191 *Evening.* 7s.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known,
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.



GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D., LL. D., was born in Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799. He was graduated from Union College, in Schenectady, N. Y., in 1818, and was ordained to the Christian ministry in 1821. He became an assistant in the parish of Trinity Church, in New York city, but in 1825 he was chosen Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in what was then Washington College. He was elected in 1828 the rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Boston; four years afterwards he became the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New Jersey. He died in Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859. Dr. Doane was prominent in what is known in that denomination as the High Church party; he was energetic and indefatigable as a propagandist, and hence had many bitter enemies and was obliged to endure and conduct many controversies. Under the title of *The Life and Writings of G. W. Doane, D. D.*, his works in prose and poetry were collected and published, 1860, in four volumes, edited by his son; and afterwards by the same in 1875 appeared an edition of his *Songs by the Way*. In this last book the present hymn was found; it is entitled "Evening," and to it is annexed as a text Psalm 141:2. It is weakened by the addition of the fourth stanza, which is omitted in the Methodist *Hymnal* and some others.

192 *"Foretastes."* 7s.

FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above,
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

The devotion and reverence expressed in this simple yet beautiful vesper hymn clearly show the spirit and mind of the writer, concerning whom comparatively nothing is known. It has been credited to James Montgomery and to Baptist W. Noel; but neither of these authors has ever claimed it. In 1826 a small publication was issued called the *Missionary Minstrel;* the editor gave, instead of his name, only an uninterpreted brace of letters, which may have been his initials, "O. P." This hymn in particular is marked as one of the editor's contributions, and bears the same letters annexed to it. Beyond this no information has ever been obtained.

193 *Closing Benediction.* 7s.

NOW may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

The original of this benediction appeared in 1779 in the *Olney Hymns*, Book III. Its author was Rev. John Newton, and there were three stanzas, of which two are here given. It is a poetic rendering of the words of the apostle Paul, Hebrews 13:20, 21. "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

194 *Doxology.* 8s, 7s.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:

2 Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Conder was a layman, belonging to the Congregational denomination in England.

He was a voluminous author, and himself in the year 1836 issued a hymn-book bearing the name of his church, and meant to supply the wants of singing saints wherever it would be welcomed as a manual of song. He was born in London, September 17, 1789; at five years of age he was inoculated for small-pox; and, through some sort of ill-working of the precaution, he thus lost the sight of one of his eyes, and was sent to Hackney to be treated by electricity lest he should be so unfortunate as to be deprived of the other. There the surgeon came to be his teacher, giving him a course of Latin and French study, and ultimately moving him along with other branches of learning till, when he was fifteen years old, he became his father's assistant in a metropolitan book-store. This made him intelligent, and gave him a taste as well as a longing for literature. In company with some few friends of like gifts and ambitions he published in 1810 a small volume of verse entitled *The Associate Minstrels*, which ran to a second edition in 1812. Two years subsequent to this Mr. Conder purchased the *Eclectic Review* and became its editor until 1837. During this period he was in close association with some of the best literary people of that day, and was occupied with composition and publication of many works of his own both in poetry and prose. He wrote mostly upon religious topics; with an elevated ambition to be useful he entered into the spirit of the times in which he lived, and took prominent part in some of the sharp debates which were held concerning the vexed questions that agitated the non-conforming churches. In 1832 he became the editor also of *The Patriot;* the issue of this he continued until the year of his death. Of the denominational hymnal, *The Congregational Hymn-Book, a Supplement to Watts*, 1836, containing sixty-two compositions of his own, and four by his wife, a collection so meritorious according to the standard of those times as to mark a decided advance in tastefulness and devotion, there were sold ninety thousand copies in seven years; and the book remained the official manual of praise in that communion till the year 1859. This author died in St. John's Wood in London, December 27, 1855. He was of essential help to our modern hymnology; he made many and felicitous emendations of the rough poetry that went before him into the congregations; people blamed him for destroying their favorite expressions; but the future collections took his changes cheerfully, and found no fault with the fearlessness which gave them better hymns.

195 *"Day is Dying."* P. M.

DAY is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.
Cho.— Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee!
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.—*Cho.*

[3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that vail thy face
Our hearts ascend.—*Cho.*

4 When for ever from thy sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise
And shadows end.—*Cho.*]

MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

To a Chautauquan the "Vesper Service" seems incomplete without the singing of this beautiful hymn. It was written at the request of Bishop John H. Vincent in the summer of 1880, and it is frequently sung at the close of the day, when the vast company of graduates, students, and visitors are assembled for evening prayer. No one who has ever listened to the mighty volume of song, as five thousand persons at a time, gathered around the representatives of the "Literary and Scientific Circle" in the open Hall under the trees, aid to swell the strong chords of Professor Sherwin's matchless tune, "Evening Praise" — no one will forget thereafter the impression he received of the power of such words borne upward by such music.

Miss Mary Artemisia Lathbury is now residing with her sister in New York city. Fellow

artists and writers by profession, these two ladies occupy one studio, and they make it a welcome and remembered place to visit, with the evidences around them of taste and thought and poetry. The author of these verses was born in Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y., August 10, 1841. Her father was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which communion the daughter also remained until two years ago, 1890, when she connected herself with the New Jerusalem Church; not that she "believed less," but that she "believes more now." She is a well-known writer of hymns, and a contributor to many American religious periodicals. She will be equally remembered, however, as the founder of the "Look-out Legion," which is based upon Rev. Edward Everett Hale's rules:

"Look up, and not down;
Look forward, and not back;
Look out, and not in,
And lend a hand—In His Name."

As to the present condition of this popular hymn, which is now finding its way into the hymnals over the country, it needs to be said that the author has, since its earliest publication, added two stanzas to the original piece. These we have obtained the permission of Dr. Vincent, courteously granted, to print as we have done in brackets, in connection with the others. The work was finished so recently that we could not introduce them into *Laudes Domini* without destroying uniformity.

196 *Separation.* 7s.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

This hymn contains only the last three stanzas of a piece composed by Rev. John Newton. In Bull's life of the author we find this incident recorded: "In November (1776) Mr. Newton underwent an operation for a tumor in his thigh. He was mercifully brought through it, and was very soon able to resume his ordinary duties. On this occasion he composed Hymn 71, Book II., in the *Olney Hymns*." This is the hymn referred to above, or rather the latter part of it; for the original had six stanzas and was entitled "Parting." The first line was, "As the sun's enlivening eye." The hymn is found in a few collections both in Great Britain and America.

197 *Hymn at Parting.* 7s.

THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full, and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

The author of this hymn, Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen, has written extensively for children both in poetry and prose. It was in one of these books, *The Lark and the Linnet*, published in 1854, that this piece first appeared. Her hymns and writings for adults have also been widely sung and read. She was the daughter of Samuel Cabot, and was born in Boston, August 15, 1787. In 1828 she married Prof. Charles Follen, a teacher of ecclesiastical history, ethics and German, at Cambridge, Mass., who was also the pastor of the Unitarian Society at East Lexington. Prof. Follen came to America in 1825, and was a firm advocate of civil and religious liberty. He met his death on board the "Lexington," which was burned in Long Island Sound, January 13, 1840. His wife died twenty years after, in Brookline, Mass., January 26, 1860.

198 *"Ere we go."* L. M., 6l.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instill:
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.—Through life's long day,
And death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—REF.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.—REF.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.—REF.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our all.—REF.

Brief mention only is made by the various English hymnologists of Rev. Frederick William Faber's beautiful Evening Hymn. It

first appeared in 1852 and was entitled *Evening Hymn at the Oratory* (of St. Philip, Neri). It has been altered many times, but the author made his final revision of it in 1861. The piece has six stanzas, only five of which appear, and it has been deemed worthy a place among the Second Rank Hymns of the future in *Anglican Hymnology*. It is in common use, and may be found in many Roman-catholic as well as Protestant collections.

Dr. Frederick W. Faber was born at Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, June 28, 1814. He was an ardent and impulsive child, eager for study and fond of poetry. He received his education at Balliol College, Oxford, whence he graduated in 1836. The University College made him a Fellow in 1837, after which he became deacon and was ordained as a presbyter. A long tour through Europe followed. On his return to England in 1843 he became rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire. About this time he wrote several books in defence of the Church of England; but he was a friend and admirer of Cardinal Newman, whose life and writings attracted him irresistibly, and in 1846 he renounced his allegiance to Protestantism and became a Roman-catholic. He journeyed to the Holy City, returning shortly to Birmingham, where he founded a "Community." In 1849 he went to London, where he became the head of the "Oratorians" or "Priests of the Congregation of St. Philip, Neri." This Oratory was afterwards removed to Brompton. He died when but forty-nine years old, September 26, 1863.

199 *Evening Hymn.* 7s, 5s.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us, every closing day,
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us, in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

Very little was known of this author until recently, he having resolutely evaded publicity; but a few facts concerning him have come to us which may be considered authentic. Rev. Richard Hayes Robinson was born in 1842, and is an English clergyman of the Established Church. Educated at King's College, London, he took holy orders and became curate of St. Paul's, Penge. In 1871 he was transferred to Octagon Chapel, Bath. Subsequently he was called to the curacy of Weston, and further on he became rector of St. Michael's, Bath. According to present information, he is still living at Sion-Hill Place, Bath.

Mr. Robinson's known works are *Sermons on Faith and Duty*, and *The Creed and the Age*. The hymn now before us was contributed to the *Church Hymns* of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" in 1871; but it was written in 1869 especially for the congregation of St. Paul's Church, Upper Norwood. The allusion found in the last line of each stanza, and repeated so as to form a sort of refrain, is to Zechariah 14:6, 7: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark: but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

200 *Constant Devotion.* L. M., 6l.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

Under the title "Daily Duties, Dependence, and Enjoyment," with the text Rom. 14:8, this hymn first appeared in 1813, in the August number of the *Christian Observer*. It was signed "Probus," and has been at times erroneously attributed to Sir Robert Grant. The real author, however, was William Shrubsole, Jr., the eldest son of William Shrubsole, a master mast-maker and lay-preacher, who afterwards became the regular minister of a small body of Dissenters worshiping in Bethel Chapel.

The son was born at Sheerness, in the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, England, November 21, 1759. He followed his father's trade at first, working as a shipwright in Sheerness Dockyards. Eventually he became a clerk, and was appointed to a position in the Bank of England, where he was gradually advanced to the responsible position of Secretary of the Committee of the Treasury. Though as a young man he was indifferent to the religious influences about him, under the ministry of his father's friend Mr. Woodgate, pastor of Jewin Street Chapel, the tenor of his thoughts changed, and in 1787 he received his first communion from the hands of his father at Sheerness. In 1791 he married Miss Morris, who died in 1810. Two years later he went to reside within the walls of the Bank of England, devoting his leisure to literature and to the promotion of the interests of great religious societies. During the last twenty years of his life he was connected with the Congregational Church which held its services in the Hoxton Academy Chapel. He died of apoplexy at Highbury, August 23, 1829.

201 *Day is Over.* 6s, 5s.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Not only as a writer of original hymns, but as a learned mediævalist, and as a translator, is Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould known to us. He was born at Exeter, January 28, 1834, and is the eldest son of Mr. Edward Baring-Gould of Lew Trenchard, Devon. He received his education at Clare College, Cambridge, taking the degree of B. A. in 1854, and that of M. A. in 1856. After his ordination in 1864 he became the curate of Horbury, near Wakefield. Here he remained for three years, becoming thereafter incumbent of Dalton, Yorks, 1867; rector of East Mersea, Essex, 1871; and rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon, 1881.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

The hymn above quoted is known as the "Evening Hymn for Missions," and has been in use for several years at St. John's, Horbury Bridge. It has a place in many English and American hymnals. This author has written and published many volumes, among which may be noted *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, 1866; *Lives of the Saints*, 1877; *Church Songs*, 1884. He contributed also nine carols to an article which appeared in the *Sacristy* for November, 1871, entitled *The Noels and Carols of French Flanders*. Besides these he has written a novel in German and translated it into English.

202 *Evening blessing.* 8s, 7s. D.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

This is another of James Edmeston's hymns, whose sweet words have been sung by thousands of believers. It was first printed in a volume of *Sacred Lyrics* in 1820, and for many years it was sung at the close of divine service in the church at Homerton, where its author used to attend. Hymnologists say that the idea of this hymn was suggested to the author after he had read Salt's *Travels in*

Abyssinia, wherein occur these words: "At night their short evening hymn, 'Jesus, forgive us,' stole through the camp."

203 *The Pilgrim.* 8s, 7s. D.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Most of the information we possess concerning the life and work of Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., the author of this hymn, is derived now from an article published originally in the *New York Evangelist* November 21, 1872, and afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form for private distribution. This gives a sketch of his remarkable career as a music teacher and composer, the materials of which, as we are informed by Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, the author of it, were drawn from some memoranda Dr. Hastings himself made in 1858. In these he offered the story of his life with the simplicity, modesty, and directness so peculiar to him.

The writing of his hymns arose naturally out of the production of his tunes. As he sang the music it actually seemed to phrase words for the fit expression of the notes. Hence the matter aggregated upon his hands. While *Songs for the Sanctuary* was coming into existence, and afterwards as other books issued by the same compiler followed on, the carefully prepared copies in manuscript of several hundred poetical compositions came into his hands for choice, many of which were at that time first introduced to the singing people of God. The spirituality and deep devotion of all of them, and all that Dr. Hastings ever wrote, are well illustrated in this hymn now before us. He accepted the guidance provided for him by the mercy and grace of God, and on this he rested for life and death alike calmly; his poems breathe the air of heaven.

204 *Benediction.* 8s, 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Another of Rev. John Newton's poetic benedictions is here given. It is No. 101 of the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., and is a favorite form of doxology. It first appeared in 1779, and is founded upon 2 Corinthians 13:14: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

205 *Dismissal.* 8s, 7s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation:
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we 'll give thee nobler praise.

With the establishment of Sunday-schools throughout England there grew up a demand for hymns for children's use which Isaac Watts had failed to fill. It was as long ago as 1774 that this hymn first appeared, but it was not until 1794 that it came into general use, being found in a collection of sacred songs issued by Rev. Robert Hawker, entitled *Psalms and Hymns Sung by the Children of the Sunday-school, in the Parish Church of Charles, Plymouth, at the Sabbath Evening Lecture.* The authorship of the hymn in question has been much disputed. It has been attributed to Walter Shirley, and to several others, and it is only recently that Hawker's claim to it has been fully established.

Rev. Robert Hawker was born in Exeter in 1753, and educated for the medical profession. He was married when but nineteen years old; and soon afterward, feeling that he was called to the ministry, he gave up his plans and began to study at Oxford, where in 1778 he was ordained. His first and only charge was that of the Church of St. Charles the Martyr, at Plymouth, of which he became incumbent in 1784, and where he remained until he died, April 6, 1827. Dr. Hawker wrote and published many works, and edited an issue of the Bible in penny numbers. He was renowned as an extreme Calvinist, and also as a commentator on the Scriptures.

206 *Dismissal.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

Much discussion, first and last, has been raised concerning the authorship of this familiar hymn. G. J. Stevenson says that its first appearance is traced to *A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship*, issued by Rev. John Harris of Hull; this is dated in 1774, and in it the piece is credited to John Fawcett. But the same writer adds that Dr. Fawcett did not include these stanzas in either of the editions of his collected poems; but there were many others he also omitted. S. W. Duffield seems to have had no hesitation in his acceptance of the name usually attached to the hymn, but Dr. Burrage only remarks slightingly, in his *Baptist Hymn-Writers and Their Hymns*, that it is ascribed to Dr. Fawcett "by some." Of course every one needs to be asked to discriminate this from another with the same first line, by Dr. Hawker.

207 *"Keep us safe."* 8s, 7s, 4s.

God of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

Rev. Thomas Kelly seems to have had a better practical sense of what was needed in a hymn-book for promiscuous and permanent use than many others of our sacred poets, for he noticeably fills in the places where the lack appears. There come occasions in ordinary public services when a simple and fervid cry unto our heavenly Father is all we wish as we leave the house of prayer. This brief hymn is really one of the most graceful, and even in its littleness one of the strongest, of this author's valuable contributions to spiritual literature. It is found in the fifth edition of his collection, and has for its title, "Commencing and Concluding Worship." The reference attached to it is Psalm 119: 146: "I cried unto thee; save me, and I shall keep thy testimonies." There is in these two verses a pathetic expression of human weakness, frailty, and exposure; but there is also a bright utterance of serene hope and trust for the illumination of the gloom.

208 *"Lord, keep us."* 8s, 7s, 4s.

Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near;
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

We have here a companion-piece to the one just before it, from Rev. Thomas Kelly, with the same thoughtful purpose, and conceived in the same strain. It may be found in the edition of his book altered and enlarged in 1820; there it has four stanzas, and purports to have been suggested by Psalm 119:35: "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight." The main idea of the hymn is that real safety comes only to him who trusts entirely in his God, and to him only who preserves his faith unwaveringly will God give security from all harm. This is Dr. Guthrie's illustration, given in his terse powerful sentences: "Woe to the man, in the old Corinthian games, who allowed his competitor to catch him off his guard. Woe to the man who turned to look on father, mother, wife, or mistress. Woe to the man who lifted his eye but for a moment from the glaring eye of his antagonist; that moment a ringing blow fells him to the earth—he bites the dust. Not less does our safety depend on constant care and watchfulness."

209 *"Lord everlasting."* 11s, 5s.

Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of his disposing;
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us;
For he will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All sick and mourners, we to thee commend them;
Do thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But thee, O Father! who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

Of the translations made by Miss Catharine Winkworth and included in her *Choral Book for England*, where this is found, no less a critic than James Martineau has written that

they "are invariably faithful, and for the most part both terse and delicate; and an admirable art is applied to the management of complex and difficult versification. They have not quite the fire of John Wesley's versions of Moravian hymns, or the wonderful fusion and reproduction of thought which may be found in Coleridge. But if less flowing, they are more conscientious than either, and attain a result as poetical as severe exactitude admits, being only a little short of 'native music.'"

This hymn is one of the best that Petrus Herbert has given to the churches. We are told that it was written probably under the pressure of persecution and oppression. The author was ordained as a priest of the Brethren's Unity in 1562. The piece begins with the line: "*Die Nacht kommen drin wir ruhen sollen.*" The version before us follows the German meter, and reproduces it very felicitously in the English. The Christians of the present day, who live so tranquilly in the light of modern advancement and peace, are fortunate in being permitted to tone up and strengthen their piety with some of those old songs of faith which bore the warrior souls of Reformation times on through the perils of the martyr days.

210 *Prayer and Praise.* 11s, 5s.

FATHER, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given;
Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

2 Praise be to thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting!

The poem of Petrus Herbert has five stanzas of seven lines each, and closes with the Lord's Prayer; and to this a Doxology has been added in one of the English Hymnaries. Out of these the present piece is constructed; so that virtually this is a part of the preceding hymn.

211 "*King of Glory!*" 11s, 5s.

NIGHT'S shadows falling, men to rest are calling;
Rest we, possessing heavenly peace and blessing:
This we implore thee, falling down before thee,
Great King of Glory!

2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!
Thine angels send us; let thy love attend us:
He nothing feareth whom thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;
Thy visitation be our consolation:
Oh, hear the sighing of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying!

4 Thou ever livest; endless life thou givest;
Thou watch art keeping o'er thy faithful sleeping;
In thy clear shining they are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore thee—
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!
Rest, peace, and blessing we are now possessing,
Thy name confessing.

Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell was the son of a Congregational minister. Educated at Cambridge, entering St. John's College in 1825, he was ordained to the ministry in the Church of England, becoming the vicar of Caxton in 1830. He must have been a busy man in almost all the fields of religious literature. He wrote critiques with rare skill and acumen, and he published a series of books, little and large, of his own which other critics approved. He seems to have been specially fond of hymnological studies. Some of the volumes he edited contained excellent lyrics which he composed. Indeed, he had fair example in this particular; for his father issued a hymn-book in 1813, known as *Russell's Appendix*, and in the third edition of this appeared the young poet's first piece. From such a start he went forward very successfully, offering translations and original compositions all along his history, some of them of eminent merit. In 1852 he left Caxton, and became vicar of Whaddon in Cambridgeshire. In 1866 he removed to a fresh charge in Liverpool. By-and-by he took the last church he served, as rector of Southwick. There he closed his life after long illness. He was born at Northampton, March 20, 1806, and died November 18, 1874. He left behind him at least a hundred and forty hymns, of which the one now before us must be considered as among the best; and it is announced that with his papers also remain as yet unpublished a large number of manuscript chants and tunes.

212 *Evening Confession.* 11s, 5s.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness!
Forgive its weakness!

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us!
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

5 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where ev'ry flower, escaped through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

In the exquisite little book of *Matins and Vespers*, issued in 1821 by Sir John Bowring, is found this hymn entitled, "Prayer of Trust." It is in use on both sides of the sea; formerly it was given out as a chant, but of late it has been met in its somewhat peculiar meter by fitting music, and so the grateful people are taking out of the exclusive possession of the choirs this fine song so appropriate for a full congregation. The author has long been classed with those holding Socinian views; but it starts inquiry and certainly forestalls bitterness of prejudice, even if it does not awake wonder, that such a man as the one who wrote this hymn, and also "Watchman, tell us of the night," and "In the cross of Christ I glory," should not be welcome to even the rigidest of the old-time orthodox.

213 *Abiding Trust.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

Here we find another of those short evening hymns of Rev. Thomas Kelly. It has no individuality that calls for special notice, but it fits a place for which it was intended, and actually illumines that dull moment when Christians are making ready to leave the house of God. If "Good-bye" really signifies "God be with you," as some say, then indeed this is a beautiful parting song. This author wrote and published hymns for fifty-one years, and left behind him when he died, for all the world to choose from and to sing, no less than seven hundred and sixty-five lyrics, many of which rank among the best in our tongue.

214 *Parting blessing.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let thy Holy Dove, descending,
Bring thy mercy to us all;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

2 Bless the gospel message spoken,
In thine own appointed way;
Give each fainting soul a token
Of thy tender love to-day:
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

3 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by thy grace divine;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

4 Pardon thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By thy great example taught:
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

A girl of fifteen, looking through an old tattered scrap-book, chanced upon this line beneath the picture of a mill—"The mill cannot grind with the water that has passed." Instantly it suggested to her mind a train of thought which resulted in the writing of a poem called "The Lessons of the Water-mill," by which its author, Miss Sarah Doudney, is best known.

The hymns bearing this author's name, scattered around in various English hymnals, are of exceptional merit. She is a very voluminous writer of fugitive poems and tales for the religious magazines, and in 1880 she published *Stepping Stones*. But sometimes it is difficult to trace or even recognize her work. Many of her poetical pieces can be found in *Psalms of Life*, issued in London, 1871. The hymn given above is from the *Children's Hymn Book*, 1881. All the slender facts of her history that have come to the public are these: she was born near Portsmouth, England, but early removed to a remote village in Hampshire. She is still living at Ivy Lodge, Cobham, Hampshire, and is unmarried.

215 *Divine Love.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

HOLY Father! we address thee—
Loved in thy beloved Son;
Holy Son of God, we bless thee,
Boundless grace hath made us one;
Holy Spirit, aid our songs,
This glad work to thee belongs.

2 Wondrous was thy love, O Father!
Wondrous thine, O Son of God!
Vast the love that bruised and wounded,
Vast the love that bore the rod;
Holy Spirit, still reveal
How those stripes alone can heal.

3 Gracious Father! thy good pleasure
Is to love us as thy Son,
Meting out the self-same measure,
Since thou seest us as one.
Blessèd Jesus, loved are we,
As the Father loveth thee.

4 Hallelujah! we are hasting
To our Father's house above;
By the way our souls are tasting
Rich and everlasting love;
In Jehovah is our boast.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

In a collection of religious poems, fifty-eight in number, entitled *Hymns Intended to Help the Communion of Saints*, is to be found

the piece we quote. The book was issued by Mrs. Mary (Bowly) Peters, the wife of Rev. John McWilliam Peters.

Mrs. Peters was born in the borough of Cirencester, England, in 1813, and died at Clifton, July 29, 1856. Her husband was at one time rector of Quennington, Gloucestershire, but afterwards became the vicar of Langford, Berkshire. Several of her hymns were contributed to the *Plymouth Brethren's Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, published in London in 1842; but she is perhaps best known by the hymn commencing, "Through the love of God, our Saviour." She is also the author of a prose work in seven volumes, *The World's History from the Creation to the Accession of Queen Victoria*.

216 *"It is I."* 10s, 6l.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou,
Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
Where thou art present, darkness cannot be:
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

2 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

3 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

When Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, now the Bishop of Lincoln in the English Established Church, was Canon of Westminster he published a notable collection of sacred poetry called *The Holy Year*. This reached its third and enlarged edition in 1863, which contained a hundred and twenty-seven original hymns; among them is found the one now before us. It is a pathetic and ingenious reproduction of the scene of Jesus' walking upon the water of the Sea of Galilee. The conception of this spectacle, as the poem presents it, is positively artistic. The day falls, and the shadows lie heavily over the inland lake; so the night comes on, and darkness is closing in. The poet seems to see Jesus advancing, the Light of light, bringing illumination with his own luminous grace. So he prays that the Saviour will be at hand "in lonesome days," and specially at the "last sunset," and brighten the gloom when the world's glories wane, and the pageants fade, and the stars fall.

217 *"Go in peace."* 15s.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

This piece was composed for use at a festival of parochial choirs in Nantwich, England, by Rev. John Ellerton, and afterwards revised by himself for the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, where it was published in 1868. It makes a very interesting and appropriate close for a service. In the old times there used to be permitted a half-response from the people to the pulpit in the exercise of divine worship. The pastor customarily began with the salutation, "Peace be to you all." And the audience replied outspokenly with a graceful return of the word, "Peace." In those days the hearers stood, and the speaker sat. Provision was not made for pews, and the pulpit was in structure very rude. Once Augustine is known to have apologized for a sermon longer than usual, and contrasted his posture with that of his listeners; and then he added, "The lesson out of the apostles is dark and difficult to-day," and asked them to pray for God's help upon him. It is pathetic to think of such artless reciprocities; they might perhaps, even in our time, be of hearty cheer and friendly sympathy, and things would be more promising if pews and pulpits knew each other better and cared for each other more demonstratively. Our generation, it is certain, is more cool and decorous; but that does not make it more religious.

218 *"Trust, strength, calmness."* 11s, 10s.

FATHER! in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

2 Lord! we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides: and, when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4 Now, Father! now in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Trust, strength, and calmness are indeed expressed in this beautiful hymn. It would steal away the sharpness of a sorrow ere we were aware. Its author, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, was born in Salem, Mass., October 10, 1822. He received his education at Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1842, and in 1846 from the Divinity School. His religious tendencies were Theistic, and in 1853 he accepted the pastorate of a Free Church in Lynn, Mass., where he remained until 1870; he then returned to his native town, where he spent the rest of his life. He died in North Andover, Mass., February 19, 1882.

The hymn here quoted first appeared in *Book of Hymns*, 1846, of which the author was one of the compilers. Eleven of his pieces were published in *Songs of the Liberal Faith*, one of the most forceful and majestic being "City of God, how broad and far." Mr. Johnson was also connected with Samuel Longfellow in the compilation of a *Book of Hymns for Public and Private Devotion*, issued in 1846. He is, however, better known as the author of a masterly work on *Oriental Religions*, which appeared in a series of papers, and on which he was engaged some years before he died. In breadth of thought and depth of learning this book is entitled to rank with the works of Max Müller or James Freeman Clarke.

219 *Evening of the day.* 10s.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

This hymn, now grown to be dear all the world over, was given to the Christian public in the year 1847. It was written by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, a clergyman of the Church of England, then traveling for his health, and in the final stages of his disease. His home was in Lower Brixham, Devonshire, England, in the midst of a community of sailors and fishermen, who were generally kind and attentive to him, but had little or no education or cultivation of life. Indeed, from

REV. HENRY F. LYTE.

reading his biography, one would be led to say that he does not seem to have ever been happily settled in his ministry. He was born of gentle blood at Kelso, in Scotland; but his fortune was scanty, and he had a severe struggle to obtain his education. Giving up his early purpose to study medicine, he took orders as a preacher; and though during his academic studies his scholarship was quite promising, he immediately fell into what he himself called "a dreary Irish curacy." His life was filled with disappointments and afflictions. His ambitions were crossed, his affections were betrayed, his health failed. He died in his fifty-fourth year, and was buried away from home in the cemetery at Nice, on his way to Rome, where he had hoped to find more helpful rest and more soothing air than that of his sea-shore parish in England. The incidents connected with the composition of this, his last poetic utterance, are singularly pathetic. Before leaving for the south he girded himself up for the administration of one more communion service, although in strength, as he wrote, he was "scarcely able to crawl." The final words of his address at the table have been preserved: "Oh, brethren," said he, "I can speak feelingly and experimentally on this point; and I stand before you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely appreciation of, and a dependence on, the death of Christ." Then he gave his farewell to the members of his flock and retired to his chamber. As the evening of the Sabbath day gathered its shadows, he came forth wearily, and laid in the hand of one of his relatives

this hymn of eight stanzas, together with some music set to it, which he had himself prepared. The tune has perished, but the hymn is immortal.

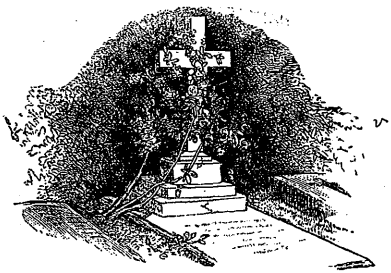
220 *Evening of Life.* 10s.

SWIFT to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

2 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me.

3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



LYTE'S GRAVE AT NICE.

This hymn is only a part of the preceding. The poem was never meant for a piece to be sung in public worship by a promiscuous congregation. Yet some of us have seen it in a book of songs for children! What work would boys and girls make with such a sentiment as even this first line proffers for our singing? The various stanzas needed to be grouped into two hymns, one for the evening of the day, the other for the evening of life. Thus they do admirable service without any violation of sober sense.

221 *"A word of Blessing."* 10s.

O LORD, who by thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with us also in the silent night,
Be with us when the daylight fades away.

2 Oh, speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power;
On human hearts worn out with toil, thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

3 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be our guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din:
Oh, come to bring us peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

4 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in each bosom from the day just past,
And let us on a Father's loving heart
Forget our griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

Richard Massie is an English Episcopalian, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, residing at Pulford Hall, in Coddington, Cheshire. Some very fine translations of Spitta's, Luther's, and Gerhardt's hymns into English have rendered his name familiar on both sides of the ocean. He is the eldest of a family of twenty-two children, and was born June 18, 1800, in Chester, where his father was for many years the minister over the parish church of St. Bride. The hymn, of which he has furnished the fine revision now before us, is one of the best that C. J. Spitta has ever written. It may be found in full in his *Psalter und Harfe*, entitled "Evening," and commencing, "*Herr, des Tages Mühen und Beschwerden.*" More than one translation into English has appeared in the various hymnals; but this, which was published by Massie in his *Lyra Domestica*, 1860, is perhaps the most usable of them all, because it does not attempt to follow the German meter very closely, and so can be set to music which is singable.

222 *"Keep us, Lord!"* P. M.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey:
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

4 Holy Father, throned in heaven,
All-Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, freely given,
Blest Three in One!
Grant thy grace, we now implore thee,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
And in worthier strains adore thee,
While ages run.

This hymn is usually credited to Bishop Reginald Heber, and yet only one stanza of it was actually written by him. It used to contain only two, but subsequently Rev. William Mercer, who wrote the second of those

two, added another, which is now reckoned as the last, 1864. So we have a composite contribution to the hymn-books; Bishop Heber's verse was issued posthumously in 1827; William Mercer added the second and fourth in 1864; and Archbishop Whately gave the third, 1860.

223 *Doxology.* 8s, 7s.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

Who was the author of this fine paraphrase of Psalm 148—which the prophet of *Anglican Hymnology* finds worthy a place as a First Rank hymn—is not precisely known. It has been attributed to Bishop Mant and to John Kempthorne. It was traced to the volume of *Hymns for the Foundling Hospital*, 1796, in which a few of Mr. Kempthorne's pieces are found. This much only is known positively: it appeared about the year 1796—hence the "Anon., 1796" which is generally attached to it.

Rev. John Kempthorne, to whom is ascribed its authorship, son of Admiral Kempthorne, was born at Plymouth, June 24, 1775. He studied at St. John's, Cambridge, graduating B. A. in 1796, and B. D. in 1807. After his ordination he became, successively, vicar of Northleach, vicar of Wedmore, rector of St. Michael's, and chaplain of St. Mary de Grace, Gloucester. He was also a Prebendary in Lichfield Cathedral from 1826, and at one time was Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of that diocese. He died at the rectory, Gloucester, November 6, 1838.

224 *Evening Prayer.* 8s, 7s.

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.

3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son has brought.

5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thine angels bid me home.

Some years ago, while Charles Dickens was the editor of the magazine called *Household Words*, there was issued each season an extra number especially appropriate to Christmas and the holidays, filled with stories, often taken up entirely with one of good length and fine skill. In 1856 there was published a tale entitled "The Wreck of the Golden Mary." This was written by a lady who keeps herself in much reserve; she then lived in York, England, and was known by the literary name of "Holme Lee," but her real name was Harriet Parr. Now in this story some shipwrecked sailors and passengers are floating around, night and day, shelterless, upon the sea in an open boat; the vessel struck an iceberg and had already gone down; no land, no help in sight, no hope. They fall to telling incidents of their previous lives, and one of them, Dick Tarrant by name, a wild youth in his history, breaks out with the question, "What can it be that brings all these old things over my mind? There is a child's hymn I and Tom used to sing at my mother's knee when we were little ones, keeps running through my thoughts. It 's the stars, maybe; there was a little window by my bed that I used to watch them at, a window in my room at home in Cheshire; and if I were ever afraid, as boys will be after reading a good ghost-story, I would keep on saying it till I fell asleep." Then another took up the conversation: "That was a good mother of yours, Dick; could you say that hymn now, do you think? Some of us might like to hear it." Then the sailor replied, "It is as clear in my mind at this minute as if my mother was here listening to me." And so he repeated this wonderful little poem. It was evidently composed for the story in the magazine, for we know of no other religious song by the same writer. But it proved so pathetic and beautiful that each reader was touched by it; and at last it was caught up for real use by the compilers and transferred to their hymn-books. This gifted woman published several works afterwards; among them were *Maude Talbot*, 1854; *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, 1858; *Warp and Woof*, 1861; *Mr. Wynyard's Ward*, 1867, and several other works of fiction. Nothing can be

ascertained concerning her personally further than this, except that she was born at York in 1828.

225 *"Turn us, O Lord!"* 8s, 7s.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 Have we wandered? oh, forgive us;
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, oh, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us thee to love.

This prayer in music is included in many of the modern hymnals as a sort of grace at closing divine service. Although it is widely used and deservedly popular, neither the name nor the residence of the author has come to light. The piece is known to have appeared earliest in the *Hymns* of the London Sunday School Union, 1835.

226 *"Thou hearest."* 8s, 7s.

LORD! in love and mercy save us,
For our trust is all in thee:
In that cleansing fountain lave us,
Which alone can make us free!

2 Weary, life's rough billows breasting
Through the long lone dismal night,
Grant that calmly, on thee resting,
We may wait for morning light.

3 Lord! we pray, and know thou hearest,
For thy promises are true:
Grant the heart-wish that is dearest
He who knows can also do!

In his excellent volume, *English Hymns*, Samuel W. Duffield tells us that he has learned from a work on distinguished Scotchmen of the present day all that has been given to the public concerning the writer of the present hymn, which we copied from *Songs of Grace and Glory*, at the time when *Laudes Domini* was in course of preparation; it was in 1869, most likely, that the piece was written. Andrew J. Symington was born at Paisley, Scotland, July 27, 1825. His education was given to him there in one of the Grammar Schools, and then he entered into business with his father. He seems to have possessed decided literary tastes and a good deal of ability with his pen. He published *Harebell Chimes*, 1848; *Genevieve, and other Poems*, 1851; and *The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life*, 1857.

227 *Blessing sought.* 8s, 7s.

GRACIOUS Saviour, thus before thee
With our varied want and care,
For a blessing we implore thee;
Listen to our evening prayer!

2 By thy favor safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving;
Listen to our evening praise.

3 Through the day, Lord, thou hast given
Strength sufficient for our need,
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped and comforted indeed.

4 Lord, we thank thee, and adore thee,
For the solace of thy love;
And rejoicing thus before thee,
Wait thy blessing from above!

Educated for commercial pursuits—at first a timber-merchant, then following the life of a busy London surgeon—the writer of the hymn before us, Henry Bateman, yet found time to devote to literary, philanthropic, and religious works.

Mr. Bateman was descended from the De Voeux, a Huguenot family, and was born in Bunhill Row, Finsbury, England, March 6, 1802, and died in 1872. He was a nephew of Bishop Daniel Wilson of Calcutta. He became a member of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and a director of the London Missionary Society. His most successful work was a volume of poems, *Sunday Sunshine*, 1858; but it is from *Heart Melodies*, 1862, that the hymn cited is taken. A few of his other writings are comprised in *Belgium and Up and Down the Rhine*, 1858; *Home Musings: Metrical Lay Sermons*, 1862; *Fret Not, and other Poems*, 1869.

228 *Doxology.* L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

This is a mere repetition of the Doxology in common use in this country for more than fourscore years. To Dr. Thomas Ken's final stanza in his Morning Hymn is added the Hallelujah ascription in order to constitute a familiar and easy anthem for a congregation to sing at the close of public service. The music is, for all we know, as old as the hymn. How singular it seems that, when believers of every name and clime and age wish to know each other, with a determinate plan to get into communication somehow, they find easiest access by means of two words, the same in all languages on the face of the earth, and yet given in the tongues used by inspiration in the Bible. The incident is related of a Hindoo and a New Zealander, chancing to meet upon the deck of a missionary ship. They knew not one word of each other's tongue. They wished to communicate. They pointed to their Bibles. They kept shaking hands. They smiled in each other's faces. They kneeled down together. But they could do no more. At last, with a sudden joy at new discovery, the Hindoo cried out, *Hallelujah!* The New Zea-

lander caught the syllables of that well-known doxology, and answered enthusiastically, *Amen!* There they were, then, finally on common ground. Reared almost at the antipodes, they met together when one shouted "Praise the Lord!" and the other responded, "So be it!"

229 *"By Galilee."* 6s, 4s.

BREAK thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

Another of the excellent compositions of Miss Mary A. Lathbury, very fittingly named "the lyrist of Chautauqua." She called it a "Study Song," when she wrote it in 1880 for the "Literary and Scientific Circle" of "Bishop Vincent's College" there by the beautiful lake; but its best meaning and its widest fame are due to the exquisite allusion to our Lord's teaching beside the Sea of Galilee, right in view of the sheet of water at Chautauqua which seems so like a modern Gennesaret.

230 *The Gospel Word.* L. M.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome wrote this hymn, but in 1819 it was altered somewhat by Rev. Thomas Cotterill. It tells us, with a good measure of force and directness, of the light from above, vouchsafed to bewildered mortals for their guidance from earth to endless day. Still it is to be remembered that light is the remedy for darkness, not for blindness. It would be folly to say to a man, whose physical organs of sight were growing sore and poor, that he needed a stronger sunshine to walk in. Indeed, this might be his ruin, and it certainly would be in sensitive moments his exasperation. Gospel truth is the remedy for ignorance, not for perversity. A hard will might be expected to grow harder under the full pressure of obligation to yield; it is the work of the Holy Spirit to subdue the will so that it will receive the truth. The duty of New Testament preachers is plain; they must keep urging the evidences of Christianity upon men's notice, whether they will hear or forbear. One stubborn soul's obstinacy cannot prevent another willing soul's belief. The chief priests may have shut their eyes tight in the full blaze of illumination; but that would not make Jerusalem dark in the daytime.

231 *Psalm* 19. L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light or feel the sun.

Dr. Isaac Watts preached his first sermon in the city of London, July 17, 1698, and in February of the next year he was chosen as the assistant of Rev. Dr. Chauncey in Mark Lane. He was not rugged enough for the work of a clergyman in the metropolis; diminutive in person as he was slender in constitution, he was ill much of the time; he had to intermit his labors altogether for four years, beginning with 1703. It was not until 1719 that his translation of the Psalms appeared. Sturdily and steadily it advanced against the hard but conscientious opposition of those who clung to old traditions, until now it stands positively at the head, and receives the grateful applause of the world.

This version, grown now so familiar in our households, is that of Psalm 19 in L. M. It is composed of six stanzas, and bears the title, "The Books of Nature and of Scripture Compared; or, the Glory and Success of the Gospel." In the ordinary versions of this song of David a group of three words in

italics is introduced which quite changes the sense. It makes King David say that "the heavens declare the glory of God" so widely that "*there is* no speech nor language *where* their voice is not heard." Modern scholars are talking much about the superfluous, and even injudicious, use of these interpolations in the inspired Book. And the New Revision has hastened to relieve this particular infelicity. It reasserts joyously that "the heavens declare the glory of God;" but it adds that one reason why men are so dull in discovering the intelligence of the testimony may be found in the fact that the stars in the sky cannot speak in articulate words; "there is no speech nor language; their voice cannot be heard." This restoration will be found a most valuable help when the second portion of the Psalm is reached in its beautiful antithesis. God's law *speaks out*, and, with the aid of the human tongue, revelation goes closer to the conscience than nature. It is that to which this folk-song refers as the glory of the Gospel.

232 *Psalm* 19. L. M.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

This is part of Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 19, L. M. It was a mechanical advantage to separate these two stanzas from the rest in order that so long a piece might be sung without mutilation. The phenomenon of a sunrise is always an exquisite surprise to the observer who is unfamiliar with early rising. The Oriental dawn seems very abrupt, for there is really no twilight. It is night—then broad day. Most critics would say that, in construction, the psalm which we are to study here is perfect as a lyric hymn, exquisite in figure, sublime in thought, singularly logical in its form. The very existence of these orbs over our heads proposes the proofs of the divine omnipotence and godhead. It simply stuns our minds to assert that these were without any maker; but whoever creates worlds, he it is that is our God. The undevout astronomer is mad. Nature leads us up directly to its own Creator, and points him out: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." One of the most interesting of historic illustrations has been given to us in the confessions of the great Augustine: "I asked the earth, and it said, 'I am not He;' and all that is upon it made the same admission. I asked the sea, and the depths, and the creeping things which have life, and they answered, 'We are not thy God; look thou above us.' I asked the breezes, and the gales; and the whole air with its inhabitants said to me, 'Anaximenes is in error; I am not God.' I asked the heaven, the sun, the moon, the stars; 'We too,' said they, 'are not the God whom thou seekest.' And I said to all the creatures which surrounded the doors of my fleshly senses, 'Ye have declared to me of my God that ye are not he; tell me somewhat about him.' And with a great voice they exclaimed, 'He made us.'"

233 *Psalm* 19. L. M.

ALMIGHTY Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;—

2 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
When heaven and earth have passed away.

This is a hymn brief in measure, but weighty in suggestion. Whoever loves to sing the nineteenth Psalm as one of the most perfect religious odes known to have been written by human pen will prize this couplet of verses as a sort of compendium of the whole of it; perhaps the author intended it to be a translation. Sir Robert Grant does not seem ever to have given the churches more than twelve hymns, and these he left behind him in an imperfect form. This one celebrates the solemn and gracious steadiness of the stars as the symbols of God's word; as they stand "fixed for everlasting years," so stand his promises.

Once, as I entered the observatory of Harvard College, at the close of day, a friend who had led me there asked that I might be shown the new instrument that had just been introduced. The professor replied, courteously, "Yes; I think there may be time enough yet for him to see a star if you will find one." My companion "found one" by looking in a worn little book of astronomical tables lying there on the desk, and replied quietly, "There is one at 5:20." So in a hurried instant the covering was stripped off from the great brass tube, and prone upon his back, under the eye-piece, lay the enthusiastic professor. While my friend stood by with what seemed a tack-hammer in his hand, I noticed that he kept his eye on a tall chronometer clock near us. Suddenly two sounds broke the impressive stillness; we had been waiting for the stars. One was the word "there" spoken by the

professor, the other was the tap of the hammer on the stone top of the table by my companion. Both occurred at the same instant—the same particle of the instant—they were positively simultaneous. But the man who spoke the word could not see the clock; he was looking at the star that came swinging along till it touched the spider-web line in his instrument; and the other man who struck the hammer-stroke could not see the star; he was looking at the second-hand on the dial-plate. When the index in its simplicity of regular duty marked twenty minutes after five there fell the click on the stone; and then, too, there came on in the heavens, millions of miles away, one of God's stars, having no speech, but rolling in on time, as he bade it ages ago.

Then I was invited to look in and see the world of light and beauty as it swept by the next fiber in the tube. But afterward I went curiously to the book, and found that it had been published ten years before, and that its calculations ran far away into the future, and that it had been based on calculations a thousand years old. And God's fidelity to the covenant of nature, here now almost three thousand years after David had made the nineteenth Psalm, had brought the glorious creature of the sky into the field of Harvard College's instrument just as that patient clock reached the second needed for the truth of the ancient prediction. Need I say that those two professors almost wondered (so used to such things were they) at the awestruck devotion, the hushed reverence, with which I left the room?

234 *Christian Evidence.* L. M.

Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious, still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

Another of the excellent hymns which Sir John Bowring, the distinguished scholar and diplomat, has given to the churches. It is to be found with five stanzas in his *Matins and Vespers*, 1823. It has a unique value from the fact that almost all hymn-writers have appeared to find their most welcome themes of song outside of the fields of science. This composition worthily notices the triumphs of the inspired Word over the oppositions of something beside the heathen philosophies. The late Frank Buckland finished his last and most interesting work, *The Natural History of British Fisheries*, just two days before his death. This was the dead naturalist's simple creed: "To put matters very straight, I steadfastly believe that the Great Creator, as indeed we are directly told, made all things perfect and 'very good' from the beginning; perfect and very good every created thing is now found to be, and will so continue to the end of time." It has been said that science is opposed to and in conflict with revelation. But the history of the former shows that the greater its progress, and the more accurate its investigations and results, the more plainly it is seen not only not to clash with the latter, but in all things to confirm it. The very sciences from which objections have been brought against religion have by their own progress removed those objections, and in the end furnished full confirmation of the inspired Word of God. There is a species of minor criticisms put forward with harmful ingenuity at the present day, which, though exceedingly trivial, do yet in their results become vexatious. They will pass the notice of a thoroughly intelligent or candid man, for he will not believe them to have been seriously pressed; but they are the arguments that powerfully move small minds, for they are easily grasped and held with much tenacity. To the educated Bible student they resemble only insects of little bulk, though of vast activity; and he hardly deems it needful more than to smite them with the open palm of his hand when they come singing in his ear, only that their sting proves annoying and sometimes leaves a mean irritation behind it.

235 *"Nature sings."* L. M.

Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessèd word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, oh, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

The Rev. Ottiwell Heginbothom, an Independent or Congregational minister settled for a brief while in Sudbury, England, was born there in 1744, and died of consumption in 1768, at the early age of twenty-four. He is said to have been remarkable for his amiability, a quality made quite manifest in the few hymns he left to the churches to be cherished and sung. These number in all only twenty-five, and while they are characterized by much gentleness and sweetness of spirit, the general criticism would be that they are often deficient in strength and sometimes fail in directness. Some of them are hardly original in expression, but are based on others written by Dr. Watts. From the beginning of his work as pastor the church was rent by disputes, and he sank under the pressure of the dissensions he could not heal.

236 *Psalm* 119. C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

We must study this hymn, written by the well-known poet, William Cowper, in connection with the awful experience out of which it came. In one instance at least an afflicted child of God has attempted to describe the processes of his mind when he was standing upon the actual verge of madness. He says: "Conscience throws open the doors of memory, and out rushes a crowd of specters. Ghosts of falsehoods, recollections of guilty envyings and hatreds, soiled apparitions of dead lusts, all return to accuse and condemn. Be sure that some day your sin will find you out, and a thousand images of unliving things peopling the darkness will fill you with agony and fear." The remedy that is offered for this is found in the Bible; three texts of Deuteronomy once defeated the devil when he was tempting the Lord Jesus. But, now and then, the Scriptures yield no clear instruction on the exact point where our trouble lodges. Then what is needed is the illumination by the Holy Ghost; "God is his own interpreter," as this same poet sings in another of his hymns. In November, 1762, Cowper attempted to take his own life; he hung himself to the bed-frame; and, as that gave way, secured the cord to the edge of the door, and swung himself off from a chair; the rope broke; he was saved again; but ever after that, in his awful moments, he supposed that he had committed the unpardonable sin. But in July, 1764, he was reading the Bible out in his garden, seeking almost hopelessly for texts which might bring relief to his pain. Among the very earliest he found was this, (Romans 3:24, 25): "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." The effect of this verse upon his entire being was instantaneous, permanent, and revolutionary. He tells us the happy result: "Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement Christ had made, my pardon in his blood, and the fullness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel."

237 *Psalm* 119. C. M.

How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin!
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

Dr. Isaac Watts did not try to arrange in their regular order the verses of Psalm 119, of which this is his Fourth Part, C. M. Often he transposed one and another according to their sentiment, so as to accommodate the progress of thought to the conveniences of singing. A favorite Sunday-school piece this has always been, melodic and useful.

The ancients painted Youth with a vail

over his face, and Time was pulling it away thread by thread so as to permit him to see clearly; and this is a fair illustration from which young converts may learn a lesson. You do not need to study the creeds of the casuists or the systems of the theologians. But you do want to know your Bibles thoroughly. It is a reproach to have it said that you would rather go far and work hard to be at the head of a class than to spend one quiet hour at home teaching your own soul what God has intended to say for its own growth and improvement. Enter classes for a while. Study the Bible before you attempt to expound it. I am discouraging no one. When I find a young man willing to go through the drill day after day in the camp of instruction, I begin to be very hopeful for his future. I know the time will not be long before he will be summoned to lead in the army of God.

238 *Psalm* 119. C. M.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

In 1782 Rev. Dr. John Fawcett, who did not receive his degree of D. D. until it was conferred upon him by an American institution in 1811, Brown University in Rhode Island, published his collection, entitled *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion.* The one under our examination now was among the one hundred and sixty-six which composed that volume. They were largely prepared, like most of those by Doddridge and Watts, to be sung after particular sermons to which they had reference; it is said that many were composed in the midnight hours preceding the Lord's Day. This was founded upon Psalm 119:105: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." It receives a pathetic illustration in the reflections which this good man wrote upon the pages of his diary in the time of his deep heart-searching as to his individual duty in choosing the ministry as a profession. He went to his Bible for aid; he studied, and he prayed for help; thus he found light upon his path of difficult decision. "O Lord," he said, "I know not what to do, but my eyes are upon thee. If in thy wise counsel thou hast fixed upon me to bear thy name to sinners, I earnestly implore that thou wouldst give me a right spirit, and bestow upon me every needful qualification for that most difficult and important work. If thou dost not call me to it, O Father, not my will, but thine, be done." He began to preach in 1764, and the next year he became pastor of a small Baptist church at Wainsgate, Yorkshire, July 31, 1765.

239 *"Endless glory."* C. M.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

On the Tuesday before his death, Mr. Thomas Bywater Smithies — the genial-hearted editor of the *British Workman* for so many years, known all over the habitable globe for his works of kindness and philanthropy—while quietly resting and apparently asleep, suddenly broke the silence of his chamber by repeating in a firm and joyous tone the verse:

"Father of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines."

This is the opening stanza of a hymn containing twelve verses, from which in our modern collections seven are usually omitted. The original poem was written by Miss Anne Steele, of Broughton, Hants, in England. It seems like the passionate outcry of a loving soul after God as revealed in the Bible. This is the way in which the author framed her hymns. And this is the way in which John Wesley fashioned his theology. Said he: "I want to know one thing—the way to heaven. God himself has condescended to teach me the way. He hath written it down in a book. Oh, give me that book. At any price give me the book of God. I have it. Here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be *homo*

unius libri. Here, then, I am far from the busy ways of men; I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence I read his book for this end—to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights and ask him to let me know his will; I then search after and consider parallel passages of Scripture. I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. If any doubt still remains, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God, and then the writings whereby, being dead, they yet speak; and what I thus learn, that I teach."

240 *Psalm* 119. C. M.

Oh, how I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'T is my perpetual feast:
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Dr. Isaac Watts gives us this as his rendering of Psalm 119, C. M., Fifth Part. He has entitled his composition, "Delight in Scripture; or, the Word of God Dwelling in us." It is evident that this father of English hymnology took his own supreme delight in studying the word of God, for his rendering of the inspired temple songs shows often his very best work. The great man became a child in his study of the Scriptures; they engaged his heart, they employed his tongue. A noble monument has been erected to his memory by voluntary subscription in the city of Southampton, where he was born. It represents the poet in ministerial robe, preaching with the Book in his hand. On the north side is a marble tablet with the following inscription after the name:

"An example of the talents of a large and liberal mind, wholly devoted to the promotion of piety, virtue, and literature. A name honored for his sacred hymns wherever the English language extends. Especially the friend of children and of youth, for whose best welfare he labored well and wisely, without thought of fame or gain."

The motive which controlled this good

DR. WATTS' MONUMENT AT SOUTHAMPTON.

man's life is easily seen in the simple expressions which were remembered afterwards by the friends who stood around his bed when he died. "I would be waiting to see what God will do with me. It is good to say, as Mr. Baxter, 'What, when, and where God pleases.' The business of a Christian is to do and hear the will of God; and if I were in health I could but be doing that, and that I may be now. If God should raise me up again, I may finish some more of my papers, or God can make use of me to save a soul; and that will be worth living for. If God has no more service for me to do, I am ready through grace. It is a great mercy to me that I have no manner of fear or dread of death. I could, if God please, lay my head back and die without alarm this afternoon or night. My chief supports are from my view of eternal things, and the interest I have in them; I trust all my sins are pardoned through the blood of Christ."

241 *Psalm* 119. C. M.

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still:
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

Dr. Isaac Watts gives us this as his version of Psalm 119, Eleventh Part. The piece has six stanzas in all, and is entitled, "Breathing after Holiness." It well pictures the necessity of some fixed aim of the soul in seeking a closer communion with Christ and a greater achievement of likeness to him; and it lauds the gracious gift of God's Word as our dependence and help. "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." Thus our Saviour prayed for his disciples long ago.

"You see that buoy, sir, moored in the bay," said the captain of the steamship in which we visited the Orkneys. "Yes," we replied, after carefully picking out in the twilight the well-known danger-signal. "Well, there is a reef of rocks that, starting from the shore, runs to a point within ten yards of that buoy. The worst thing about it is that there is no indication of the reef; even at low tide it is covered with water, and woe be to the ship that should strike upon that dangerous reef. In the dark nights that buoy is an object of deep interest to me; anxiously do I look out for it, and we steer with care until it is found." As we conversed with the captain we ascertained that he knew all this by faith; that the reef was simply marked in his chart—that he has never proved for himself the fact, he had never been in a boat and sounded the depth, or, better still, dived down to ascertain by personal knowledge that the reef was there. He was a believer, and rested in the testimony of his charts, even as we who are believers and Christians trust in the testimony of the word of God.

242 *The Church's Gift.* 7s, 6s, D.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

REV. WILLIAM W. HOW, D. D.

Rev. William Walsham How, D. D., became Bishop of Bedford by appointment of Queen Victoria in July, 1879. He was born in Shrewsbury, December 13, 1823, and his preparatory studies for college were pursued there; then he went to Oxford and was graduated from Wadham College in 1845. He entered the ministry of the Church of England at once, being ordained to the priesthood in 1847. For a while he served as curate of St. George's in Kidderminster, but in 1851 he became rector of Whittington, Shropshire, where he was engaged in diligent and faithful parish work for twenty-eight years. Of this period of his life a record has been made which, while accurately true, seems to read like a panegyric; indeed, the words are his own, spoken in public when he was describing what a real minister of God should be, and every one appears to have been impressed with the fitness with which they described the preacher who uttered them, as he stood there with a heart full of zeal: "A man pure, holy, and spotless in his life; a man of much prayer; in character meek, lowly, and infinitely compassionate; of tenderest love to all; full of sympathy for every pain and sorrow, and devoting his days and nights to lightening the burdens of humanity; utterly patient of insult and enmity; utterly fearless in speaking the truth and rebuking sin; ever ready to answer every call, to go wherever bidden, in order to do good; wholly without thought of self; making himself the servant of all; patient, gentle, and untiring in dealing with the souls he would save; bearing with ignorance, wilfulness,

slowness, cowardice, in those of whom he expects most; sacrificing all, even life itself, if need be, to save some."

After this extensive service, along the course of which Dr. How discharged many public functions and received many preferments, it was believed that he would be more useful in a very much larger sphere of labor and responsibility. So he was raised to the episcopate, and was removed to the East End of London; there he now remains, efficient and beloved. His composition of hymns is a somewhat late disclosure of an unsuspected gift. Very few of his pieces are to be found in the books of worship in use in Great Britain. The author of *Anglican Hymnology*, in giving his explanation of so strange a fact as that only one third-class hymn is included in the hymnals he searched as written by so excellent a poet, says that this is owing to the dates of his work; the hymnals were made before his poetry was published; and he includes, as sure to be among "the hymns of the future," a goodly number of those now in use in the churches, introduced by collections made in this decade.

The beautiful lyric now under our examination finds a fine illustration in the inaugural words of its author as he assumed his office: "I am resolved not to be a Bishop of any party, but while openly avowing my own views and preferences, to help and encourage, so far as in me lies, all who are honestly laboring in the great cause and faithfully setting forth to their people the Gospel of our common Lord and Master." Such was the resolve to which Dr. How committed himself on his first appearance in his diocese; and to it he has steadily adhered.

243 *Psalm* 19. 7s, 6s. D.

THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill the skies;
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And, evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

3 Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition!
Led by thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward!

This is one of the best of those versions of particular Psalms which Josiah Conder included among the hymns he published in the collection that bears his name. It furnishes a fair and excellent example of the various felicities of his composition. The nineteenth Psalm in our Psalter seems to present a day-picture, as the eighth Psalm seems to present a night-picture, both of which must for many years have been familiar to David as he kept his father's flocks on Bethlehem hills.

The Word of God becomes valuable only when it becomes practical. It needs to be put into immediate use. One who gets any benefit from daylight obtains it by placing himself where it is falling, and then absorbing it. That was John's best lesson from the Apocalypse: "And I saw an angel standing in the sun!" That was what made the angel a seraph. Truth must be worked out into a useful life. In a famous collection of sayings of noted Jewish students and teachers of the law, the *Pirke Aboth*, or Ethics of the Fathers, it is said that among the frequenters of the house of study four kinds of characters are discerned. Many a one goes thither, but does not conduct himself according to the instruction he has heard; this one has at least the merit of having gone thither. Another practises what is taught there, but goes not thither; this one experiences a reward for his deed. Another still frequents the school, and makes what he there learns his whole business; this one is truly pious. Lastly, there is a class which will neither hear nor do; these deserve to be called godless.

244 *Everlasting.—Psa.* 90. 7s, 6s. D.

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

The present hymn was composed in 1862; it has four double stanzas as it appears in the book published by the Rev. Edward Henry

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D. D.

Bickersteth, D. D., *From Year to Year*, 1883. There it is assigned to the first Sunday after Christmas. We recognize it instantly as an exquisite and almost literal rendering of certain verses in Psalm 90, and yet the author added a reference to Isaiah 40:8, as having suggested it.

Dr. Bickersteth was born in Islington, London, January 25, 1825. Graduating from Trinity College, Cambridge, 1847, he soon became curate of the church in Banningham, Norfolk, England, and afterward of that in Tunbridge Wells. His next removal made him the rector of Hinton Martell in Dorset, and then in 1855 he received the incumbency of Christ Church, Hampstead. There he wrote most of the hymns which have found their way into use. The contributions to the service of song in the house of God, which this author made, have been varied and valuable; and yet his name is not to be found in any one of the three lists of first-class, second-class, or third-class compositions mentioned in *Anglican Hymnology*. From the large majority of the hymnals used in the British Empire his work seems to be conspicuously absent.

In 1885 this author received the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the grace of Cambridge University, and that season also he became Dean of Gloucester Cathedral; then he was suddenly called to the bishopric of Exeter, to which he was consecrated that same year. Still full of life and poetry and usefulness, he resides at the palace, one of England's most popular and beloved prelates in the Established Church.

245 *Omnipresent.* 7s, 6s. D.

On mountains and in valleys
Where'er we go is God;
The cottage and the palace
Alike are his abode.

With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight,
Our souls, in him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.

2 Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
Though other friends may fail me;
In sorrow's dark abode,
Though death itself assail me,
I 'm ever safe with God.

This hymn was found in the *Collection* of the English Presbyterian Church, 1867; taken from that into *Laudes Domini*, it was introduced to the American public. Though the name of the author of it is vailed in obscurity, and even that of the translator is unknown, still the song has become familiar with us and is growing welcome in the hymnals of all the churches. It has no data beyond this: "Dutch Hymn."

246 *Sovereign Love.* 7s, 6s. D.

'T is not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

This hymn was written by Josiah Conder, and is interesting as showing that one of the most rugged doctrines of the Calvinistic theology can be set to music and sung with good rhythm. It is a singular thing to find one inspired writer calling another "bold." But this is what Paul once wrote: "Esaias is very bold, and saith, I was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me." A quotation with approval signifies agreement. John takes up the same theme, and goes a step further; he asserts that our feeling is the result of God's: "We love him because he first loved us." It requires a positive effort to open our minds to a thought so stupendous, namely, that the Almighty is really found sometimes by those who are not experimentally seeking him. That is to say, there is a sovereign love of God which goes out after a human soul before that soul has even so far started out for God as to wish for him. That is the moment in which one can be certainly saved. Procrastination is perilous. The old Spanish proverb says, "The

road of By-and-by leads to the town of Never."

247 *The Trinity.* L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

The authorship of this hymn is obscure. It is attributed to the Rev. Edward Cooper, a clergyman of the Church of England, who died in 1833. He was a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. In 1809 he was rector of Yoxhall, Staffordshire. This faithful minister is better known through his volumes of *Practical and Familiar Sermons;* these discourses are characterized by Bickersteth as being "plain, sound, and useful." In the hymn under notice the same qualities are discerned; for, while it lacks in poetical imagination, it is replete with majestic thought and sober Christian devotion. The earliest known issue of it is found in a book entitled *Portions of the Psalms, chiefly selected from the versions of Merrick and Watts, with Occasional Hymns, adapted to the Service of the Church, for every Sunday in the Year:* Uttoxeter, 1808. There it appears in the form used in *Laudes Domini.*

248 *Unsearchableness.* L. M.

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God! to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
The eternal, uncreated Mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;
Oh, may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

The Rev. Edmund Butcher was born at Colchester, Essex, England, in 1757. He died April 14, 1822. His ancestry belonged to the English Establishment, but this son appears to have accepted Socinian doctrines, and thus become affiliated all his life with Unitarian charges. He was a man of feeble constitution, but possessed of prodigious capabilities for religious work of a literary kind, to which by education and natural tastes he was admirably adapted. While a boy he was apprenticed to a linen-draper in London; even then and there at the age of fourteen he contributed articles of real merit to various periodicals, and by the proceeds from them assisted in the support of his sister and his mother. Educated at Daventry as a dissenting minister, he was settled successively at Sowerby in Yorkshire, at London, at Sidbury Vale in Devonshire, and at Bath. While at Sidbury he issued a volume of his London sermons, adding to each discourse a "suitable hymn" of his own composition, with the suggestion that it be sung after the exposition had been read aloud in the family. Then followed all sorts of useful and devotional works, including a *Family Bible*, edited on an original plan. His lyric compositions number over one hundred; of these the one now before us is singularly felicitous in both thought and expression, combining in the most charming poetical form the sublimest conception of the unsearchableness of God with the tenderest emotion of love towards him and faith in his wisdom and power.

249 *Long-suffering.* L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

In the library of Yale College there are to be found, among others, four old manuscripts, which contain the original hymns of Miss Elizabeth Scott, the author of the piece now before us. She was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Scott, an independent minister at Norwich, England, in which town she was born, about the year 1708. In 1751 she married Col. Elisha Williams, who was President of Yale College, and after his death she became the wife of the Hon. William Smith, of New York. She died at Wethersfield, Connecticut, June 13, 1776. A better knowledge of this writer's life and character is to be obtained from her epitaph than from the writings of contemporaneous biographers, for it says of her that she was "a lady of great reading and knowledge, extensive acquaintance, a penetrating mind, and good judg-

ment; of abounding charity, and unaffected piety and devotion, adorned with every recommending excellency. Few lived more esteemed and loved or died more lamented."

This hymn was first published in Ash and Evan's *Collection of Hymns*, 1769, and was entitled "On Recovery from Sickness." But few of Miss Scott's lyrics are in common use now, although she wrote more than a hundred.

250 *Mystery.* L. M.

WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

This is another of the hymns of Rev. Benjamin Beddome, taken from his *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1818. It will find an illustration in the poetical simile of Jean Paul Richter: "The earth is every day overspread with the vail of night, for the same reason that the cages of birds are darkened; so that we may more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and stillness of darkness."

251 *Omniscience.—Psa.* 139. L. M.

LORD! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given this as his version of Psalm 139, L. M., First Part. As a whole it has thirteen stanzas, out of which these five are usually chosen to be sung. The point of admonition in this inspired poem is well enforced by the last stanza of our version. God sees every sin; therefore let not men dare to consent to sin. I honestly and sorrowfully believe there is no person in any intelligent community, informed enough to understand how searchingly the law of God lays hold upon motives and purposes, and all the hidden movements of the mind, who cannot even now recall the day and the hour when his will crossed God's will in an actual experience of speech or of deed, and he determined to have his own way—did have it—and knows now, this very moment, that in that decision and behavior he deliberately sinned against the God of heaven. To many of us there are faces on earth, living somewhere, near or distant, which we desire never to behold again; faces, for example, which seen in our business haunts or social circles, and likely to claim old acquaintance with us, would mantle our cheeks with shame. There are tongues which could speak in some ears only a few words of recollection and recall that we would give the world rather than have whispered in the presence of those friends who respect us and trust us to-day. Do you suppose King David was the only man that ever lived who could pray, or has prayed, in an abashed wonder at his own disclosed history: "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord"?

252 *Faithfulness.* L. M.

OH, for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son!
And call the joys of heaven our own!

2 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

This brief little hymn is taken from Dr. Isaac Watts' Book II., where it is No. 60. It consists of eight somewhat "ruinable" stanzas, commencing with the line, "Praise, everlasting praise, be paid;" these which are chosen here are the sixth and seventh, and the best. The title affixed to the whole is: "The Truth of God the Promiser; or, The Promises are our Security."

When the great traveler, Baron Humboldt, was journeying in South America, there came one day a sudden stillness in the air which seemed like a hush over all nature. But this was followed by a fearful convulsion of the

earth which made all hearts quake; and Humboldt tells us that the earthquake within his soul was as great as that in the world without. All his old views of the safety of the earth were destroyed in a moment. Should he fly to the hills for safety? The mountains were reeling like drunken men, the houses were no refuge, for they were crumbling and falling, and the trees were overthrown. Then his thoughts turned to the sea; but, lo! it had fled. Ships which just before were floating securely on its surface were now left rocking in the sands. Thus, at his wit's end, he tells us he "looked up, and observed that the heavens were calm and unshaken."

How grateful to the fearful and trembling heart is it to know that, "though the mountains be removed and carried into the midst of the sea," there are some things which cannot be moved! These are some of the things which cannot be shaken: "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting."

253 *Unsearchableness.* L. M.

WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who the almighty Three in One,
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise
Harmonious their adoring songs;
The laboring thought sinks down opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

Miss Elizabeth Scott was the author of this hymn; possibly she is better known by this, her maiden name, than by her proper title as the wife of Colonel Elisha Williams, whom she afterward married. It is founded upon Job 11:7: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" The illustrious naturalist, Agassiz, having completed his arrangements for opening the school of natural history at Penikese Island, in Narragansett Bay, gathered his pupils around him in the building dedicated to science and spoke to them of the great purpose which called them together. He reminded them that they were about to commence investigations into the secrets of nature; that the great plan and purpose of an Infinite Mind, as illustrated in the structure and habits of marine organisms, was about to be unfolded: and hence, he remarked, it is becoming and appropriate that we first of all bow in the presence of the Infinite One, and thus recognize his sovereignty, superlative wisdom, and beneficence. The great man then uncovered, and in the presence of all bowed his head and stood motionless and silent for the space of three minutes. It was a solemn scene, and made a profound impression upon all present. In no other instance was the philosopher known to engage in any outward act of devotion in public.

254 *In Nature.—Psa.* 19. L. M. D.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The name of Joseph Addison belongs rather to the realm of literature than to that of hymnology. He was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672. His father was Rev. Launcelot Addison, subsequently the Dean of Lichfield. His mother was the sister of the Bishop of Bristol, William Gulston. So the lad grew up with no love for

the Puritans, but with a bigoted attachment to Episcopacy and the aristocracy with which it was associated. Educated at Oxford, he was at once placed in the front rank of writers in English prose. He was married to Charlotte, the Countess of Warwick, and after holding minor offices under the government, he was at last advanced to the position of Assistant Secretary of State. In connection with Sir Richard Steele he established the *Spectator;* his essays in this periodical even down to our own day are reckoned among the finest productions in the language. His health was not robust; he was afflicted with asthma and with dropsy. He died June 17, 1719, at the age of 49, at Holland House. His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. The poet Young says that in his dying moments he sent for the Earl of Warwick, and said to him, "See in what peace a Christian can die!"

The hymn now before us is his version of Psalm 19; it was published in the *Spectator*, No. 465, August 23, 1712. He wrote only five hymns, but these have all been preserved, and are in many hymnals yet.

255 *In the Seasons.* L. M. D.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, sovereign of the year!
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

2 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

This is taken from Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. It is entitled: "For New Year's Day. The Year Crowned with the Divine Goodness: Psalm 65:11." It is not wise to think lightly of the teachings which we receive from the mute world around us, and insist that they are addressed more to the poetic sentiment than to the reasonable understanding. For it is of no consequence that this should be contradicted. It is the conscience of each human being which is to be finally reached in order that his stubborn will should be moved; and it matters nothing through what avenue the moral instruction arrives. Most of us remember that, when Diabolus besieged Mansoul in the Holy War, he tried Eye-gate as well as Ear-gate in his approaches; and Immanuel recaptured it in a similar way. Nature comes before our open eyes, Revelation before our open ears; but both are seeking the heart. Hence, some of our finest conceptions of spiritual truth come from our every-day disclosures of material order and beauty. "Father," said a small Swedish child once, who had been gazing at the stars, "I have been thinking that, if the wrong side of heaven is so very beautiful, what must the right side be!"

256 *Omnipresence.* L. M.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

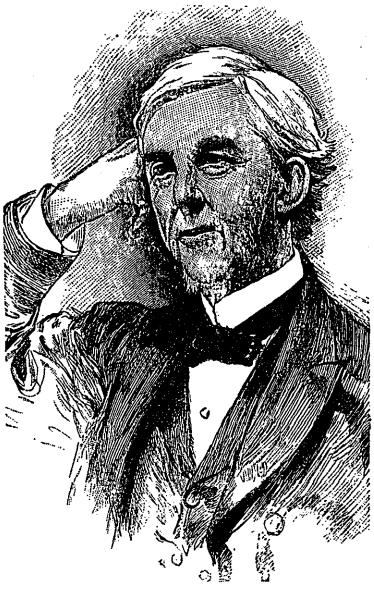
2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has enriched the hymnody of the churches with a few of its very finest hymns. He calls this one by a name singularly appropriate, and just as singularly characteristic—"A Sun-day Hymn." It was written in 1848, and was used in the *Atlantic Monthly* to close the last chapter of *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* in December, 1859. The final words are these: "And so my year's record is finished. Thanks to all those friends who from time to time have sent their messages of kindly recognition and fellow-feeling. Peace to all such as may have been vexed in spirit by any utterance the pages have repeated. They will doubtless forget for the moment the difference in the hues of truth we look at through our human prisms, and join in singing (inwardly) this hymn to the Source of the light we all need to lead us, and the warmth which alone can make us all brothers."



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From an aged scrap-book which has somehow crept along with me over the corduroy road of my life thus far I now extract a newspaper clipping worth quoting for my present need: "Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809, and of course is now forty-two years old. He graduated at Harvard University in 1829, and shortly after commenced the study of law; but getting tired of that for some reason, he gave it up, and with characteristic diligence applied himself to the study of medicine, and with such success that he was selected as teacher of anatomy and physiology in the medical department of Dartmouth College, a position which he honorably and satisfactorily sustained for about one year. He has more recently held the professorship of these sciences in Harvard University. He does not worry himself with the fatigues of regular practice, but in the summer quietly pursues the occupation of a farmer up in Berkshire County, in this State (Mass.), cultivating potatoes with his hoe, and poetry with his head; feeding pigs with the productions of his farm, and the public with the productions of his pen; in short, he so mixes up his occupations, says a witty knight of the quill, that 'it is a wonder to his neighbors how he manages to know his head from a hill of beans!' In person Dr. Holmes is of a *petite* size, short, slim, but is quick and active in his motions and lively and entertaining in his conversation."

This slip contains only two mistakes, and these I have carefully corrected, being now more than forty years older than I must have been when I pasted it in, and knowing better the value of accuracy in public print than I once did. And from the same scrap-book I bring out another; I do not know who wrote either of them: "Oliver Wendell Holmes reached the age of eighty years on Thursday, August 29. He is a few days younger than Tennyson, England's poet laureate, who attained the age of eighty August 6. Dr. Holmes as poet, essayist, novelist, has won a name in literature that will not be forgotten. He gained it not by bribery, intrigue, or impudent pushing, but by patient industry and spotless integrity. He is honored throughout the whole country. He has done much to give our country a literary reputation abroad. He owes nothing of his reputation to wealth or political honors. He is a private citizen, seeking no notoriety, but he is esteemed and beloved for his genial disposition, hearty sympathy for what is beautiful, true, and good, and his love of humanity. He received congratulations on his birthday from his surviving Harvard classmates and from many who are eminent in literature. His contemporary poet, Whittier, two years his senior, greeted him thus:

"'Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,
We heard behind his footstep and his cheer;
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here
Upon the lovely summit of Fourscore.
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,
His genial presence, like an afterglow
Following the one just vanishing away.
Long be it ere the Table shall be set
For the last Breakfast of the Autocrat,
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears thereat,
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget:
Waiting with him the call to come up higher,
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher!'"

There is a third clipping that looks rather fresh on the whole; and it says for itself that it came from the *Chicago Mail*. Like the other two it omits the somewhat interesting fact that this great, good, little man is the son of a Congregational clergyman settled in the first parish of Cambridge, where he was born. It dates, however, twelve months further along, and gives some more particulars of the poet's way of living, which may be of use to growing people in times yet to come. "Oliver Wendell Holmes thinks that he owes his good health and the retention of his mental vigor, in

his eighty-first year, to the extreme care he has long taken of himself. Never robust, he was still wiry in his earlier and maturer life; but since he reached eighty his hygienic vigilance is unceasing. The rooms that he daily occupies are equipped with barometers, thermometers, aerometers, all kinds of instruments, in short, to prevent his incurring the slightest risk of taking cold. He knows that pneumonia is the most formidable foe of old age, and he is determined to keep it at a distance, if possible. He never gets up until he knows the exact temperature, during winter, or takes his bath without having the water accurately tested. He lives by rule, and the rule is inflexible. His time is scrupulously divided—so much allotted to reading, so much to writing, so much to exercise, so much to recreation. His meals are studies of prudence and digestion. He understands the specific qualities of all ordinary foods, and never departs from the severest discretion in eating. One might think that it would be a serious infliction to keep up existence by such precise, unvarying methods. But the little doctor enjoys them, having settled firmly in these habits years ago. Philosophic as he is about death, he has an eager curiosity to see how long he can live by following the laws he has vigorously prescribed for himself. He has long had various theories on the subject of health and longevity, and he relishes experimenting upon himself. He thinks sometimes that he may attain one hundred, which he would dearly like, if he could retain, as he has retained thus far, the full possession of all his faculties."

257 *Providence.* L. M.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

This is one of the best of Miss Anne Steele's hymns. It is as usual from *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760. It suggests a single remark once made by Rev. Frederick W. Faber, D. D., when preaching; he was commenting upon the petulance and dissatisfaction which were likely to follow the constant straining after information concerning the purposes and plans and foreordinations and decrees of our Maker, and this was his very wise conclusion for himself and his recommendation to others: "The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back."

258 *Sovereignty.* L. M.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
To find creation's outmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

This hymn of Dr. Ray Palmer is based upon Romans 11:33: "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" It was composed in 1850, when he was in the midst of an experience of great personal suffering from ill health, which rendered him a helpless invalid for a season. It appeared first in the *Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book*, 1858. In it the writer's trust in God's sovereignty is beautifully expressed; but he admits that in some phases of its manifestation he finds inscrutable mysteries. One becomes wearied with the exercise of his reason, and settles down only upon an unswerving faith. Here, as on solid rock, he rests. Such a hymn is worthy of the author of "My faith looks up to thee."

259 *Providence.* C. M. D.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled;
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Miss Helen Maria Williams was born in 1762, at or near Berwick-on-Tweed, in the north of England; the exact locality is disputed, and some writers continue to say that she first saw the light in London. At an early period of her life she manifested unusual literary taste and gifts, and at the age of twenty entered upon a career of authorship in London, instantly taking high rank as a poetess, 1782. Three years after this she removed to Paris, where thereafter she made her permanent residence. It was not long before she became interested in the stirring events of that period, and she engaged herself in writing books and articles of a semi-political character. She was regarded as being in sympathy with the cause of the Girondists; this may account for the fact that she was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, and kept in bonds until the death of Robespierre in 1794.

She is known in this country only by one hymn which bears her name. Through those stormy years it is best to believe she felt the need of the "protecting Power" which she so pathetically invoked in these familiar lines. They have the date of 1786 attached to them; it is early among the dates of disorder, but the whole hymn has a prophetic instinct that shows how the devotional trust was awakened within her by the pain she witnessed and afterwards shared when property and life were rendered insecure. The "gathering storm" was coming; and it is on record that she was a deeply pious woman, and meant well according to her light. She remained in Paris after the days of strife were passed, attending with her mother the services of the Protestant church where such men as Monod and Paul Rabaut ministered. Little can be learned about her subsequent to this; she died December 14, 1827.

260 *Psalm* 116. C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

We have here another of Dr. Isaac Watts' cheery and bright reminiscences of what was doubtless his own experience in many an hour of grateful acknowledgment, after he had come up from illness. It is his paraphrase of Psalm 116, Second Part, C. M. The first part has six ordinary stanzas, and is entitled, "Recovery from Sickness." This has an equal number, from which in public singing two are omitted, and is entitled, "Vows Made in Trouble Paid in the Church; or, Public Thanks for Private Deliverance." It is always doubtful how much of one's emotion on such occasions can fittingly be disclosed in the presence of others who may not know the circumstances thoroughly; but surely a recognizable profession of one's gratitude can never be wholly out of taste. A strange discovery to the most of us it is, along the line of these studies, that so many of the poets of the Church learned their songs in the hot fires of pain and peril, sometimes seeing death while they sang of the land the inhabitant whereof shall never say, "I am sick."

"It is a solemn thing to die," said Schiller; "but it is a more solemn thing to live." We know the story of the Scotch mother whose child an eagle stole away; half maddened she saw the bird reach its eyrie far up the cliff. No one could scale the rock. In distraction she prayed all the day. An old sailor climbed after it, and crept down dizzily from the height. There, on her outstretched arms, as she pleaded with closed eyes, he laid her rescued babe. She rose in majesty of self-denial and took it (as she had been taught in that land) to her minister that it might be baptized. She would not kiss it until it had been solemnly dedicated unto God!

What shall a man do with a *life* given back to him? Now it returns with all its vast possibilities for good. What sort of preacher must he be whose career has been consecrated to two pulpits in turn? We make our honest resolutions and plan for a new and vigorous endeavor. But when the healthful heart begins its beats again we forget the discipline and refuse the vow. "I will go into thy house with burnt-offerings; I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have

uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble. Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

261 *God's Mercies.* C. M. D.

THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
Oh, happy they, who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too!
As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

2 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like thee?
Oh, spread the gospel of thy love
Till all thy glories see!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte has in these four simple stanzas, written in 1834, given us a proof of the supreme spiritual intelligence he had reached through the intense disciplines in the midst of which most of his life was passed. His faith was high enough in its exaltation still to praise God for his "mercies," for he "shared" while he "sang" them. There is no such thing as mercy anywhere in this fallen world outside of revelation. Providence would be a series of fatalisms, only it is God's providence. The ocean never shows mercy; it rolls on filled with wrecks. The air carries pestilences with the same celerity with which it brings perfumes from Araby the Blest. Fire burns and water suffocates relentlessly. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." But God overhead is ever "mindful of his own."

262 *God in Nature.* C. M. D.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

3 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

Another of Rev. John Keble's hymns, and like all the rest taken from the pages of the *Christian Year*. It is in commenting upon these verses that the Rev. S. W. Christophers says: "The noblest minds, the greatest hearts, the most Christlike characters are those who, with the deepest spiritual intercourse with the heavenly and the unseen, have the most tender, gentle, childlike attachment to everything that God smiles upon in visible life. Now I am disposed to class the author of the *Christian Year* with these; he is not always equal. In a few instances his verses lack vigor, are simply pretty; but when he hymns it in his best style he gives us a sweet relish for that devotion which seems at once to hush and exalt the soul amidst the analogies of creation. How beautifully he interweaves nature and grace, the visible and the invisible, in his hymn for *Septuagesima* Sunday!" Then he goes on to repeat with enthusiasm all the fifteen stanzas of the poem; and at the close of the rehearsal one of his hearers—one of his most earnest young men, whose full round bass voice he had often admired when coming into the chorus swell of a jubilant psalm or anthem—bursts out with, "Thank you! John Keble often succeeds, as he does in this case, in making us feel what he calls 'that soothing tendency in the prayer-book,' and which, as he adds, 'it is the chief purpose of' his hymns 'to exhibit.'"

263 *Mystery.* C. M. D.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

2 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

This is found in *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, issued by Rev. John Fawcett in 1782. It has had a varied history, so far as alteration is concerned, but four of the stanzas remain very closely as they were written, and are kept without change in most of the modern hymnals. The author began with a text from the Old Testament, and finished his piece under the light of another from the New. The first is this, found in Psalm 77:19: "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." The next is taken

from 1 Corinthians 13:9. The poet evidently had in his mind the familiar words about seeing "through a glass darkly," which our new Revision does not better much by changing into a strange expression, "in a mirror darkly." It is likely in most cases that the best poor mortals can do is to own up their ignorance tranquilly, and then wait for clearer vision. With the endless ages of that fresh celestial life, of which God's Word speaks, open before us for our study and for divine explanation, we ought to be willing to remain unfretted now. Arnold says well: "Before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty the mind, if in a healthy state, reposes as quietly as when in the possession of a discovered truth; as quietly and contentedly as we are accustomed to bear that law of our nature which denies us the power of seeing through all space, or of being exempt from sickness or decay." We can afford to wait till all these earthly shadows find their substance in the eternal realities of God. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

264 *Continued help.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise:
For, oh, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison's literary fame will live the longest in connection with the contributions he made to the *Tattler* and the *Spectator*. It was in the latter, No. 453, August, 1712, that this hymn appeared. The essay with which it is given offers some very fitting observations, which might very appropriately be held in mind as we sing it: "If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Any blessing we enjoy, by what means soever derived, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies."

265 *Love.* C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

Rev. George Burder is the author of this bright hymn. It is one of the three which he composed for his *Collection* after his settlement at Coventry, and was published in 1784. It there consists of nine verses, from which the ordinary selections are made according to taste. A real Christian sees almost instinctively the wonderful directness of a song of praise like this, and admires its simple reiteration of that one sentence in the Bible which adores as it describes: "God is love!"

John, the beloved disciple, soon shows himself the loving apostle. Specially, in that remembered passage of his first epistle, near the beginning of the fourth chapter, he pictures a range of experience extending from God to man and from man to his fellow-man, very rare and beautiful, and full of practical suggestion to all who will study it. He shows us love as an embodiment in God, love as a manifestation by God, and love as a force from God. He tells us, in the outset, that the Creator had cherished an eternal affection and solicitude for fallen man. The next step leads him to say that God had plainly exhibited his interest by his careful providences. Then he passes swiftly and enthusiastically on in a glowing description of the love. Then he begins to laud it; then he vindicates God's claim for obedience on account of it. Thus advancing constantly, more and more fully under sway of his theme as he refreshes his own soul with the delights of it, he at last reaches the climax, and in one burst of ascription, whose very simplicity constitutes its grandeur, he declares, "God is love." A sense of obligation is instantly asserted: "Be-

loved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God: for God is love." Now we are not to suppose he intended to give here an exact definition of the Supreme Being. The almighty Creator is a person, not an attribute. John only takes what he insists to be the chief characteristic of the Deity, and by a bold stroke of rhetoric affirms that he is its perfection and embodiment at the highest.

266 *Omnipresence.* C. M.

In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given this as his version of Psalm 139, First Part, C. M. It consists of ten stanzas, and is divided by a "pause" into two portions suitable for singing. He has entitled it, "God is Everywhere." There is to some persons a measure of unwelcomeness in the nation of God's omniscience. Their hearts are not altogether pure or true. This fact, that the Almighty One, who was the Maker and is to be the Judge of the world, sees everything and everybody, seems like a system of police espionage, or the suspicious watching of a spy. It is uncomfortable for them to think of it. It is recorded of Lafayette that, when he was in prison at Olmutz, a band of soldiers was set to guard his cell, one of whom was ordered to stand with his eye at an orifice in the door. Thus, succeeding each other in the mean office hour after hour, they kept up a strict scrutiny of every act or attitude or motion. He wrote to the authorities finally that he could not endure it. Now if anybody thus conceives or caricatures divine omniscience as being a mere cold and cruel requisition looking for guilt to condemn, it is necessary only for us to quote for his consideration a verse from the Book of God (2 Chron. 16:9): "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards him." Thus we learn that God keeps his eyes upon us not to detect sins; he is only seeking chances to help such believers as love and trust him. He is not looking for faults, but for opportunities to befriend us.

267 *Eternity.* C. M.

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears—
Great God! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given us this as No. 67, Book II., of his *Hymns*, 1707. It has there six stanzas, and is entitled "God's Eternal Dominion."

The glory of the Almighty God is without beginning and without end. Whether it was meant or not, the fact is significant that the word "eternity" occurs but once in our English Bible. A solitary verse employs it to speak of the residence of Jehovah: "For thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Hence, there are two heavens of glory where God deigns to show his splendor, revealed by this solemn, wonderful word — the purified paradise and the purified heart. The great, bright, mysterious heaven is everlasting; and of the obedient believer we are told his "heart shall live for ever," for "he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

268 *"Te Deum."* C. M.

O God! we praise thee and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

This version of the ancient *Te Deum* has played fast and loose among the various commentators, tossed about between Bishop Patrick and Nahum Tate. Generally at present it is suffered tranquilly to remain as having been written by the latter.

Born in Dublin in 1652, Nahum Tate was the son of Faithful Teate, D. D., an Irish clergyman. He received his education at Trinity College. With Dryden's help, he wrote nearly all of *Absalom and Achitophel*, and he succeeded Shadwell as Poet Laureate. After an intemperate and improvident life, he died in London August 12, 1715. Once in the American Chapel, in the city of Paris, the somewhat fastidious leader asked, concerning this piece, whether the text of it in the hymn-book there used was the same as in the Bible, or as in the psalter of the prayer book. It is hardly necessary to say to well-informed people that this is not one of David's psalms. It was composed full a thousand years before the version of King James was made or the English Book of Prayer compiled. We cannot be certain that Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, was the author of it; but it has by many of the best authorities been credited to him; and there is no doubt of its having been written in the fourth century. Some will be interested in reading a paragraph from *Christian Life in Song*, by Mrs. Charles. She says of the *Te Deum:* "It is at once a hymn, a creed, and a prayer; or rather it is a creed taking wing and soaring heavenward. It is faith seized with a sudden joy as she counts her treasures, and laying them at the feet of Jesus in a song. It is the incense of prayer rising so near the rainbow round the throne as to catch its light and become radiant, as well as fragrant—a cloud of incense illumined with a cloud of glory." So famous has this canticle grown to be in history, that, for centuries, when high days of success have summoned the Church at large to praise, the language of prelate and emperor and king has been the same: "Let the *Te Deum* be sung." The anthem of Ambrose has become the Jubilee of Christendom.

269 *Providence.* C. M.

KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Dr. Isaac Watts entitled this hymn, "God's Dominion and Decrees," and it is to be found in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706–9. It is one of the noblest and grandest of his productions. Some years ago, when the compiler of this collection was making one of his earlier books, he was accosted by Rev. Thornton A. Mills, D. D., who at that period was at the height of his fame and influence. He had just been given by the Presbyterian Church its loftiest honor as the Moderator of its supreme judicatory. "So you are getting up a new hymn-book," said he quietly. "What do you find to fill it?" Of course, the great man received a somewhat miscellaneous reply as to authors, concluding with the statement that the most and the best would come from Watts and Wesley. He bent his eyes keenly upon the young man, as he said, "See to it you put in 'Keep silence, all created things:' is there anything on earth that can surpass such a hymn as that?"

270 *Power.* C. M.

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

This hymn, written by Henry Kirke White, shows a poetic fervor and loftiness of imagination unusual in religious lyrics. It reached the public first in Dr. Collyer's collection, *Hymns Partly Collected and Parily Original*, 1812. It is entitled, "The Eternal Monarch."

When one contemplates the general subject of heredity he is confronted with the fact that Henry Kirke White was the son of a butcher. What his rearing must have been no one needs to inquire; for the fact remains that he was a poet of the highest order, and a hymnist whose piety and talent were welcome to the churches. His temperament was sensitive and imaginative in the extreme. He was born in Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785. His fame began with the publication of his book of poems in 1803, and he died while in the course of his education in Cambridge University, only twenty-one years old. At fourteen he had been apprenticed to a weaver of stockings; to this he could not submit, and he afterward began the study of the law. But the Lord had other ends for him to serve; he soon became a devout Christian, and then he chose to be a preacher of the Gospel. He died of consumption on Sunday, October 19, 1806, before he had taken orders in the English Church. The circumstances of his conversion, as we find them stated in his biographies, short and long, are interesting and instructive. One of his intimate friends became a Christian, and, knowing that White was a skeptic and was apt to deride religious people, avoided him; this attracted an instant notice; and when the comrade was asked the reason of his coldness he frankly told his fellow-student that he had given himself to a Saviour he trusted and loved, and was going to lead a new life. These tokens of separation and rejection cut the young skeptic to the heart; and the result was that he too became a follower of the same Lord.

271 *Majesty.—Psa.* 18. C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high:
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

5 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty,
Upon his holy throne.

The present hymn is composed of two verses taken from the eighteenth Psalm, and of three verses added from the twenty-ninth. The stanzas seem to have been grouped many years ago in order to furnish a smooth and musical specimen, or representative, of the old collection which goes by the name of *Sternhold and Hopkins*, 1562. The first of these men evidently did the main work. Thomas Sternhold was a Hampshire man, and lived for a while in an estate called "The Hayfield," near Blakeney. He studied at Oxford, but for some reason did not graduate from any college. Many public positions were given him by Henry VIII. Little is known concerning his life, and he died in 1549.

Thomas Sternhold, groom of the robes under Edward VI. of England in the sixteenth century, perceived that the courtiers were singing to their ladyloves songs which were ribald and indecent; he was brave enough to believe they would use something better if they only found it within reach. Being a devout man withal, he constructed in meter versions of fifty-one psalms, and these he adapted to music, in the expectation that the gallants would prefer religion to indecency; but it is hardly necessary to say that he was somewhat cruelly disappointed. An ingenuity of wit was able to turn his efforts into new weapons of ridicule. They called his productions "Geneva jigs," and put them in com-

pany with others they dubbed "Beza's ballets," and made the town ring.

This is the quaint story of the origin which *The Complete Psalter* had. Edition after edition of it was issued, as the need demanded, and so these versions of the Psalms satisfied the English-speaking world for more than a hundred years. There lies before me as I write an old octavo volume, lately sent me from abroad by the generosity and thoughtfulness of one of my best friends. It is a curiosity in itself; for it is absolutely unbroken, almost unstained, without any binding left, and yet untorn and perfect in every leaf. It has on its title-page the record: "London, Printed for the Companie of Stationers, 1609." The entire inscription is worth copying, and reads: "The Whole Booke of Psalmes. Collected into English Meeter by Thomas Sternhold, Iohn Hopkins and others, conferred with the Hebrewe, with apt Notes to Sing them with all. Set forth and allowed to be Sung in all Churches, of all the people together, and after Morning and Euening prayer, as also before and after Sermons: and moreouer in priuate Houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all vngodly Songs and Ballads, which tend onely to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of Yovth. Colossians III. Let the word of God dwell plenteously in you in all wisedome, teaching and exhorting one another in Psalmes, Hymnes, and spiritual Songs, and Sing to the Lord in your hearts. Iames. V. If any be afflicted, let him Pray, if any be merrie, let him sing Psalmes." This book contains the tunes likewise for the congregation, each set to its appropriate psalm in monotone. Only the one strong sober melody is given, and no harmony is attempted.

With this most interesting gift to me came also two other books, of the same size, but printed in the old black-letter. These, unfortunately, are injured in the lapse of ages, and are incomplete; but they bear the date four years earlier, 1605, and are pathetically marked by the handwriting of some one who used them centuries ago. How strange it seems to think of that unknown owner, and to try to imagine where he is singing now in the rest that remaineth!

272 *My Father.* C. M. D.

O God, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
I see thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created l'ght had shone.

2 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.
I see thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

3 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.
O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee.
A Father all thine own?

Another of the hymns of Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D. This is compiled from his poem with twelve stanzas, entitled "My Father." It is a direct and exquisite presentation of the supreme fatherhood of the almighty God, the love and tenderness he cherishes for every living soul whom his wisdom has called into existence. Human history, from the Garden of Eden to the Paradise of Heaven, is only the story of divine patience and care. Theon, one of Hillel's disciples, was one day reading in the Holy Scriptures. Unable to reconcile what he found in some of the chapters concerning the wrath and the love of Jehovah, he closed the book and appealed to his teacher for aid. Hillel said, with his usual sage counsel: "Listen to my story. There lived in Alexandria two fathers, wealthy merchants, who had two sons of the same age, whom they sent to Ephesus on business. Both had been instructed in the religion of their parents; but they yielded to the allurements of that heathen city and became idolaters. When Cleon, one of these fathers, heard of the wrong-doing he was wroth; he went to the other father and told him of the apostasy of the young men. The man laughed carelessly as he replied: 'If business prospers with my son it matters not about religion.' Cleon was still more wroth when he heard such indifference confessed. And now," continued Hillel the sage, "Tell me, Theon, which of these two fathers was the better one?" Theon was wise enough to answer, "He who was wroth." Hillel persisted: "Which was the kinder and the more loving?" Theon still said: "He who was wroth; he who was the more wroth as the sin was mocked at," Then Hillel put the question which solved the enigma at once: "Was Cleon wroth with his dear son all this time?" And Theon, with brightening eyes, replied: "No, not wroth with his son so much as with his son's apostasy." So Hillel closed the conversation: "From this thou canst think divinely of what is divine."

273 *Perfections.* C. M. D.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

This hymn comes to us from Dr. Isaac Watts' *Divine and Moral Songs for the Use of Children*, 1715. It has eight stanzas there, and bears the title, "Praise for Creation and Providence." It is designed first of all to make upon young minds the impression that God is to be seen in his works as well as in his Word. One of our religious papers has lately quoted the expression of a great English naturalist: "I know nothing of heaven, but I have learned the infinite wisdom and love of the Power who gave its gills to the fish, and I am not afraid to trust myself into his hands." Those who live closest to nature, with keen appreciation of the beauty and order which pervade the world around us, are touched more nearly by what they find disclosed there concerning the infinite justice and mercy of the Creator than they would be by any human logic. Nature and revelation are the declaration of one God. Mungo Park tells us that he once lost his way in a desert in Africa, and saw no escape before him from starvation and death. Suddenly he caught sight of a patch of moss growing in the sand. Its strength and beauty startled him, in this unexpected place, as something almost miraculous. "I went on my way comforted," he says. "I knew that the Power which had made and protected that bit of moss could and would care for me." To the majority of men the hearing of sermons and public worship is the shortest way to God. They are, however, too apt to forget that there is any other. They neglect to teach their children to understand the beauty in a spear of grass, the reason for the red color of the rose, the curve in the foot of the fly, or any other detail of the vast and perfect movement which we call nature; and they show them nothing of the eternal Power behind this movement. "There are many voices in the world and none of them are without signification." These voices, each in its own language, are intended to tell us of the justice and love of our heavenly Father. If we close our ears to any of them, we by so much shut ourselves out from his help on our journey to him.

274 *Nature and Grace.* C. M.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Dr. Isaac Watts published in 1706 a small volume bearing the name of *Horæ Lyricæ:* Poems, chiefly of the Lyric Kind. This was the year before the issue of his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs: in Three Books.* This is the probable explanation of a fact so surprising as that this fine piece is not found in the collections for public singing to which his name is attached. It is not in *Watts'*, but in *Worcester's Watts.* It appeared in the *Horæ Lyricæ.* This author was as quick as King David himself to see the wonderful suggestions of divine power, mingled with divine grace, in the brilliant heavens overhead. Indeed, he was a sort of spiritual astronomer, seeking always for stars. He felt certain that all which was needed for convincing an unbeliever was just to make sure that "the whole Deity" should be known.

In this respect it is interesting to compare his experience with that of Sir Isaac Newton, who, it is said, set out in life a clamorous infidel, but on a nice examination of the evidences of Christianity was convinced and hopefully converted. Late in his career, Newton remarked to an acquaintance who

suddenly avowed skeptical sentiments: "My friend, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of mathematics, because that is a subject that you have studied and understand well. But you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and so I am certain that you know nothing of the matter."

275 *Goodness.—Psa. 145.* C. M.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

Here we have Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 145, the Second Part, C. M. It has five stanzas, and is entitled: "The Goodness of God." This has always been a favorite song among the churches because of its lively call to grateful reminiscences out of a prospered past. There used to be twenty years ago a tract, put into circulation by one of the great Societies, having on its cover the best motto possible for a genuine Christian: "Count up your mercies." It is wise to take cheerful views of divine things. One of our most thoughtful modern preachers has given us much good sense in his counsel, as well as a beautiful figure for its utterance, when he says: "Dwell on your mercies; be sure to look at the bright as well as the dark side. Do not cherish gloomy forebodings. Melancholy is no friend to devotion; it greatly hinders the usefulness of many. It falls upon the contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning with it."

276 *In Nature.* C. M.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Miss Anne Steele's experience is all the more welcome to such as love her hymns because of the rarity of her exhibition of it. In connection with this piece, which really consists of fourteen stanzas, as it appeared under her name of "Theodosia" in 1760, entitled "Meditating on Creation and Providence," her words are often quoted: "I enjoy a calm evening on the terrace-walk, and I wish, though in vain, for numbers sweet as the lovely prospect and gentle as the vernal breeze to describe the beauties of charming spring; but the reflection how soon these blooming pleasures will vanish spreads a melancholy gloom, till the mind rises by a delightful transition to the celestial Eden—the scenes of undecaying pleasure and immutable perfection." And this at once turns us away to a strain of holy feeling very similar, only given us from a mind and heart almost world-wide in its separation from a woman like that tremulous creature who wrote the hymn; this is what the great metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards, said of his meditation on the same theme: "As I was walking and looking up at the sky and clouds there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God that I knew not how to express it. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction—majesty and meekness joined together; it was a sweet and gentle and holy majesty, and also a majestic sweetness, an awful sweetness; a high and great and holy gentleness. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything: in the sun and moon and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and in all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky to behold the sweet glory of God in these things, in the meantime singing forth with a low voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer."

277 *Faithfulness.* C. M.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing:
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given us this hymn in his Book II., where it is No. 69. It consists of nine stanzas, and is entitled, "The Faithfulness of God in his Promises." It finds an interesting illustration in an incident of Martin Luther's life, of which the great reformer furnishes the account in his Table-Talk: "At one time I was sorely vexed and tried by my own sinfulness," he says, "by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the Church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died. 'Do you not know?' she replied; 'God in heaven is dead.' I said, 'How can you talk such nonsense, Katie? How can God die? He is immortal, and will live through all eternity.' Then she asked, 'Is that really true?' 'True, of course,' I said, still not perceiving what she was aiming at; 'how can you doubt it? As surely as there is a God in heaven, so sure is it that he can never die!' 'And yet,' she went on, 'though you do not doubt that, yet you are so hopeless and discouraged.' Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness."

278 *Omniscience.—Psa.* 139. C. M.

LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

3 If, o'er my sins, I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

4 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

This is the remainder of Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 139, of which the first part before the "pause" is given in our No. 266.

279 *Holiness.* C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King,
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free:
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

Very little is known to us about Rev. John Needham, the writer of this hymn, even the date of his birth being uncertain. He was the son of a Baptist clergyman in Hertfordshire, England, who had a reputation as a learned man and probably attended to the education of the boy. In 1750 John Needham became co-pastor with Rev. John Beddome of a Baptist church in Bristol; but two years later, on the retirement of his senior associate, a dispute arose in the congregation regarding the co-pastorate. Needham and his followers removed to a Baptist meeting-house in Callowhill St., which they shared with another congregation and pastor. For a time the two societies existed independently, but in 1755 they were united with a double pastorate, which arrangement is known to have continued up to 1774. The exact date of Needham's death is not known; it was probably about 1786. In 1768 he published a collection of two hundred and sixty-three hymns, many of which have proved valuable in the church, about fifteen of them being still in common use.

280 *Providence.* C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, the bard of Olney (1731–1800), joint author with his friend the Rev. John Newton of the *Olney Hymns*, wrote the foregoing exquisite lines, says Montgomery, "in the twilight of departing reason." "It is

JOHN NEWTON'S VICARAGE AT OLNEY.

said that on one occasion Cowper thought it was the divine will he should go to a particular part of the river Ouse and drown himself; but the driver of the postchaise missed his way, and on the poet's return he wrote this hymn." Another account is that it was written when Cowper was, with too good reason, apprehending the return of lunacy, just before his final attack. Full of this presentiment, he went for a solitary walk in the fields, and composed the verses, "as if to express the faith and love which he retained so long as he possessed himself."

In the Olney collection this hymn is No. 15 of the Third Book, 1779. It was Cowper's last contribution to the *Hymns*. Such details may be difficult of verification; but it is certain that it was composed when the eclipsing cloud had lifted its shadow from his reason, rather than at any time when he was insane. There is an unusual delicacy of sentiment in the poetry, and a ring of joyous Christian confidence.

The Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon once preached in Essex, and while there availed himself of the opportunity of visiting the scenes of his boyhood. In closing his Sunday morning sermon Mr. Spurgeon referred to the event, mentioning that he sat down in the very arbor which stood in what was once the garden of his grandfather's manse, and in which he, when a lad, met the missionary who predicted that he would one day preach to great multitudes, and would occupy Rowland Hill's pulpit. The missionary gave him sixpence to learn the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," and made young Spurgeon promise that when preaching in Rowland Hill's chapel he would have that hymn sung. Mr. Spurgeon in course of time preached both in Surrey chapel and in Rowland Hill's church at Wootton-under-Edge, and on each occasion the hymn selected by the missionary was sung.

281 *Traveler's Hymn.* C. M.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, whilst thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

In 1700 Joseph Addison embarked at Marseilles for a tour abroad. When he came back from his travels he composed this hymn. It is said to have been suggested by a storm which he encountered upon the Mediterranean Sea. The story runs that the captain gave up all as lost at one time, and went to confess his sins to a Capuchin friar. Despair was in every heart, but the poet was calm, and comforted himself with the thoughts which he afterward put into verse. The original poem consists of ten stanzas, many of them descriptive and less appropriate as a piece to be sung in promiscuous congregations. Indeed, the whole of the composition has been altered in many forms of expression. It was first published in the *Spectator*, No. 489, in 1712, in connection with a spirited and interesting essay entitled "The Sea." Of late years it has come to be called the "Traveler's Hymn."

282 *"The Trinity."* 7s. D.

Holy Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God!

This excellent hymn is quite a characteristic illustration of one of Dr. Horatius Bonar's practices in religious composition. He seems to love to choose a theme of meditation, and then follow it with a consideration of each of the Persons of the Trinity, as they stand related to it in near or remote agency. It is entitled by him "A Child's Prayer: Proverbs 8:17." "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." It first appeared in 1843, in a volume of *Songs for the Wilderness*. He afterwards incorporated it in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope:* Series I., 1857.

283 *"Holy, holy, holy."* 7s, D.

Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery has included this in his *Original Hymns*, 1853; indeed, he commences the book with it as his first offering of reverent and adoring praise. It is entitled "Thrice Holy!" and attached to it for a Scripture reference is Isaiah 6:3. It strikes the keynote of this poet's religious life. Unaffected sincerity in worship is nowhere better taught than in the hymns of Montgomery. He calls upon even the instruments to be as honest as the singers; the "harps and voices" must "swell one hymn." Such a lesson may well be learned in our time. In our travels some of us have seen the old organ in a remote village of Germany, on the case of which are carved in the ruggedness of Teutonic characters three mottoes. If they could be rendered from their terse poetry into English they would do valiant service in our times for all the singers and players together. Across the top of the key-board is this: "Thou playest here not for thyself, thou playest for the congregation; so the playing should elevate the heart, should be simple, earnest, and pure." Across above the right-hand row of stops is this: "The organ-tone must ever be adapted to the subject of the song; it is for thee, therefore, to read the hymn entirely through, so as to catch its true spirit." Across above the left-hand stops is this: "In order that thy playing shall not bring the singing into confusion, it is becoming that thou listen sometimes, and as thou hearest thou wilt be likelier to play as God's people sing."

284 *"Divine Presence."* 7s. D.

Lord of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again:
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Another of Sir Robert Grant's twelve excellent hymns, collected after his decease by his brother. Only two stanzas, out of the large number of which the original poem consists, have been chosen for singing. The theme is furnished by the verse of Psalm 73, which appears as the refrain closing each quatrain of lines: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

285 *Bounteous Care.* P. M.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
To keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

This short hymn is aptly called the *Te Deum* of Germany. It has in it more history than any other, unless, perhaps, we except the great *Ein' Feste Burg*. It dates far back to the times of the Thirty Years' War. It was written—"*Nun danket alle Gott*"—by

Martin Rinkart, somewhere between 1644 and 1648. Miss Catharine Winkworth, who gave to our English tongue this translation, fixes the earlier year in her *Christian Singers of Germany*. Rev. Martin Rinkart was born at Eilenburg, April 23, 1586, and died there, December 8, 1649. He was pastor (later, archdeacon) almost all his life in his native town. The chord of his straight career subtended the arc of that tempestuous period in which the demons of battle seemed in the air over all the continent of Europe. In siege and pestilence and famine this brave soldier of God and of his native land came repeatedly to the front. Men called him familiarly "The Saviour of his Country." He lives in the hymn he made the year before the war ended. The sentiment is based upon the book of Ecclesiasticus, written by Jesus, the Son of Sirach, and now included in the *Apocrypha*. The verses (chapter 1 : 22–24) wrought into the texture of the poem were chosen for his text by the chaplain who preached the sermon upon that historic New Year's Day, 1647, when a great thanksgiving service was held celebrating the establishment of peace.

286 *Eternity.* P. M.

O THOU essential Word,
Who wast from everlasting
With God, for thou wast God;
On thee our burden casting,
O Saviour of our race,
Welcome indeed thou art,
Redeemer, Fount of Grace,
To this my longing heart.

2 Come, self-existent Word,
And speak thou in my spirit;
The soul where thou art heard
Doth endless peace inherit.
Thou Light that lightenest all,
Abide through faith in me,
Nor let me from thee fall,
Nor seek a guide but thee.

Miss Catharine Winkworth's translation, which is here given, is found in *Lyra Germanica*, 1855, the first series. The German original, "*Du wesentliches Wort*," was published by its author, Laurentius Laurenti, in a volume of one hundred and forty-eight poems, which he called *Evangelica Melodia*, 1700. It was composed for a Christmas Day celebration, and is founded upon John 1 : 1–14. The author was a precentor, and was employed in the cathedral at Bremen. He was born at Husum, in Holstein, June 8, 1660, and died at Bremen, May 29, 1722.

287 *Beneficence.* P. M.

To thee, O God, we raise
Our voice in choral singing;
We come with prayer and praise,
Our hearts' oblations bringing;
Thou art our fathers' God,
And ever shalt be ours;
Our lips and lives shall laud
Thy name, with all our powers.

2 Thy goodness, like the dew
On Hermon's hill descending,
Is every morning new,
And tells of love unending.
We bless thy tender care
That led our wayward feet,
Past every fatal snare,
To streams and pastures sweet.

3 We bless thy Son, who bore
The cross, for sinners dying;
Thy Spirit we adore,
The precious blood applying.
Let work and worship send
Their incense unto thee;
Till song and service blend,
Beside the crystal sea.

DR. ARTHUR TAPPAN PIERSON.

Rev. Arthur Tappan Pierson, D. D., the author of this hymn, published in *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, 1874, was born in the city of New York, March 6, 1837. He was regularly graduated in the class of 1857 at Hamilton College. He came into professional life as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Binghamton, N. Y., where he began his public ministry in 1860. From that charge he was dismissed to take the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Waterford, N. Y. In 1869 he removed to Detroit, Michigan, and became the pastor of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church. There occurred the incident which he has himself given to the public with a welcome frankness; this experience changed his life.

"In January, 1876, I found myself pastor, already for seven years, of a large, wealthy church (in Detroit), with one of the finest and most elegant church buildings in the whole

land; with everything to gratify carnal ambition, worldly ease, and desire for human applause. I had been led by a most singular searching of heart to see that I had been more or less making an idol of literary culture, intellectual accomplishment, and worldly position; and, a few months before, I had solemnly renounced all these things, that I might be a holier and more useful man. I saw that I was not largely blessed as a winner of souls.

"For the first time in my life I had no conscious idol in my heart; but for the first time I had also a blessed consciousness of real communion with God in prayer. I was especially led to ask, with peculiar importunity, that I might in some way be enabled to reach the multitudes of unsaved souls who were around us, but outside of the churches. The clear and positive conviction absolutely possessed me that this prayer had been inspired of God, and would be answered in a marked way that would show the hand of God. This solemn persuasion was communicated to my wife, but to her alone; and we joyfully and trustingly waited for God's full time to come for him to fulfill this desire and prayer."

The result of this experience was that the congregation were almost at once brought to acquiesce in their pastor's purpose. They began to open the edifice free for a series of evening services. But in the strange providence of God, the building took fire in the midst of a prayer-meeting and was consumed. Still the same serious purpose in the hearts of the people reigned, and evangelical work went on. That organization remains to this day faithful and energetic as before.

But Dr. Pierson resigned the care of it, went to a mission congregation in Philadelphia, the Bethany Presbyterian Church, where with zeal and success he remained some years. At last he left the office of a fixed pastor altogether, became an evangelist, a missionary lecturer, an author of pamphlets and books, giving himself wholly to Gospel work wherever his services could be most useful. He is now (1892) going to London in order to become the minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, so long under the care of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. It is singular for an American Presbyterian to be pastor of an English Baptist Church. He has led an unusual life in these late years; but he is wonderfully blessed in all his varied labors, and he has the entire and affectionate confidence of those who most intimately know him.

288 *Divine Providence.* L. M.

GOD of the world! thy glories shine
Through earth and heaven with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start;
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross, its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

Rev. Dr. Sewall Sylvester Cutting was born January 19, 1813, at Windsor, Vt. While he was still very young his parents removed across Lake Champlain to Westport, N. Y. The lad became a professing Christian in 1827, and united with the Baptist church in that town. Very soon after this he began the study of the law, but turned aside from his purpose under the conviction that it was his duty to preach the Gospel as a chosen vocation. He therefore entered Waterville College for the higher course of education, and after a year changed his class for one in the University of Vermont, where he was graduated in 1835. His public ministry commenced as the pastor of the Baptist church at West Boylston, Mass., March 31, 1836. Subsequent to this he spent eight of his best years at Southbridge, and then left pastoral work for the editorial chair. He was on the staff of *The Recorder*, the *Watchman and Reflector*, and the *Christian Review;* after this he aided in establishing *The Examiner*. In 1855 he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester, and he remained in charge of these duties until 1868. The Baptist Church now made demands upon this distinguished man for denominational services. He became the Secretary of the Educational Commission, and in 1876 the Secretary of the Baptist Home Mission Society; this latter office he held for three industrious seasons, and then went abroad for special study. At the table, January 16, 1882, he was struck with paralysis, and died February 7, after a long, useful, and honored life as a servant of God. These particulars are given in his biography. We have no special account of the occasion of his writing this hymn, but its subject commends it to our notice. God is in nature, in science, in providence, and in grace.

It has been said that the operations of the spider suggested the arts of spinning and

weaving to man. That may be doubtful, but it is quite certain that to a hint from an insect was due the invention of a machine instrumental in accomplishing one of the most stupendous works of modern times—the excavation of the Thames tunnel. Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about three-quarters of a century ago, in a shipyard, watching the movements of an animal known as the *Teredo Navalis*—in English, the naval wood-worm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that, with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance; and that, as the particles of wood were loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled. "Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I produce it in an artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous boring shield with which the Thames tunnel was excavated. This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God.

289 *The Trinity.* L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

2 O JESUS! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit! from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!

4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

Rev. James Wallis Eastburn, to whom we owe this poem, was born in London, September 26, 1797, but his family removed to New York in 1803, where he was educated at Columbia College, graduating in 1816. Two years later he was ordained, and became rector of an Episcopal church at Accomac, Virginia, but his labors there were all too brief. His failing health necessitated a southern voyage, and he started for Vera Cruz; but died on the fourth day out, December 2, 1819, and was buried at sea. He was a brother of Dr. Eastburn, the beloved Bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts, and displayed marked literary ability. With his assistance Robert C. Sands began the composition of *Yamoyden*, a tale of the wars of King Philip, and on account of his participation in the earlier cantos he has been included by Griswold among the list of American poets. In spite of the brevity of his life, he will be long remembered by the glowing hymn quoted here, which has won for itself a permanent place in the songs of the church.

290 *Goodness.* L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

In the *Hymns* of Dr. Philip Doddridge this appears with five stanzas, 1755. It offers us a brilliant vision of the divine character when seen in nature and in grace, and it summons us to love and fear in the same breath.

An interesting legend is published in the *Indian Mirror*, and it has come across two oceans as an illustration of the text, "Behold the goodness and severity of God." It reads thus: "A dispute arose among the sages as to which of the three gods was greatest; so they applied to the great Bhrigu, one of the ten Maharshis, or primeval patriarchs, created by the first Manu, to determine the point. He undertook to put all three gods to a severe test, and went first to Brahma, on approaching whom he purposely omitted an obeisance. Upon this the god's anger blazed terribly forth; but, restraining it, he was at length pacified. Next he repaired to the abode of Siva, in Kailas, and omitted to return the god's salutation. The vindictive deity was enraged, his eyes flashed fire, and he raised his trident to destroy the sage; but the god's wife, Parvati, fell at his feet and by her intercession appeased him. Lastly, he repaired to Vaikuntha, the heaven of Vishnu, whom he found asleep, with his head on his

consort Lakshmi's lap. To make a trial of his forbearance, he boldly gave the god a kick on his breast, which awoke him. Instead of showing anger, however, Vishnu arose, and, on seeing Bhrigu, asked his pardon for not having greeted him on his first arrival. Next he expressed himself highly honored by the sage's blow (which he declared had imprinted an indelible mark of good fortune on his breast), and then inquired tenderly whether his foot was hurt, and proceeded to rub it gently. "This," said Bhrigu, "is the mightiest god. He overpowers by the most potent of all the weapons—gentleness and generosity."

291 *God our Light.* L. M.

ALL holy, ever-living One!
With uncreated splendor bright!
Darkness may blot from heaven the sun,
Thou art my everlasting light.

2 Let every star withhold its ray;
Clouds hide the earth and sky from sight;
Fearless I still pursue my way
Toward thee, my everlasting light.

3 Thou art the only source of day;
Forgetting thee alone is night;
All things for which we hope and pray
Flow from thine everlasting light.

4 Still nearer thee my soul would rise;
Thus she attains her highest flight,
And, as the eagle sunward flies,
Seeks thee, her everlasting light.

The Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D., the author of several hundred hymns—many original, others translated—was of English parentage, but born at New Brunswick, N. J., January 7, 1818. He was placed in an apothecary's shop, but left it at the age of twenty to begin the study of Greek and Latin. In 1843 he graduated at Harvard College, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1845. He was for fourteen years the pastor of the Unitarian Church in Waltham, Mass., which he left to become President of Antioch College, Ohio, in 1859. The success of Dr. Hill in this position was so great, and his learning and talents so eminently adapted to such work, that at the close of the Civil War he was chosen President of Harvard College. He retained this office for six years. In 1873 he became pastor of the "First Parish in Portland, Maine," and died in 1891.

Dr. Hill was not only a theologian, but a scientific man as well. He first suggested the idea of reporting in the daily papers the weather predictions taken from the telegraphic accounts. He is also said to have invented an instrument for the mechanical calculation of eclipses and occultations for any latitude and longitude.

292 *The Trinity.* L. M.

BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
Vailed in thine own eternal light!
We thee confess, in thee believe;
To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father! thou most holy One!
O God of God! Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost! thou Love Divine!
To join them both is ever thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father he is one;
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.

4 Eternal Father! thee we praise;
To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;
O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!
One mighty God for evermore.

This is another of Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker's translations found in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1861. It is an easy and felicitous rendering of the "*O luce quæ tua lates*," so well known in the *Paris Breviary*. It affords a singularly interesting example of the way in which natural science sometimes unconsciously parallels the deepest mysteries of spiritual revelation, and afterward appears almost to explain them.

Just now my eye has been caught by a quotation from Gregory Nazianzen, which is floating around in the religious newspapers: "When I endeavor to contemplate the One Eternal Glory, it resolves into Three; when I would gaze upon the Three, they blend into One." These words have arrested my mind the more, I presume, because of a most interesting experiment which it was my fortune lately to witness, and I cannot quite forget the amusing bewilderment into which my mind was thrown. We were all told, years ago, that if the three primary colors in the spectrum were mingled into one in proper proportion they would form a perfect white; and it is likely we believed it. But a somewhat perverse mood seized my imagination, and I found myself insisting that even yellow was darker than white, and red (and of course blue) would only darken yellow down; what would be the result I could not say, but it did appear most unphilosophical to state that three paints of three hues or three liquids, blue and red and yellow, would make plain white.

The optician put before us a broad disk of thin metal on which he had painted segments of color in due measure, the proportion of surface running from circumference to center, and ending at the axis in a point. This he placed in a holder geared with wheels and began to whirl rapidly around; to my simple amazement the three colors disappeared, and the metal shone like a silver shield; it was a most brilliant white. I went up close along-

side to watch the process of change; at my suggestion he patiently turned the crank with more or less briskness while I kept my eyes fixed eagerly on the disk. The whiteness came and went, the colors appeared and disappeared, till my mind was bewildered; now it was three, now they were one. And while I continually saw the changes arrive and vanish, the lecturer quietly went on to say that the red gives off all the heat in the ordinary ray of the sun, the yellow spreads all the illumination, and the blue effects in living organisms the chemical changes needed for prosperous existence. He mentioned that we read by the yellow ray, but we should shiver without the red, and all of us would wither without the blue. The colors were necessary, one by one, and the beautiful sunlight was necessary as a whole.

And all the time he was talking, there I sat looking at that mysterious wheel of metal; and I soberly declare that if I had had the quotation of old St. Gregory by me, I would in that most scientific presence have asked leave to say: "When I endeavor to contemplate the one glory of this sunbeam of whiteness from the disk, it resolves into three; when I would gaze upon the three, they blend into one."

293 *Psalm* 93. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face,
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

When a devout soul really desires to sing forth his confidence in the supreme power which rules and guards his life, he surely ought to be satisfied with such strains as these. Dr. Watts has entitled his hymn "The Divine Perfections," and it is found in his Book II., No. 168. There is joy in heaven when one atheist learns in his soul that God *is*. M. Hegard, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Copenhagen, has until recently been the apostle of atheism in his country. He has just published a second edition of one of his works, and this is what he says in the introduction: "The experiences of life, its sufferings and griefs, have shaken my soul, and have broken the foundation upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found in it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. The illusion is vanished; when the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings, the cable of science, broke like thread. Then I seized upon that help which many before me have laid hold of. I sought and found peace *in God*. Since then I have certainly not abandoned science, but I have assigned to it another place in my life."

294 *Holiness.* 8s, 7s, D.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

This is No. 100 of Bishop Richard Mant's *Ancient Hymns*, page 216, 1837. It commences there, "Bright the vision that delighted," and is entitled, "Hymn commemorative of the Thrice-Holy." In illustration of the sentiment here, it is worth while to adduce the following, related by a correspondent of one of the religious newspapers, and offering evidence from a new direction. "Some thirty years ago I had a son at Harvard, who attended Prof. Agassiz's lectures and took pretty full notes. On reading these notes I was impressed with the reverential allusions of the great naturalist to the Creator. I have before me a slip which I think I copied from one of the pages of my son's notebook, where, in treating of the different orders of animal life, the professor is represented to have said: 'Have we not here the manifestations of a mind as powerful as prolific? the acts of an intelligence as sublime as provident? the marks of goodness as infinite as wise? the most palpable demonstration of the existence of a personal God, author of all things, ruler of the universe, and dispenser of all good? This, at least, is what I read in the works of creation.'"

295 *Grace.* 8s, 7s, D.

LORD, with glowing heart I 'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

The author of this hymn, Francis Scott Key, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779, and educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. He became a lawyer in the city of Washington, and was for many years before his death United States District Attorney. Although he has written many poems he is most widely known as the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," which he composed in 1814. He was a devout and earnest man, and some of his hymns are in use in churches of many different denominations, the one here given being among the most popular. He died in Washington, January 11, 1843. This hymn was first published in Dr. Mühlenberg's *Church Poetry*, 1823.

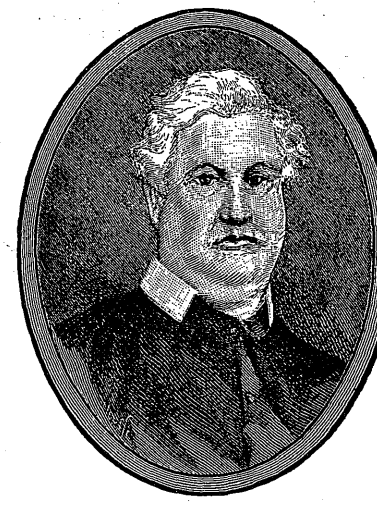
296 *God's Welcome.* 8s, 7s, D.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea:
There 's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

The poem of Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D. (an English priest of the Roman



F. W. FABER, D. D.

Catholic Church), from which this hymn is taken, consists of thirteen stanzas, and is entitled "Come to Jesus." Indeed, Rev. Newman Hall's tract with the familiar heading would make fitting comment on this marvelous song characterized by so much spiritual intelligence and evangelical faith. The force of the poetry turns upon the idea of the Creator of the universe which it suggests. How do men obtain the notion of God by which their whole system of theology is moulded?

"An Ethiop's god hath Ethiop's lips, black cheek, and woolly hair;
But the Grecian god hath a Grecian face, as keen-eyed and as fair."

We must remember that the Bible teaches us to reverse the usual process by which unregenerate men seek to reach the idea of the Supreme Being. The so-called philosophers and "advanced thinkers" of this world are wont to construct their own deities. They project the attributes of their common nature into infinity, and then group them together, calling them Jove or Jehovah as it pleases themselves. That is to say, they conceive power, which in a measure human beings possess, to become unlimited; that makes omnipotence. Then they conceive wisdom, which sages exhibit, to advance into omniscience. So they gather the qualities of the supremely best human nature, augment them and refine them and exalt them until they may suddenly be hurried into personality—and the personage is God. Unfortunately,

the result of this process is unequal to the need of one's soul, because it is the simple creation of one's soul; the fountain cannot rise higher than the spring. A conception thus originated partakes of the entire man that starts it, and so universally the production will vary as the men do.

297 *"Herein is Love."* C. M.

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious is thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!

4 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart
Till faith in vision end.

Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D., wrote a poem of nine stanzas, from which this hymn is taken. He entitled the piece, "Our Heavenly Father."

It is vitally necessary to the success of any system of belief that men shall understand the character of the God who demands worship and service under it. Man is a devotional being, and he will certainly clamor for some religion with all the wistful voices of his entire nature. What that religion will be depends upon one primary conception in his mind—namely, the idea he has of the supreme Jove or Jehovah at the center and head of it. This it is which gives form to all his reasonings, as well as a reason for all his forms. Let a nation be instructed to think of God as a deity of war, and little by little their worship is sure to become martial, and the feelings of their hearts military. Battle-songs will be the anthems on the holy-days, cries for vengeful success will be the prayers, and heroic soldiers will figure as demi-gods. Not unlikely human victims will smoke upon the altars, and bloody trophies will be hung upon the walls of the temples. Men always become like that which they willingly worship. This one idea of God controls the entire race, giving shape to every form of development.

"Think of Buddha," say the Chinese priests, "and you will grow to resemble Buddha." So they picture heaven as consisting of a series of tremendous periods of time, divided according to the portions of Buddha's person. So many years are to be passed in thinking of Buddha's feet; so many years in thinking of Buddha's knees; so many years in thinking of Buddha's waist, and of his shoulders, and of his chin, and so on. Their idea of God fashions the whole religion they cherish and the devotional life they live.

298 *Psalm* 90. C. M. D.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

This is Dr. Watts' version of Psalm 90, First Part, C. M. It consists of nine stanzas, and is entitled: "Man frail, and God eternal."

That Dr. Isaac Watts' later life was marked by weakness and pain is shown by a letter addressed by him to President Williams, of Yale, and just discovered and printed in Boston. "You ask my age, sir," writes the good doctor. "'T is a wonder I can do anything after three-score years of life, whereof ten or twelve have been wasted in various illnesses, chiefly of ye nervous kind. Nor have I been able to preach one hour these twenty-six years; nor can I study above an hour or hour and a half at a time without release; so that all that I can do is by short snatches of easy and severe seasons; so that you will readily say, 'T is time for me to have done with philosophy."

299 *Our Shepherd.—Psa.* 23. C. M. D.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise:
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

This will be recognized as Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 23, C. M. It is preserved without change, and indeed it seems almost perfect as a translation and a lyric poem. It must have been a favorite meditation in his own experience. His biographer says that he beheld his approaching dissolution with a mind perfectly composed, without the least dismay or shadow of doubt as to his future eternal happiness. He said to a friend that he remembered an aged minister once saying that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned of the people of God; "and so," said he, "I find it. They are the plain promises of the Gospel which are my support, and I bless God that they are plain promises which do not require labor or pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that." At another time he said, "I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be more confirmed in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises, for I believe them enough to venture an eternity upon them." Such an unfaltering trust makes us quote the lines afresh:

"When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away."

300 *Our Father.—Psa.* 31. C. M. D.

My God, my Father!—blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?
This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly!
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

2 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
Oh, bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

3 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart?
My God, my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

This hymn, like the rest of Miss Anne Steele's compositions, comes from *Poems by Theodosia*, published in 1760. It has eight stanzas, and is entitled "Humble Reliance." It is wonderful to reflect upon the relations in which the Almighty and Everlasting God represents himself as coming near to a human soul. "Thou art near, O Lord." The highest and the closest companionship is found in his Fatherhood.

301 *Eternal Love.* H. M.

Oh, for a shout of joy
Worthy the theme we sing;
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad
The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery—
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

Two very spirited songs for public worship were included in the American collection called the *Baptist Church Psalmist*, both bearing the name of "J. Young." Of these this is the best. But of the author no particulars can be now ascertained, although that well-known Hymnal was published as late as 1843. The hymn celebrates the love of God, eternal, changeless, but wondrous and mysteriously sovereign. It is almost mystic in its spirit, and it is so skillfully constructed that, even while it treats of the most awful of all doctrines, it offers to each devout heart the notion of our Maker in his kindliest aspect as the object of our praise.

At the head of one of the chapters of *Daniel Deronda* stands this motto: "The beginning of an acquaintance, whether with per-

sons or things, is to get a definite outline for our ignorance." It is better that we spend our efforts in using what we already understand of the Almighty Being who made us, rather than in exhausting ourselves with curious inquiries after his mysteries. The celebrated surgeon Morgagni once let fall his scalpel in the midst of a dissection, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I could simply love God as well as I know him!"

302 *God's Truth.* H. M.

THE promises I sing
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the Eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines
The promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene, thy word my rock.

This is No. 316 of Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, 1755, and is entitled "God's Fidelity to his Promises." It consists of three stanzas only, and annexed to it is the text, Hebrews 10:23: "He is faithful that promised."

There is, so scientific people tell us, one point, even in a whirling wheel, which is at rest. One line of atoms at the axis, around which all the others revolve, is still. When we conceive of providence, intricate and confused as it is, well typed by the prophet as "a wheel in the middle of a wheel," we are always to remember that God himself is sitting unmoved at the center of the universe, the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift, and with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. And there is relief and comfort in this.

Shocked and shifted as we are in this life, our minds become impressed with a sense of insecurity. We are agitated with a thousand disquiets. No lot in the world is safe. Affairs fluctuate. Individual experience flits and plays with the phases of the moon. Institutions are not fixed. Even the perpetual hills do bow, and the eternal seas do change their bounds. Stability seems but an empty fiction or a dream. Versatilities mock our expectation; vicissitude is the rule of earthly existence.

Over all sits God calmly. His throne never moves. His eye never sleeps. His patience never wearies. He wills and waits at his own pleasure. We look up and find him watching; we know where to find him always. And the beauty and glory and welcome of this thought is centered in upon the one revelation that the God whom we see is the Saviour whom we love: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

303 *Sovereignty.* H. M.

To him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that formed our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Just at the close of his *Hymns*, constituting a little group of praises to the Trinity, Dr. Isaac Watts has added several brief poems of great lyric strength and beauty. He refers this one among them to Psalm 148 as its suggestion. It celebrates the wonderful sovereignty of divine love. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." And all our love simply grows out of his: "We love him because he first loved us." But why did he first love us? There was nothing in fallen man to attract admiration. We love what is lovely; we believe God does the same. But we are all in ruins. Jonathan loved David because he was so brave and noble as he told about Goliath. Nor was this love of God drawn out towards men by any reason of promise for the future. Pharaoh's daughter heard the cry of a babe in the bulrushes; she whispered contemptuously of it, "It is only one of the Hebrews' children!" But when the attendant stooped down to pick it up, she saw it was "a goodly child," and something might be made of it if only she would give it a little fairer chance. But we never had any hope of betterment by ourselves. Nor even was this divine love drawn out towards us by any affection that we still retained for him. He knows how we naturally feel towards him. "The carnal

mind is enmity against God." The love we live upon is the sovereign, unconstrained gift of God. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

304 *The Trinity.* H. M.

We give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

This is another of that small, but very significant, group of doxologies under the general head of "A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity," with which Dr. Isaac Watts closes Book III. of his *Hymns*, 1707. The inscription, with which he introduces this particular division of the Book, ought for ever to settle the question of his religious faith. He says: "I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, Gloria Patri, be retained in our nation from the Roman Church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honor paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another hymn. I have added also a few hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end."

305 *Psalm 93.* H. M.

The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word:
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord!

Some few changes have been made in the phraseology of this very familiar song of praise. It can be found entire as No. 169 of Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, Book II. It is not claimed as a version, but it is evidently suggested by Psalm 148. Four stanzas are given, and the title is affixed, "The Divine Perfections." It marks with a most skillful progress of poetic transition the passing of Christian thought over from God's almost insufferable glory and grandeur and majesty to his grace and love and fatherhood, as if one were entering and emerging from a thunder-cloud and suddenly saw the iris overhead in the sky. The ancient Hebrews had one doxology which it was prescribed for every one to use whose heart devoutly desired to praise the Almighty on the departure of a storm. Each worshiper must sing on the instant the rainbow appeared along the surface of the retreating cloud: "Blessed be thou, Jehovah our God, King of eternity, ever mindful of thy covenant, faithful in thy promise, firm in thy word." How much more fitting is such an ascription when we see the rainbow in these gospel days! We need never more be alarmed when we think of the omnipotent Deity of earth and heaven; all the power we dread is engaged on our side, and remains pledged for our safety and salvation. It becomes the sign of a covenant indeed; a gauge of unalterable affection.

306 *The Living God.* H. M.

The Lord Jehovah lives,
And blessèd be my Rock!
Though earth her bosom heaves
And mountains feel the shock,
Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
He is the same for evermore.

2 The Lord Jehovah lives,
The dying sinner's Friend;
How freely he forgives
The follies that offend!
He wipes the penitential tear,
Bids faith and hope the spirit cheer.

3 The Lord Jehovah lives
To hear and answer prayer;
Whoe'er in him believes
And trusts his guardian care,
A Father's tender love shall know,
Whence living streams of comfort flow.

This hymn, written by Dr. Thomas Hastings, and suggested by a passage in Psalm 18, was originally composed of four stanzas of six lines each, and entitled "The Living God." It appeared in the *Additional Hymns* of the Reformed Dutch collection in 1846.

While we are writing, up in the high regions over this vast city of living men and women, very close to the torrents and flashes and roars of a storm in the spaces still higher overhead, the thought forces itself upon sense and imagination alike that all this tremendous power, the display of which fills the soul with awe and hushes earthly emotion into a subdued reverence, is on our side and pledged to a believer's positive protection. For it is our Father who is doing this in the air at noonday! "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" It is said that the German peasants, with a fine, sweet sense of God's grand care mingled with infinite majesty, speak of *das liebe Gewitter*—"the dear thunder." They must have some secret of the Lord which is deep and abiding in their hearts. There is a word that astonishes the man who tries to appreciate it in the midst of a cold rush of a winter tempest for the first time; it is the Almighty himself, talking out of a whirlwind, who asks the question in the Book of Job: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?" Think of that! "the treasures—the treasures"—twice in the same sentence! And then the same voice adds, "which I have reserved against the time of trouble!" Let us remember that Sweden's greatest king, Gustavus Adolphus, when he was warned not to risk his life in battle, answered with a calmness which silenced all objection, "God, the Almighty, liveth!"

307 *Three in One.* 7s. 6l.

GREAT Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

3 Blesséd Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God.

Mrs. Julia Ann Elliott was the daughter of John Marshall, a gentleman residing at Hallsteads, Ulleswater, in England. The date of her birth does not appear in the various notices of her life. But the somewhat romantic incident is recorded that about the year 1827 she was invited by her father to accompany him on a visit to Brighton. While there she attended upon the ministry of Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, the brother of Miss Charlotte Elliott, whose admirable hymns were becoming known. An acquaintance sprang up which ripened into a sincere affection, and, October 31, 1833, Miss Marshall became the wife of the preacher she had heard. For the parish life she entered she was eminently fitted; she was devout, imaginative, affectionate-hearted, gentle, and charming. In 1835 her husband issued *Psalms and Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Worship*. To this his wife contributed a few pieces without giving her name. But when the third edition of the book was reached, and as its success was assured, her initials were added to each hymn. Thus she became associated closely with her husband's sister, and sang, quite fitly, with the singer who gave the church, "Just as I am, without one plea." Mrs. Elliott died, deeply lamented, November 3, 1841.

308 *"One in Three."* 6s, 4s.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

It seems odd that the question is never to be laid concerning so famous and so excellent a hymn as this. It was found printed on a little leaflet somewhere in 1757, and there are alongside of it two others which are surely the composition of Charles Wesley; hence by most compilers it is ascribed to that author. He never claimed it, however, nor has any one else ever claimed it for himself or for anybody else. It is one of the brightest hymns in our language; for over a hundred years it has stood credited to Charles Wesley. It was published in an old collection by Rev. Martin Madan in 1763, and he seems once to have told Walter Shirley he might use it. But nobody can say how Madan had authority over it if Wesley composed it, nor why Wesley did not issue it and own it after he had written it, if he did write it. It was not in John Wesley's collection in 1779. But if nobody ever comes up from history to stand as sponsor for this waif, and the world has got into the habit of giving the glory of it to Charles Wesley, it is only putting another crown on the Epworth forehead, and we are satisfied.

309 *"The blessed Trinity."* 7s. 6l.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And, when thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Vail their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Hallelujah! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Godhead one, and Persons three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Evidently, although reckoned fitly enough among the original compositions of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, this hymn is a close following of the ancient *Te Deum*, and it might be considered a version, or at least a paraphrase, of that great anthem of Ambrose. It was first published in *The Holy Year: or, Hymns for Sundays and Holy-days, and Other Occasions:* 1862. There it is entitled "Holy Trinity," and has eight stanzas.

310 *Nature's King.* 7s. 6l.

Oh, give thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship;
And all creatures are his care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 Oh, give thanks to him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path himself hath trod
Leading back his saints to God.

From *The Congregational Hymn Book*, 1836, this ascription of devout acknowledgment has been chosen as worthy of every collection made for the use of the singing children of God. It bears the name of Josiah Conder who compiled and edited that book. The popularity of this author may be inferred from the fact that his contributions to the real service of the sanctuary, accepted on both sides of the sea, rank next in number and value to those of Watts and Wesley and Doddridge. The one now before us is felicitously entitled, "Thanksgiving for Daily Mercies."

311 *The Babe of Bethlehem.* 7s. 6l.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,

All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

Mr. William Chatterton Dix, the author of this excellent hymn, is the son of John Dix, a surgeon in Bristol, England; he was born June 14, 1837. His poems appear in the *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1864; *Lyra Messianica*, 1864; and the *Illustrated Book of Poems*, 1867. He also wrote for *St. Raphael's Hymn-Book* in 1861. This hymn first appeared in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and was written in 1860. It has attained and certainly merited an unbounded popularity; for it is found even in the *Free Church Hymn-Book*, and in all the new hymnals on this side of the ocean. It is placed among the 325 "standard hymns of the highest merit according to the verdict of the whole Anglican Church" in England, and in the first rank; it is included also in the list of "the best one hundred hymns in the English language," chosen out of 3,400 lists sent at its invitation to the *Sunday at Home*, in London. The writer is not a clergyman, but a layman in the Church of England, educated at Bristol Grammar School, and trained for mercantile pursuits. It professes to be an Epiphany hymn founded upon the passage in Matthew 2:1, 2. In these verses is given an account of the visit of the Wise Men to Jesus.

We have no authentic record of the number and the social position of these Magi. They must have been persons of wealth and rank, traveling with a considerable retinue. That they were Gentiles appears from the whole tenor of the narrative. The legends concerning them are numerous and curious. Their three gifts led to the fancy that they were three in number, which was supposed to correspond to the three divisions of the earth as then known, and to the Trinity. They were three kings—representatives of the three great families of Shem, Ham, and Japhet; and hence one was regarded as an Ethiopian and painted black. Sometimes they are spoken of as fifteen, and sometimes as twelve, to correspond with the apostles, and their names given, and the special gifts they presented. Their kingdoms also are mentioned, and their very ages, which are made to represent, youth, manhood, and age. Bede describes Melchior as an old man, with long white hair and a sweeping beard, who gave the gold, as to a king. Caspar was a beardless youth, with a ruddy face, who presented the frankincense, as a gift worthy the God. Balthasar was a swarthy, strong-bearded man, who gave the myrrh for the burial. Another tradition affirms that they arrived at Jerusalem with a retinue of a thousand, and that they left an army of 7,000 men on the far bank of the Euphrates. In the cathedral at Cologne the supposed skulls of the three, set in jewels, are exhibited in a golden shrine. They are said to have been discovered by Bishop Reinald of Cologne in the twelfth century.

312 *The child Christ.* L. M.

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone!

2 Once did the skies before thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain thee now;
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,
Now listen for thine infant voice.

3 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light;
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

3 All this for us thy love hath done;
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Music was the charm of Martin Luther's life. He played the flute beautifully. He composed excellent tunes, and translated psalms and wrote hymns to suit the meters. "The whole people is singing itself into this Lutheran doctrine;" so said one of his opposers, growing afraid of the Gospel he wove into his lyrical strains. He published a collection of them in 1524.

This one, made for children, is found in the *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, compiled in Andover, Mass., and issued in 1858. It is there given as a translation, but without name attached to it. Mr. S. W. Duffield says that the German hymn of Luther, "*Gelobet seist Du, Jesus Christ*," was itself "a free rendering probably from the Latin of Notker Balbulus, of St. Gall, composed in the ninth century: '*Grates nunc omnes reddamus.*'"

The particulars of Martin Luther's life and career are found anywhere, and only the most meager recital of them is needed here. He was born in the village of Eisleben in 1483, entered the university at Erfurt in 1501, was graduated with honor, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was received into an Augustinian monastery in Erfurt as a

MARTIN LUTHER.

priest in 1507, and by all the authorities is credited with a sincere and conscientious fidelity to all the regulations of the order. A remark of his is often quoted as bearing his own testimony to the religiousness of his life during this period: "If ever a monk got to heaven by monkery, I was determined to get there."

His attainments in scholarship were so noticeable that in the next year he was called to the chair of philosophy in the University of Wittenberg, and in 1512 he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Theology. He had some misgivings in the course of these years, yet he believed they would vanish if only he could once visit Rome as the center of the Church. He succeeded at last in making the pilgrimage, and crawled up Pilate's Staircase on his bare knees, as true a devotee as ever the Roman Catholic Church knew. But the corruption and scandal he saw among the ecclesiastics startled him yet more seriously.

When he returned home he was shocked by the public sale of indulgences by Tetzel, authorized by Leo X., who was then the pope. Against this venal wickedness his soul rose in opposition. On October 31, 1517, he posted at midday his ninety-five *Theses against the merit of Indulgences* on the door of the church in Wittenberg. That act began the great Reformation.

From this his progress was direct and rapid. He was excommunicated, but at once burnt the pope's bull. This was in 1520. He kindled the fire which illuminated the world. As the years passed on he advanced to the very front of the movement. He translated the New Testament in 1522, and so gave the Gospel to the common people of Germany. He issued tracts voluminously. Of course he was pursued, denounced, and condemned. Through a hundred perils he yet lived to a good old age, and died in 1546 in his own home. His last words, three times repeated, were these: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, thou faithful God."

313 *Incarnation.* L. M.

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

In Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns* this stands as No. 2 of Book I., with the title, "The Deity and Humanity of Christ." To many it must always seem a dull piece of poetry; but it helps when one wishes to sing solid doctrine for an exercise; and it will always be available as a masterful rejoinder when critics begin again to insist, as they used to, that the famous Congregational hymn-maker was at heart a Unitarian. Here he sings like a polemic; and he marshals his proof-texts as he proceeds: John 1:13, 14; Colossians 1:16; Ephesians 3:9, 10.

314 "*God with me.*" L. M.

ETERNAL Father, when to thee,
Beyond all worlds, by faith I soar,
Before thy boundless majesty
I stand in silence and adore.

2 But, Saviour, thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, thy face I see;
Thou art my friend, my daily guide;
God over all, yet God with me!

3 And thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make thy temple day by day;
The Holy Ghost of God thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens thou hast thy throne,
Thou hast thy throne within my breast.

DR. H. D. GANSE.

While the pen was writing the lines of this notice of his hymn, the news came that Rev. Hervey Doddridge Ganse, D. D., had died suddenly at his home on Belden Avenue, Chicago, Ill., from paralysis of the heart. Only a week before, he had (with much modest protestation) sent his photograph for the likeness which accompanies the annotation. He was born in Fishkill, N. Y., February 27, 1822. In 1839 he graduated at Columbia College, and at New Brunswick (Reformed Dutch) Theological Seminary in 1843. He was first installed as the pastor of the church of Freehold, N. J., whence he was called in 1856 to the Twenty-third Street Reformed Church of New York city, afterward called the Madison Avenue Church. In 1876 he transferred his ecclesiastical connection to the Presbyterian body, and became the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. Upon the organization of the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies in 1883, Dr. Ganse was elected its secretary, and removed to Chicago to enter upon the duties of the office, continuing therein until his death. In every position which he filled Dr. Ganse displayed abilities of the highest order, combined with unusual consecration to duty. The beautiful building now occupied by the Madison Avenue Reformed Church in Fifty-seventh Street was erected during his pastorate. The Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies has developed into one of the principal and most prosperous benevolent agencies in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Ganse was the composer of numerous hymns among church collections, and sung by Presbyterians universally. He was a man of positive convictions, decisive utterance, but always courteous, gentle, and generous. He died September 8, 1891.

315 *"They saw the Star."* L. M. D.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

Formerly, in New England collections, this piece began with the line, "Once on the raging seas I rode," and used to be sung to the air of the Scotch "Bonnie Doon." It is more than usually interesting to Christian sensibility as it stands now complete; for it is known that Henry Kirke White meant, when he composed it, that the progress of the verses should seem to picture the advance of his own experience in coming forth from his youthful skepticism into the glorious light of the gospel. He was a precocious boy, full of imagination and sensibility; but he read Scott's *Force of Truth* with the greatest profit. He caught the apposite figure in the star which led the Magi to the spot where the young Child was. He was converted joyously, but died in preparation for the evangelical ministry, leaving behind him this marvelous song for the help of others. It was first published in Dr. Collyer's *Selection*, 1812.

316 *"Prince of Salem."* L. M. D.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

2 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:
"O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

3 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."
O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

It is not worth while to record here the items in the biography of Thomas Campbell, the well-known author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and *The Pleasures of Hope*. He was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777; he was graduated at the University there, and lived to become three times in succession the Lord Rector of his *Alma Mater*. He had nothing in common with religious hymnology. Only this piece survives. He died at Boulogne in France, June 15, 1844; and he lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

317 *The Angels' Song.* C. M. D.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, D. D., the author of this hymn, was born at Sandisfield, Mass., April 6, 1810. He received his academic education at Union College in Schenectady, N. Y., where he graduated in 1834. His theological preparation for the ministry was made at the Divinity School of Harvard University. He entered at once upon the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Wayland, Mass., being installed in 1838. He changed his residence several times in the course of his life, coming back after a while to his first charge again, in 1847. In 1865 be removed to Weston, Mass., where he remained until his death, January 14, 1876. He wrote good books, and sang many exquisite songs, of which this one, and that beginning, "Calm on the listening ear of night," have gone around the world as among the best in the language. This appeared first in the *Christian Register*, December, 1850.

The beauty of the imagery and rhythm here is almost matchless, and the sentiment is hopeful and prophetic. I may be pardoned for illustrating such a statement by referring to an incident which made a deep impression upon our party once, as we stood together in the Alabaster Mosque at the Citadel in Cairo a few years ago.

Wearied of architecture at last, we were lingering beside the singular tomb of the great man who founded the mosque at the first on the citadel long before this structure was erected. The monument is more than five hundred years old. It is surrounded by an iron railing, the door of which is kept heavily padlocked. Silver lanterns were burning over and arpund the elevated sarcophagus, whose glittering radiance lit the surface of stone until it flashed with its inlaid jewels and plates of overlying gold. Just there I had a conversation with our dragoman, an Egyptian whom I had employed on two occasions to conduct our party into Palestine, and had used as a *valet de place* in Egypt beforehand.

Noticing the carefulness with which the small railing was locked on every side, I asked if any one was ever allowed to enter the gates. He said "No." I intimated, however, that I presumed *he* might go in if he desired it, being a believer, even though the people would forbid a foreigner. He replied hastily, and with an unaffected start of alarm, "Oh, no! I would never go inside there! He was a holy man. I am never so good. He lived in a better year. That was a great while ago in Cairo. Those years are gone. No man like him lives now. Those years were gold years. There is a book at Shechem worth a great deal of money, more than I can tell. The Englishmen are trying to get it. They sent a man last summer to buy it. He offered them a hundred thousands of pounds. They could not buy it. They will have that book by and by from somebody. Then there will

be no more your religion, no more English religion, no more my religion. That book will give the only true religion. Our men know all about it. They want the true religion the more than English want it. Our religion is not good. It was good. A great while ago it was gold time. Now it is not gold time any more."

Astonished at the high excitement of this man, for he was trembling in every limb, and arrested on the instant by his mistaken notion of the endeavors which the British Exploration Fund for Palestine during the year just previous had been making to secure a copy of the Samaritan Bible from the priests on Mount Gerizim, who guard it with more jealousy than is proportionate to its value, I inquired again with eagerness of surprise whether that book, as he supposed, would prove the Koran to be wrong. And his answer came sadly, and was made in a quiet tone almost like a whisper, "Yes; all our men say so. They tell every one now that Koran religion is good, but that this book will give what is the true religion. We are all bad. We want a new religion. Great while ago men were good. Our religion was good, but it will not longer last for us. We shall have the true religion in the book. Not ever your religion; not ever my religion; the true religion. Then it is the gold times will all come back again. Men will be good men then."

He then went on to relate how many of the preachers of his faith he knew who were expecting an overthrow of their church and government before long. His voice continued to grow mournful and melancholy when he admitted how wicked most of the people had become. During this interview the day was drawing nearer its close. The entire scene has an element of romance in it, a touch of glamour, as I try to recall it at this distance of time. I have sometimes sat in the gloom at nightfall suffering my imagination to reproduce the spectacle. I seem to see, as I reflect, the earnest face of that excited Egyptian while he stands by the tomb he admits he is not worthy ever to enter. His hand is trembling as he grasps the bar of the gilded grating. Over us both falls a rich light from the arches overhead, blending a score of hues in glorious beams as they stream through the panes of stained glass. Around, far off, as my eyes range into the recesses of the afternoon shadows of the mosque, I can dimly discern a host of kneeling forms of followers, some of them positive devotees, of the historic faith of Islam.

And I, a child of hope through grace of a living Redeemer, crucified once, but now glorified for ever, a preacher of the coming and everlasting reign of Immanuel whose kingdom will absorb and include all, am suddenly confronted with a disclosure of weakness and the admission of dotage and consternation on the part of some of its most formidable foes. There we meet upon the Book! The true religion is in the Bible for all of us alike. When it comes to be the source of truth and the law of conduct on earth, there will be good men in the world once more to lift the race and glorify God. I am told by a heathen, as all have been taught to call him, that not just what a man takes for his religion is to save him, but what he is to be himself is to save him.

So I am apt to sit thinking of the day as perhaps nearer than an apathetic Church has appeared to be imagining lately, when the King of the kingdom will be here. And sometimes I sing just softly to myself:

"For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!"

318 *Bethlehem Song.* L. M. D.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

This quaint, picturesque, familiar old hymn is now in almost universal use throughout Christendom. It has been rendered into nearly all the living languages of the world, and ingenious scholars who love it have vied with each other in translating its stanzas into classical Latin. It is the work of Nahum Tate, once Poet Laureate of England, and is found in the *Supplement* to the collection of Psalms he made in partnership with Dr. Brady: Third Edition, 1702. The authorship of the earlier part of the book was concealed,

so that there will always be some obscurity concerning the credit of specific versions of the Psalms; but it is generally agreed now that the *Supplement* was the work of Tate.

319 *Angels' music.* C. M. D.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

We have now the second of the two hymns by Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, D. D., which have received the highest praise as poetry ever bestowed upon an American writer of religious verse. The author passed his life in the communion of the Unitarian Church; but we are told since his death that "he held always to the absolute Divinity of Christ," and that "his views were rather Swedenborgian than Unitarian." This piece appeared first in the *Boston Observer*, 1834. The melody of the lines, as they rise and fall like Christmas chimes in the air, the exquisite gladness of the sentiment, the lofty range of imagination in the figures, are inimitably fine.

320 *The Nativity.* 7s. D.

HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

This familiar and favorite hymn from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, owes something of its popularity to the splendid piece of music to which it is generally sung in America. Mendelssohn's tune is exactly adapted to carry its majestic strains of triumph; the choirs of highest training equally with the simplest children of the Sunday-schools are fond of it and edified by it. It is noticeable that this is the only one of Rev. Charles Wesley's contributions to England's treasures of hymnody that was ever included in the English *Book of Common Prayer;* and how it came there no one can say.

Just here it is worth the inquiry how it comes about that angels from a sinless heaven are interested enough in the birth of a human Redeemer to show such lively and exuberant pleasure as makes these Bethlehem hills ring with their praise unto God. And the answer cannot be difficult. We must recall the description furnished us of angels' emotions while they were compelled to wait under the awful mystery of Christ's sufferings. They are presented to us as fitly imaged in the cherubim on the mercy-seat of old: those two singular figures of gold, bending reverently forward toward each other over the ark in the Holy of Holies, with eyes cast downward, as if they were curiously listening to whatever might be spoken from out the ineffable light between them. The language is familiar; but there is in it a felicity almost lost in its rendering into ours. "Which things the angels desire to look into:" this means, which things they are peering over into—bending their heads down and fixing their eyes, as if a holy curiosity possessed them, as if they were investigating an awful secret which demanded closest and most earnest attention.

Furthermore, we must remember that the apostle Paul asserts, in a brilliant passage of the Epistle to the Ephesians, that there was once a recognized and explicit moment in eternal history *when* the manifold wisdom of God was made known unto the powers and principalities in heavenly places—the fellowship of the mystery hid in God from the beginning of the world. When was that? At what precise instant—at what period along the ages of human registering by days and years—did the angels first learn the meaning and the majesty of Christ's incarnation, his suffering, and his death? We can get no inspired answer; but surely there never was a more appropriate opportunity for this sublime disclosure than this now offered on the day when the incarnation became a fact. It does

not seem unlikely that when the midnight first fell away from over Bethlehem and its shepherds on the hills—at just that crisis in history, human and angelic—the heavenly host were earliest made aware of the deep significance of the amazing transaction they witnessed. It may be imagined without harm, as has been suggested by one of the most eloquent of English preachers, that Jesus' errand on earth was then explained to angels by just these very words we are singing, spoken by their leader, this chief angel, to those astonished shepherds out upon the hill. And if it be true that these high intelligences, who had until this supreme moment never before understood what it was for an unpardoned sinner against God to have an atonement; who had gazed upon the wreck of a fair world without any hope of its restoration; who had witnessed the action of inflexible justice, as it actually sent hell into existence for the doleful abode of some of their own race, even then chained in its horrible pit with no provisions for release; if, I say, these angels now met one historic instant of disclosure, in which the vail of eternity dropped away from before its chief mystery, and so was revealed to their hitherto baffled minds the secret on which they had for ages so hopelessly pondered—if this be true, then it would not be surprising if the moment of such vast discovery, such unparalleled and immense acquisitions of knowledge, should give birth to a song transcending every strain they had ever previously chanted, filling the earth and the heavens alike with melody; and this would certainly give us a new force, if not a new meaning, to the old verse that to so many readers seems such a puzzle: "When he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, Let all the angels of God worship him."

321 *"The Christ of God."* 7s. D.

He has come! the Christ of God
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come! the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with his light
All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!
He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us his glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

This is one of the best of the lyrical pieces which Dr. Horatius Bonar has given to the singers in the churches. The author has entitled it "A Bethlehem Hymn." It may be found, in its entirety of six stanzas, in the first series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857. He has also annexed to it the quotation from Augustine: *Mundum implens, in præsepio jacens.* It is wonderfully effective as an incarnation anthem, recognizing so fully as it does the humanity and divinity of our Lord Jesus. Those who are so apt at saying bright things about the Madonna and her child—and those who are so foolish as to talk concerning the Church and her Christ—might, if they would, take notice that the Scriptures, when they speak, mention the child first. One can easily imagine that the shepherds, when they entered the presence of "the young child and his mother," were satisfied to know they had something to tell, as well as something to listen to. And our curiosity almost runs riot as we think of the conversation there at the side of the manger. How the quiet Mary's eyes would glisten, as she heard about the song of angels on the hill! Indeed, Joseph and Mary might well welcome these homely men; for there was in their plain words of congratulation that which rejoiced their souls far more than those gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh which the Magi brought them afterward. Good words are always more valuable than rich offerings, which have less heart in them; they are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

322 *Psalm* 98. C. M.

Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

The theme of this version of Psalm 98, as Dr. Isaac Watts announced it, is, "The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom." It is his

Second Part, C. M., and is here in the four stanzas complete. The combination of these most spirited words with the bright arrangement of music by Dr. Lowell Mason, which he called "Antioch," is a great favorite at missionary anniversaries and large conventions for evangelical work. But it ought to be confessed that it is frightfully awkward, in the estimation of all good singers, to be obliged to repeat the syllables in the absurd way which the tune requires in the last line. It makes no trouble that needs to be noticed to say over, "And heaven—and heaven—and nature sing." And it is endurable to say—"Repeat—repeat the sounding joy." But we submit that "Far-ar-a-as—far-ar-a-as the curse is found" is laughable; and "A-and-wo-ond—and wo-o-on-ders of his love" is ridiculous. The remedy for this is found in slurring the notes needed for the musical phrase and singing the syllables as a reader would speak them.

323 *"All hail the morn!"* 7s. D.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born!
When, amid the wakeful fold,
Tidings good the angels told.
Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise:
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

2 While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Gladly we respond, "Amen!"
Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay;
Thus we tell with saintly mirth
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

This hymn was taken for use in *Laudes Domini* from the *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, where it was registered as "From the German." We have never been able to trace its authorship any farther than to an anonymous selection called *Christmas Carols*, published in London, 1837. It is interesting and useful in that it emphasizes the fact that a celestial choir came to the earth to sing at the time Jesus was born at Bethlehem. In gathering the matter for our own instruction just now, we ought to be satisfied if we can be led to remember this sweet song, and hold the rich significance of its three announcements of glory to God, peace on earth, and good-will toward men. One particular angel, we observe, seems to assume a sort of leadership to a company of others; he delivers the message, and then they, unannounced, burst forth into a strain of music. Gabriel it was who brought prophetic announcement of the Messiah to Daniel; the same messenger foretold Jesus' birth to his mother. From the beginning to the end of our Lord's earthly career do these inhabitants of heaven seem to walk alongside, just out of sight. We discover them ministering to him when in the wilderness of temptation; they are found strengthening him under the terrible agony of Gethsemane; the women saw one sitting at the head and one at the foot of the spot where the crucified Saviour had lain in the sepulcher. We are given to understand that angels are even now all the time God's messengers to the heirs of salvation. They are coming, at the last day, with Christ when he advances to judgment. And in the glory of heaven, while they sit singing praise on the mount of God, the chief burden of their happy hymns is joy over each repenting sinner. Is it not a fine thing to have such friends at court?

324 *Immanuel.* 7s. D.

GOD with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!
God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

2 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

The hymn here given is found in Dobell's collection, but there is credited to Wood's collection. It has five stanzas; and two passages of the New Testament, Matthew 1:23, and I. Timothy 3:16, are annexed to it as the foundation texts. The original publication, so Mr. Duffield says, was made in *The Gospel Magazine*, 1779. Very little is known of the author, Sarah Slinn. It is likely that she was an unmarried lady, this being her maiden name, and that she was connected with the Church of England. She lived a century ago, and her history is perpetuated among Christians by the force of one really good hymn.

At the little upper window of that lowly cottage in Bedford, is to be seen, of an evening, a faint light, casting athwart the curtain a dark, deep shadow, as of a man in deep thought. It is Bunyan, with his Bible, and his glowing heart, and his magic pen, "sequestering" himself to his "beloved work of setting forth the glories of Immanuel." Night after night his studies are protracted far into the morn-

ing, for he does not serve the Lord with that which costs him nothing. Within the sixteen years which elapse betwixt his liberation and his death, that midnight lamp witnesses the production of not fewer than forty-five separate works.

325 *The Incarnation.* P. M.

CHO.—We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

1 WE come in the might of the Lord of Light,
With armor bright to meet him,
And we put to flight the armies of night
That the sons of the day may greet him.—CHO.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet his salvation;
Our banner the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—the Incarnation.—CHO.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.—CHO.

The tune which carries these words has made the piece more popular than it is useful. It is what is called a "processional," and for that purpose it is well designed. It was first published in *The Church Times* (English), August 19, 1865. From the Episcopal denomination it has been transferred, through its employment in the Sunday-schools, to a place in the congregations of other names. The tune, called "Incarnation" by some, and "Greatheart" by others, was composed by Joseph Barnby, and is spirited, bright, and characteristic; the hymn is full of rhythm, beating time for itself with every stroke of a heel on a stone aisle.

Rev. Gerard Moultrie, the author of the stanzas, was born at Rugby, England, where his father was rector of the parish church, September 16, 1829. His education was received at Oxford; he was graduated from Exeter College, 1851. Taking orders in the Church of England, he filled many important positions, ecclesiastical and educational. In 1869 he became Vicar of Southleigh, where he was appointed the Warden of St. James' College, 1873. He died April 25, 1885.

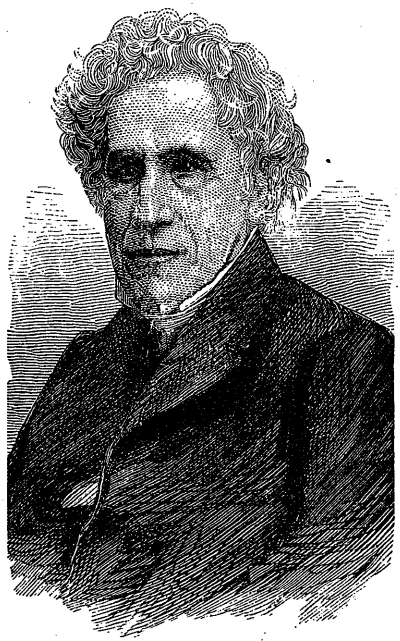
326 *The Glad Tidings.* IIS, IOS.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

ZION, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.
2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.
3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.



REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, D. D.

The Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, D. D., was born in Philadelphia, September 16, 1796; he was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1814, and ultimately was ordained to the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1820. After a successful career as the rector of St. James' Church in Lancaster, Pa., and then as principal of St. Paul's College at Flushing, L. I., he became rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion in New York city, for which an edifice had been erected by his sister. His most notable public work was the founding of St. Luke's Hospital in 1859. During the five long and serious years of waiting and working needed for the establishment and endowment of that institution,

it was the zeal of Dr. Mühlenberg which kept the project alive; and at the opening of the building he took the whole interests in hand. He was its first pastor and superintendent, and he held the offices until his death, April 8, 1877.

Sometimes this piece is made to begin with the first line of the opening stanza: "Zion, the marvelous story be telling;" but it properly introduces its sentiment with the chorus, which is repeated with the verses in turn at the commencement and the close. It resembles Thomas Moore's lyric, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," which long ago used to be sung to much the same music. Dr. William A. Mühlenberg permitted it to be appended to the American Episcopal *Book of Common Prayer* in 1826. It answers well for a Christmas anthem.

327 *"The child Jesus."* 8s, 7s, 7s.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the lowly, poor, and mean,
Lived on earth our Saviour then.

3 And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our God in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander is the wife of Rev. Dr. William Alexander, the present Bishop of Derry, Ireland. She was born in 1823; her father was Major Humphries, of Strabane. Her *Hymns for Little Children*, published in 1848, endeared her to many hearts; this hymn is to be found in that volume, where it appears with six verses. It does an excellent work wherever it goes, and is welcome to mature as well as to infantile minds. All of her pieces are characterized by a winning simplicity equaled by no writer since the days of Watts and Jane Taylor.

The picture of the nativity of Jesus offered in this hymn is one of the highest tenderness and beauty. For once the mother of our Lord comes into notice. The traditions respecting Mary are numerous. She is said to have been the daughter of Joachim, a prosperous owner of sheep and cattle, and of Anna, a daughter of the priest Matthan (mentioned in Matthew 1:15), the grandfather of Joseph and Mary; born when both her parents were old, and baptized by Peter and John. It is also stated that she lived with John till her death at the age of fifty-nine (in the fifth year of Claudius), at Ephesus, whither she had followed her guardian. Her appearance and character are thus described: "She was more given to prayer than any round her, brighter in the knowledge of God's laws, and perfectly humble; delighted to sing the psalms of David with a melodious voice, and all loved her for her kindness and modesty. She was in all things earnest; spoke little and only what was to the purpose; was very gentle, and showed respect and honor to all. She was of middle height, though some say she was rather above it. She spoke to all with a prudent frankness, soberly, without confusion, and always pleasantly. She had a fair complexion, blonde hair, and bright hazel eyes. Her eyebrows were arched and dark, her nose well-proportioned, her lips ruddy, and full of kindness when she spoke. Her face was long rather than round, and her hands and fingers were finely shaped. She had no pride, but was simple and wholly free from deceit. Without effeminacy, she was far from forwardness. In her clothes, which she herself made, she was content with the natural colors." The Romish dogma of her immaculate conception is contrary to both reason and Scripture. If immaculate, it must must have been by special miracle. Her reply to the angel (Luke 1:34) shows that she was aware of her own natural lineage, and that she expected offspring in no other way than that common to Adam's race. Her words: "My spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour," are decisive. Only sinners need a Saviour; Mary proclaimed herself a sinner. Our Lord on various occasions rebuked her indiscreet zeal. Slowness to believe, and her imperfect conceptions, prove that she was only on a level with his other disciples. A most highly favored child of God, chosen to be the mother of the world's Redeemer, blessed in herself, and the means of blessing to myriads; yet like other human beings, and subject to the same conditions and laws; ever to be honored, but never to be adored. The

Church of Rome in worshiping Mary is guilty of rank idolatry. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only."

328 *"Blessed Lord!"* 8s, 7s, 7s.

SHOUT, O earth! from silence waking,
Tune with joy thy varied tongue;
Shout! as when from chaos breaking
Sweetly flowed thy natal song:
Shout! for thy Creator's love
Sends redemption from above.

2 Downward from his star-paved dwelling
Comes the incarnate Son of God;
Countless voices, thrilling, swelling,
Tell the triumphs of his blood:
Shout! he comes thy tribes to bless
With his spotless righteousness.

3 See his glowing hand uplifted!
Clustering bounties drop around;
Rebels ev'n are richly gifted,
Pardon, peace, and joy abound!
Shout, O earth! and let thy song
Ring the vaulted heavens along.

4 Call him blesséd! on thy mountains,
In thy wild and citied plains;
Call him blesséd! where thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains,
Let thy captives, let thy kings
Join the lyre of thousand strings.

5 Blesséd Lord, and Lord of blessing!
Pour thy quickening gifts abroad:
Raptured tongues, thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God.
Blesséd, blesséd, blesséd Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word.

Rev. William Henry Havergal was born at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, England, in 1793, and educated at Oxford. He entered the ministry after his graduation and became rector of Astley, Worcestershire, in 1829, remaining there until 1842, when he took charge of a church at Worcester. In 1860 he was appointed rector of Shareshill, near Wolverhampton. From 1845 he was honorary canon of Worcester cathedral. He wrote nearly one hundred hymns, many of them designed for special services and printed singly as leaflets. These are of value; but their author will be also remembered for his musical attainments, having composed, besides many tunes and chants, several anthems and an entire service. This hymn was first published in 1849 in the Worcester *Psalms and Hymns*. Canon Havergal was the father of Frances Ridley Havergal, whose poems are endeared to so many Christians both in Europe and America. He died at Leamington, April 18, 1870.

329 *"The new-born King."* 8s, 7s, 4s.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations—
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence—
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

"Good Tidings of Great Joy to all People" is the title to this piece as it appears in James Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, 1853. It is one of the best of his poems, full of dignity and force, with a grand sweep of thought cast in magnificent imagery, all to the praise of God.

What were the actual words of this angels' song? It is well that we all recollect them—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!" From a single form of expression employed here, and coming along the ages through the Latin Vulgate version, has been named an uninspired chant, one of the noblest in history—the Gloria in Excelsis—given us by the Greek Church somewhere about 300 A. D.—three stanzas in one hymn. The first of them, and the foremost in thought, is "*Glory to God in the highest.*" This is not a prayer at all, but an ascription. It was no time to be *asking* that God be glorified when the whole universe was quivering with the new disclosure of a Gloria in Excelsis such as blind men could see and deaf men could hear. Those angels did not pray, Glory *be* to God; but they exclaimed, Glory *is* to God in the highest, in the highest! And then they rush rapidly into an enumeration of particulars; the connection of thought is close. Glory to God is in the highest, because peace has come on the earth, and good-will has already gone out toward men. These angels are making proclamation that the rebellious race is for evermore subdued. Men should be redeemed; sin should be positively checked; all the ills of a worn-out and wretched existence should be banished; poverty should be removed, sickness and death find a master; Satan

should be foiled by Immanuel in person. Hence the vision which flashed on their awakened intelligence and started their song was reversive and revolutionary. The earth seemed to rouse itself to a new being. Cursed for human sin, it saw its deliverance coming. The day had arrived when streams and lakes of crystal should gleam in the sunshine, when the valleys should smile and laugh and sing, when flowers should bloom and stars should glitter—all to the glory of God in the highest!

330 *Christ's coming.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Cheering ev'n our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

This hymn was written by the Rev. Godfrey Thring in 1862. Its purpose seems to be to show how many ways there may be for interpreting what the Scriptures say concerning the second coming of our Lord. Jesus came at Bethlehem; he comes now to his people when they pray to him, by a genuine answer of help; he comes in revival times with pardon for sins and news of advance; he comes spiritually to the believer in all his moods and exposures; he is going to come finally in the clouds of heaven when the endless day shall dawn. As one of the speakers at a great meeting in London said on the platform: "Jesus has been coming all the time ever since he went away!"

331 *Adeste, Fideles.* P. M.

OH, come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured:
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

3 Amen! Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! for ever be thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

This version of the *Adeste, fideles*, attributed to the seventeenth or eighteenth century, is usually given to Rev. William Mercer. But a careful criticism, following it around through the various hymnals now in use, would reach the conclusion that it was the work of many hands. Very likely Mercer found an old form of rendering and changed it with perfect freedom, and then with equal frankness others altered his, and so the present composition grew apace. Rev. Frederick Oakeley stands as the next in the line of competition; and then certain very essential changes were made by the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*. Even our most industrious and indefatigable friend, Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield, does not seem to have found out who made the Latin hymn; he goes no further than to say that "the original is sometimes ascribed to Bonaventura."

Concerning the tune with which this composition is for ever associated it is worth while to give a bit of information. Many years ago the writer of these annotations received from Brazil a printed card on which was published the following statement, which he has since tried to verify, and which he has every reason now to regard as true. This "Portuguese hymn" was the musical composition of a chapel-master of the King of Portugal. His name was Marcas Portugal, and he died at Rio Janeiro early in the present century. The piece was originally played in the service as an offertory. The American missionary, Dr. Fletcher, who has interested himself much in fixing the authorship of it, gives the date of Marcas Portugal's death as 1834.

332 *The Glad Song.* 8s, 7s.

HARK, the hosts of heaven are singing
Praises to their new-born Lord,
Strains of sweetest music flinging,
Not a note or word unheard.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.

3 Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

4 All the hosts of heaven are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfill.

5 On this day then through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.

DR. E. H. PLUMPTRE.

Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D. D., author of many excellent hymns, was born in London, August 6, 1821, and educated at King's College, London, and University College, Oxford. He graduated with high honors, and soon after his entrance into clerical life in 1846 he rose to eminence both as preacher and theologian. He was called to fill many very important positions, having been Dean of Queen's College, Oxford; Prebendary in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; member of the committee appointed to revise the Old Testament; rector of Pluckley; and vicar of Bickley, until in 1881 he became Dean of Bath and Wells. Dr. Plumptre's literary productions have covered a wide range, including the classics, history, biblical criticism, biography, and poetry. He made translations from Æschylus, Sophocles, and Dante. As a hymn-writer he ranks very high, his works being elegant in style and full of fervid sincerity. Many of his pieces are widely used, and deal especially with the church life of the present day. He died at the Deanery, Wells, February 1, 1891.

333 *The Word made flesh.* P. M.

CHRIST is born; tell forth his fame!
Christ from heaven; his love proclaim;
Christ on earth; exalt his name!
Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation;
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation:
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

2 Man in God's own image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
To-day Christ maketh him a new creation;
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

3 He, the Wisdom, Word, and Might!
God, and Son, and Light of Light;
Undiscovered by the sight
Of earthly monarch or infernal spirit,
Incarnate was that we should heaven inherit:
For he hath triumphed gloriously!

The original of this hymn was composed by St. Cosmas, one of the principal Greek ecclesiastical poets, who died about 760, A. D. It is the first, and the best known, of eight odes or hymns intended for the service on Christmas day, and was translated into English by Dr. John Mason Neale for his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. Since then it has been included in many collections, and different versions of it have been made, although the one here quoted is regarded as the best.

334 *"Those holy Voices."* 8s, 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure, the angelic host rejoices—
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his glory sing:
Glad receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

The original of this hymn, the most popular and perhaps the best of all the compositions of Rev. John Cawood, can be found in *Lyra Britannica*, where it appears with six stanzas. It was first published in Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819.

In the account which the listening shepherds gave concerning the matchless music they heard on that eventful night, they mentioned only the words; one might be pardoned for wishing they had brought also the score! We all know how an interesting strain of melody will fix itself in our memories; sometimes we can hardly keep from humming it over, repeating snatches of it we have caught, and rehearsing to others the way it went, so as to give an idea. It may be that the shepherds remembered parts of

this; but if so, we have no means of ascertaining it. Only the words reach us; but they are well worth the study of the world. The startling abruptness with which this seraphic anthem fell on the ears of the herdsmen that first Christmas night adds greatly to the dramatic effect of the scene. Hardly lingering for their leader to end his communication, that choir of singers "suddenly" burst forth in one loud volume of exquisite harmony, celebrating the praises of Jehovah, whom they saw in a fresh field of splendid display. There was a vast number of singers—"a host;" that is to say, an army, "an army celebrating a peace."

Surely there was enough to inspire their music; and great armies of voices sing together quite often with immense power of rich and voluminous harmony. It was an exaggeration, no doubt, but ancient history gravely records that, when the invader of Macedon was finally expelled, the victorious Greeks who heard the news, and so learned that freedom had come and fighting was over and home was near, raised along the military lines and throughout the camp such a shout of *Soter! Soter!*—a Saviour! a Saviour!—that birds on the wing dropped down. It may even have been so; but what was that little peninsula of Greece as compared with this entire race redeemed from Satan unto God!

335 *"Star of the East."* IIS, IOS.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Another of the fine anthem-pieces contributed to the services of praise of all the churches by Reginald Heber, the English Bishop of Calcutta. He wrote it, however, before he had reached his preferment, when he was the rector of Hodnet, in 1811. It appeared in the *Christian Observer* in a series designed for the Sundays and principal holy days of the year, connected in some degree with their particular collects and gospels, and intended to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the sermon. It is interesting to learn from the poet's own words that in these pieces "no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erotic addresses to him whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory, ill-understood and worse applied." And it is recorded in his biography that after he had reached India he spent one Christmas, that of 1824, at Meerut, where on December 19 he dedicated a church; and then he had the satisfaction of hearing this hymn, which was designed for Epiphany, and another designed for St. Stephen's Day, "sung better than he ever heard them before." Its title is "Star of the East." Dr. Cunningham Geikie says some things worth recalling in one of his comments upon the passage of Scripture to which it refers:

"The stars were supposed then, as they have been till recent times, to exercise supreme influence over human life and the course of nature, and from this belief a vast system of imaginary results was elaborated. The position of the stars at a child's birth was held to determine its future fate or fortune, and hence to cast nativities early became one of the most important functions of astrologers. It was universally believed that extraordinary events, especially the birth and death of great men, were heralded by appearances of stars, and still more by comets, or by conjunctions of the heavenly bodies. Thus Suetonius tells us that at the death of Cæsar 'a hairy star shone continuously for seven days, rising about the eleventh hour;' and Josephus relates that for a whole year before the fall of Jerusalem a star, in the shape of a sword, hung over the doomed city. A hundred and thirty years after Christ's birth a false Messiah, in Hadrian's reign, assumed the title of Bar-Cocheba—'the son of the star'—in allusion to the star to come out of Jacob. The Jews had already, long before Christ's day, dabbled in astrology and the various forms of magic which became connected with it."

336 *"Daughter of Zion!"* IIS, IOS.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness:
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
For vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

3 Daughter of Zion! the Power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

In the *Church Psalmody* published in 1831, this poem is attributed to *Fitzgerald's Collection*, 1830, and the same conclusion has been reached by several other compilers. The piece appeared in Dr. Hastings' *Spiritual Songs*, 1833; but it was not written by Dr. Hastings, as a careful index of his many hundred hymns proves. It is probably of American origin; and indeed the fact is inexplicable how all the publication and all the use of the music for sixty years should alike have failed to evoke the name of the author.

337 *The Morning Star.* P. M.

How brightly shines the Morning Star!
What ray divine streams from afar!
God's glory there is shining.
Bright beam of God! which scatters night,
And guides the wandering soul aright
Which after truth is pining:
Jesus! God's Word! truth revealing,
Sorrow healing, soothe our sighing,
Dry our tears, and end our dying.

2 My comfort here, my joy above,
Man's son, son of the Father's love,
Enthroned in highest heaven,
With my whole heart thy praise I sing;
To thee, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Be endless honors given.
Saviour, to thee, trusting, clinging,
Come I bringing soul and spirit,
Thee, my portion, to inherit.

3 Aid me, my God, to sing thy praise,
Thine ageless love, thy matchless grace,
In Christ our Lord appearing.
When such a gift God gave for thee,
When such a brother true is he,
Why still, my soul, be fearing?
Choose him, know him, greatest, dearest,
Best, and nearest, to befriend thee
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

4 To him who conquered death and hell,
To him let joyous anthems swell
Throughout heaven's great for ever.
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain,
Glory to him who bore our pain,
Flow on, an endless river!
Earth and heaven—creatures lowly,
Angels holy—join your voices,
Till the world with praise rejoices.

5 Rejoice, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply:
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For this, his incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know thy salvation.
Amen, amen: hallelujah!
Hallelujah! praise be given
Evermore by earth and heaven!

Rev. John Morrison Sloan, M. A., son of a Scotch farmer, was born in Ayrshire, May 19, 1835, and studied at the universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Erlangen, Germany, graduating at Edinburgh in 1859. Five years later he became collegiate minister of the Free Church in Dalkeith, and afterward was settled over Free Churches in Aberdeen and Glasgow; he is at present a pastor in Edinburgh. He has made several translations from the German, the most widely known being the one given above. This was published in Wilson's *Service of Praise*, 1865. It is a version of the German hymn beginning, "*Wie herrlich strahlt der Morgenstern.*" The original was first given to the public in 1766, and was entitled, "Longing After Union with Jesus, on the Model of the old hymn, '*Wie schon leuchtet der Morgenstern.*'" This last is the well-known composition of Philipp Nicolai. Dr. Johann Adolf Schlegel, author of the German original of the poem before us, was born at Meissen in Saxony, September 17, 1721. In 1754 he became chief pastor of the Holy Trinity Church at Zerbst. He died at Hannover, September 16, 1793.

338 *"Hail the Star."* P. M.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of his birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of his grace to our race
Here his Son he lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger
Soft and sweet doth entreat—
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your Saviour gives you.

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

This hymn was originally written by Rev. Paul Gerhardt in 1653. It begins: "*Warum sollt' ich mich denn gramen?*" Miss Catherine Winkworth gave it its English dress, and it was published in *Lyra Germanica*, 1858. It is always difficult to say which should be credited with a new hymn, the author or the translator, for generally a good version needs and exhibits as much genius as a good poem; and there remains the fact that the first draft would never have seen the light in another language without the aid of one who could paraphrase it there in fitting form for public use. So we, having done justice to Miss Winkworth in another connection, choose to give here some account of Paul Gerhardt, several of whose very best

REV. PAUL GERHARDT.

hymns have found their way into American hymnals.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt was born in Gräfenhaynchen, Saxony, March 12, 1607. He studied at Wittenberg, and when quite on in middle life was chosen as a preacher to the congregation in Mittenwalde. Six years later he was transferred to the Church of St. Nicolas in Berlin, but a refusal to subscribe to certain edicts which he considered as attempts to unite the Lutheran and Reformed parties caused his dismissal in 1666. He was made Archdeacon of Lübben in 1668. He was the best of all the hymn-makers of Germany, the most spiritual and the most popular in the age in which he lived. He managed in his songs to keep the doctrinal force of evangelical truth without harshness; his rhythmical power was great, and common people understood his verses easily, singing them with a heartfelt enthusiasm. He died at Lübben, June 7, 1676.

339 *"God Incarnate."* 10s. 6l.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the virgin's Son.

2 With burst of music the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

3 Oh, may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind,
Trace we the babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

4 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

This is found in the second volume of John Byrom's *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1773, where it is entitled "A Hymn for Christmas Day." The author was the son of a linen-draper, and was born near Manchester, England, in a small town called Kersall, some time in 1691. He was educated at Trinity College, where he afterwards became a Fellow. He began study for the medical profession, but gave up the plan; then set himself up as a teacher of a system of shorthand. He tried to marry his cousin Elizabeth, but his wealthy relatives objected to the match, and so for some years he had to work hard for a subsistence. By-and-by, however, he succeeded to the family estate at Kersall, and there he died, September 28, 1763, with the kind regards of all who knew him.

Throughout his life this author was associated with the Wesleys, though the intense earnestness of the lives and beliefs of the Methodist preachers scarcely accorded with the philosophy of him whose rule was "to be quiet and happy and let the world go." His early religious convictions separated him from the sympathy and companionship of the clergy of his day; so he resigned his fellowship, and with it his prospects for church honors and advancement. He entered upon a literary life, writing for *The Spectator*, and translating pieces from the French and German mystics. For his recreation he wrote hymns also, in a smooth and flowing style; one of the best of them being this one before us, which is a favorite and in almost universal use throughout England. Some of his epigrams have reached down even to our day. For he is the man who wrote those funny lines concerning Handel and Bononcini:

"Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

He was, no doubt, a queer man, but he must have been a good one. He was associated with good people, and helped wherever he could. He taught Charles Wesley to use stenography in writing his sermons and hymns. When these founders of Methodism brought out their book of sacred songs, By-

rom's judicious criticism and kindly advice greatly aided them in the work. The personal appearance of this man is worth recording. He is said to have been extremely tall; he carried a stick with a crooked top, and he wore "a curious low-polled, slouched hat, from under the long-peaked front brim of which his benignant face bent forward a cautiously inquisitive sort of look, as if he were in the habit of prying into everything, without caring to let everything enter deeply into him."

340 *The Birth at Bethlehem.* P. M.

HOLY night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe, who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace,

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus Christ is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, oh, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! oh, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

It does not seem to be known anywhere as yet who wrote this version in English of the German hymn of Joseph Mohr: *Stille Nacht, heil'ge Nacht*, a favorite carol for Christmas in the German Fatherland; the date of the original composition is 1818. The commentator, Lange, has taken up a question interesting to many students of the inspired Word:

"If it be asked how Providence would employ such a deceptive art for the purpose of guiding the Magi to the truth, we reply that there is a vast difference between earlier and later astrology. Just as chemistry sprung from alchemy, so ancient pagan astrology was the parent of our modern science of astronomy. But the tendency of all true science is to point the way to faith. A perception of the harmonious order of the firmament, and especially a knowledge of astronomy, would direct devout minds to Him who is the center of the spiritual solar system, to the creative Word, the source of all order. Besides, it was not astrological inquiry which primarily determined the Magi to undertake the journey to Jerusalem, but their belief in the Messiah promised to the Jews, of whom they had heard. They were men earnest in their deep longings, and believers according to the measure of preparing grace granted them. Hence their astrological knowledge was used only as the instrument of advancing and directing their faith. Thus divine Providence might condescend even to their erroneous ideas, and cause the appearance of the star to coincide with the conviction in their hearts that the birth of the Messiah had then taken place; more especially as their mistake implied at least that the whole starry world points to Christ, and that particular law of providence, according to which great leading events in the kingdom of God are ushered in by solemn and striking occurrences, both terrestrial and celestial. Thus all secular knowledge, however blended with error, serves to draw heavenly minds to Christ. Error is but the husk, truth is the kernel. Accordingly the star which was a sign to these wise men is to us a symbol that all nature—in particular the starry heavens, and the whole compass of natural science — if properly understood, will, under divine guidance, lead us to deeper and stronger faith."

341 *Alpha and Omega.* P. M.

OF the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

2 At his word the worlds were framed;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore!

3 He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Christ, to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

Just how much of solid doctrine can safely be introduced into a hymn is one of the questions of our modern times. In this instance we have a peculiar answer. For one of the most abstruse and difficult dogmas of the primitive church has been handed down to us in a Latin ode of Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, written in the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. The mystery of Jesus Christ's pre-existence is to be made the theme of a song of praise. It requires a genius to do that; and this ancient lawyer and

poet was certainly one of the higher sort. Dean Milman says he was "the great popular author of the Middle Ages." One historian, after studying the records of that awakened period, declares Prudentius to have been "the Horace and Virgil of the Christians." Another says he was "the first Christian poet." Still another, at loss for a panegyric, cries out, "He was the Latin Dr. Watts!" Some, however, do not agree to all this; and we need go no farther than to say that this poem, "*Corde natus e parentis*," is worthy of the highest encomium. It shows itself here in the English translation made by Dr. John Mason Neale and Sir Henry Williams Baker.

342 *Foretold and Manifested.* P. M.

HE is here whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested,
To receive the praise of man,
Evermore and evermore!

2 Praise him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue,
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Thee let age, and thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering;
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore!

This is a part of the preceding hymn, translated by Dr. John Mason Neale, and supplemented by a Doxology in the same meter. The idea of our divine Lord as a person is to many minds exceedingly indefinite. He seems a mere historic character, born, living, dying, like any other being among the generations of men. We accept his deity as a mysterious doctrine of revelation, essential, of course, to his office and work; but our understanding of the ineffable meaning it bears is very vague and irrelevant. And that strange life, which began at the manger in Bethlehem, ran through some sorrowful years in Galilee, and then ended on the cross at Jerusalem, has no real significance as a mission of Immanuel, "God with us." We hardly know how to deal with it. Really the weakness of many believers is owing to their absolute inability to make this personal career of our Redeemer available in their experience.

Such confusion is perfectly natural. It is the necessary sequence of a miserable mistake. How childishly inadequate is the conception of an infinite Son of God which limits him consciously or unconsciously to an earthly history ending in a failure! Now the Scripture insists that Jesus' birth was not his beginning, nor was his death his end. The thirty-three years of his human existence bear almost no measure or relation to the real duration of his life. He was living for an eternity previous to their commencing; he is living now in an eternity as unbroken and as boundless as ever. The incarnation was an incident in his career; it was only a part of his work of redemption, a necessary part, a noble part, but not the whole. His biography would have to be written with an alphabet, the Alpha of which no human voice ever repeated, the Omega of which no mortal tongue would know how to speak.

343 *A Friend from heaven.* P. M.

ONE is kind above all others;
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us·
Oh, how he loves!

2 'T is eternal life to know him;
Oh, how he loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe him;
Oh, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us;
Oh, how he loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus;
Oh, how he loves!
'T is his great delight to bless us;
Oh, how he loves!
How our hearts delight to hear him
Bid us dwell in safety near him!
Why should we distrust or fear him?
Oh, how he loves!

4 All our sins shall be forgiven;
Oh, how he loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven;
Oh, how he loves!
Blessings rich he will provide us,
Naught but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory he will guide us;
Oh, how he loves!

The author of this hymn, Miss Marianne Nunn, was born in Colchester, Essex, England, May 17, 1778, lived in retirement, and died, unmarried, in 1847. The hymn which bears her name in not a few of the best collections was contributed to a volume prepared by her brother, the Rev. John Nunn, entitled *Psalms and Hymns*, and published in 1817. It was given first to the American public by Dr. Leavitt in *The Christian Lyre*, 1830, and has been repeated frequently since on this side of the water. The first line has

been subjected to many changes in order to distinguish it from that of Newton: "One there is above all others."

344 *"Jesus is God!"* C. M. D.

JESUS is God! The glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

2 Jesus is God! Oh, could I now
But compass land and sea
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud—
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

3 Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

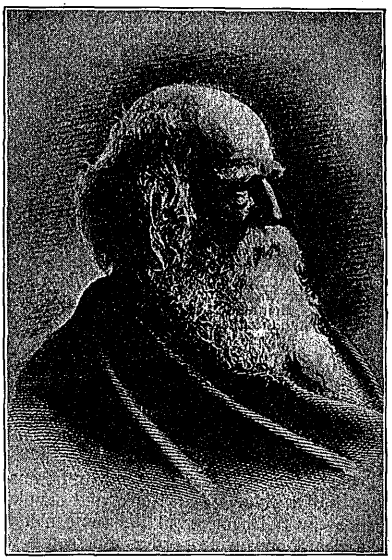
4 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfill;
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
If only by our faith we own
The Godhead of our Lord!

This is given in Dr. Frederick William Faber's *Hymns*, 1862. There are times in which a genuine Christian will not consent to be anything less than dogmatic. He *knows*, and he has nothing to do with mere hopes or surmises. He has a conviction, now he wants to have it hold him up: "*Teneo et Teneor.*". Raphael Aben-Ezra, the old Jew in *Hypatia*, is made by Charles Kingsley to say: "I want a faith past argument; one which, whether I can prove it or not to the satisfaction of the lawyers, I believe to my own satisfaction, and act on as undoubtingly and unreasoningly as I do upon my own personal identity. I do n't want to possess a faith, I want a faith which will possess me." Most of us understand very well the feeling which the apostle Paul expresses in his last letter to Timothy: "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." And when one knows a thing of such vast reach and value, he wishes to say and to sing it. This is the sentiment which Dr. Frederick William Faber has voiced in the noble hymn before us. There never was a period when such a ringing lyric was demanded more or more needed than now. The day is not so very far ahead as some imagine in which to speak one little word for the absolute Godhead of our Lord may be worth a thousand years of life.

345 *Bethlehem Star.* C. M. D.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Eighty-four years had the author of these lines lingered on the earth, and yet he himself said of human life it was as if a shadow should "flit o'er the summer grass." He died abruptly, by what some would call an accident. This hymn was indeed the fittest to sing at his funeral. His own name was one of "the brightest names that earth can boast." It seemed now one of the fairest lights that "just glisten and are gone."

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794, and died June 12, 1878, in New York city. His life is a part of American history, and his poetry a part of the world's literature.

Trained in the midst of all which is noblest in New England, his ancestral stock revealed in every grand and beautiful act of his whole career, a versifier from his earliest years, educated in Williams College, from which he withdrew to begin the study of law, suddenly this young man astonished the poets of the age by coming in among them with *Thanatopsis* in his hands. Then our country recognized him, and from that day to this everybody knows his story down to that sunshiny time in which there were signs of the land "in which it seemed always afternoon," while as our veteran journalist he moved quietly along the familiar streets of the metropolis. Those were sweet, gentle years; his benignant mien, his unfailing courtesy as a gentleman of the old school of manners, his sprightly step and dignified bearing, his keen eyes, even his long beautiful beard, rendered him conspicuous in the town. He spent much of his time in the country, but his orations and addresses kept the community acquainted with his personality, which in some measure was lost in the editorial reserve of a political newspaper.

It is unnecessary to say more about these general facts. It is for another purpose that his name is introduced in this article. Our theme is found in the poet's hymns. There is a word used in the Oxford Essays, but not yet received into the dictionaries, which one for an occasion would be glad to welcome just now. But the remembrance of Mr. Bryant's fastidiousness in relation to passing newly-minted coins in American literature keeps one back from speaking of him as a "hymnist," when he rather wishes he could say right out what he means.

The religious tone of Mr. Bryant's poetry is apparent, and forms one of its chief attractions; but he does not always propose to be lyrical even in his devotional strains. His contributions to the usual collections are scattered, and only four or five have come widely into use in the worship of God's people of every name.

It is likely that in the later and more tranquil experiences of his busy existence, when, as we easily gather from his other writings, his own religious life was deepening and growing richer with visions of the fair world to come, most of these pieces actually sung in evangelical churches were written. The hymn before us was published in the *Hymnal* of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, 1878. But it was composed for the semi-centennial celebration of the Church of the Messiah in Boston, March 19, 1875.

346 *"The King in his beauty."* C. M.

LORD Jesus! when I think of thee,
Of all thy love and grace,
My spirit longs and fain would see
Thy beauty, face to face.

2 And though the wilderness I tread,
A barren, thirsty ground,
With thorns and briars overspread,
Where foes and snares abound;—

3 Yet in thy love such depths I see,
My soul o'erflows with praise—
Contents itself, while, Lord, to thee
A joyful song I raise.

4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
My Rock, my Food, my Light;
Each thought of thee doth constant yield
Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stayed,
Hard following after thee;
Till I, in robes of white arrayed,
Thy face in glory see.

Rev. James George Deck, the author of a number of hymns which have become widely known, was born in 1802 at Bury St. Edmunds, England, and educated for the British army. In 1829 he was an officer on field-service in India, but his health failed, and he was obliged to resign his profession in 1835 and return to England. Having joined the Plymouth Brethren, he took charge of a congregation of that body at Wellington, Somersetshire, in 1843. From there he went for a time to Weymouth, and in 1852 emigrated to New Zealand, where he died in 1884. Mr. Deck published a number of hymns, most of which were included in Dr. Walker's *Collection*, 1855–80. These are marked by directness and simplicity of style and great earnestness. He also produced several works of an argumentative nature, *On Receiving and Rejecting Brethren from the Table of the Lord*, and *A Word of Warning to All who Love the Lord Jesus*, being among the best known.

347 *Christ's earthly path.* C. M.

O LORD, we now the path retrace
Which thou on earth hast trod,
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God!

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, or loss,
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess
How little we, who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways, express.

5 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with thee.

Another piece written by Rev. James George Deck, and found in his *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1838. It affords a good example of the style of this writer as he appears in one of those meditative moods so characteristic of his poetry. He is always clear and intelligible; but his thoughts are often so intense that he is almost mystical in utterance. His Saviour is unseen, but not less beloved for all that. From some hints we have in the scattered references of Scripture, we should be led to think that our Lord's life was so laborious and worried that he looked worn and wan, and might well have been compared to a root out of dry ground, with no form or comeliness. One time when he was preaching, the Jews intimated that they thought him not far from fifty years old. They erred by full twenty years, for he was not thirty-four when he died. Loneliness and exposure may quite likely have rendered him aged before his time. We must wait, therefore, if we would have a fitting conception of Jesus as a king in his beauty, until we behold him in the land which is very far off. He bore with him his human form into heaven. And there can be no reason for hesitancy in believing that when we shall see his face we shall find he has grouped together in his person all the best features of perfect manhood; he will present to us the pattern form of our race; the sinless, unwarped, uninjured ideal of humanity, royal in its mien as the Creator saw it when he pronounced it good in the purity of Paradise. "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever."

348 *"Our infirmities"* C. M.

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord; oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield, the author of *English Hymns*, is the only one of all the hymn-critics who busy their lives in looking up credits for the songs they find, that has deigned to notice this one. And all he could discover was that it was found first in *Ash and Evans' Collection*, 1769. There it shows the signature, "Am–a," which can be imagined to mean "Amelia;" and no one can say just how the hymn has improved upon this simple start until now it rejoices in the full name of "Mrs. Amelia Wakeford." But the piece is worthy of its place. It is a neat adaptation of the old story of a sightless sinner, healed and converted to the spiritual uses of religious illumination by Christ. I remember seeing in a German gallery once a painting representing Bartimeus at the gates of Jericho, the moment when he received his sight under the miraculous power of Jesus. It did not satisfy my imagination. I think the time for such a picture should be a little later in his history, when, I doubt not, that most grateful man might have been found at the work of leading other blind men to the same source of help. Most likely he would say to himself, "Here I am, a poor uneducated beggar; it is of no use for me to try at this time of life to set up for an apostle; there seems only one thing I really can do; there shall not be left in all this city even one man sightless, without at least hearing of this wonderful Saviour!" So I can conceive of his zeal easily. And if it were for me to paint a picture of him, it would show him at the instant when he had led up a blind neighbor to Jesus and was instructing him what to do. If my pencil would work my will on the canvas, it would make you see the three figures plainly—Bartimeus, his groping friend, and Jesus, the Christ. And you should seem to hear Bartimeus whisper, "There now! call with all your might! Say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me! Never mind the disciples; aim straight at Jesus! Say it again—and again!' Oh, he is looking at you now; he will call you in a moment; tell him right out what you want of him; now, this instant, or you will be too late! Oh, I wish I could call out for you; but he would not hear *me* for *you*, when *you are here!*" And then you should see the face of Bartimeus, so eager, so wistful, so beseeching, so intent, bending forward, while his sightless friend is talking with Jesus, and so overjoyed as he sees the eyes opened, and knows that another poor fellow less sits begging at the gates!

Nor would you be surprised to know that this same man turned to speak his final counsel in the ear of his mate: "Now, then, never, while you live, forget what you owe to Jesus; the least you can possibly do for him

is to be off as I am, leading up blind men to him!"

349 *"All in Jesus."* C. M.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn
He meek and patient stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his holy steps—
His joy and glory share.

The early life of Rev. William Enfield, D. D., was a hard struggle with poverty. With an eager thirst for knowledge, he was yet bound down to commonplace by reason of his small share of this world's goods. He was born of poor parents at Sudbury, Suffolk, England, March 29, 1741. When about seventeen years old, through the assistance of a Mr. Haxtall, who was the local Dissenting clergyman, he began to prepare for the ministry, and entered the Daventry Academy, where he remained for five years. His first charge was that of Benn's Garden, Liverpool. Shortly after his marriage with Miss Mary Holland, of Liverpool, in 1767, he left this congregation and removed to Warrington, where he became minister of the Old Presbyterian Church, and also professor of Belles-Lettres in the Unitarian College. Two years of work in this field, and then Dr. Enfield went to Norwich, becoming the pastor of the "Octagon" congregation of that city. Thereafter his life was devoted exclusively to the ministry and to literary work. He died at Norwich, November 3, 1797.

Dr. Enfield will perhaps be remembered as the author of a once popular school-book on elocution, the "Speaker," rather than as a noted hymnologist. He edited the *Warrington Collection* in 1772, in which appear many of Thomas Scott's hymns; but it is not until the edition of 1802 that any of his own pieces are to be found; these are but three in number, one being the hymn quoted. The first line of this poem originally read "Behold, where in the Friend of Man," and was adapted to its present form by an unknown writer.

350 *A lonely life.* C. M.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessèd Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm
To Zion's blessèd hill.

The original of this hymn had eight stanzas, and was entitled "The Man of Sorrows." It was published in 1839 in a volume of *Millennium Hymns*. The author, Sir Edward Denny, was born at Tralee Castle, County Kerry, Ireland, October 2, 1796. He was the fourth baronet of the line, and succeeded his father in August, 1831. Many of Sir Edward's hymns are in common use in England and America, and the one quoted, which usually appears in an abridged form, is specially adapted to the services of Holy Week. *A Prophetical Stream of Time* and a volume of *Hymns and Poems* are both from the pen of this nobleman. In the latter collection are three poems, in which the conversion of his mother, through the instrumentality of her son's prayers, is feelingly portrayed. This author was an honored member of the "Plymouth Brethren," and spent much of his time in London. He died in that city, June 13, 1889.

351 *For our example.* C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with thee.

Another of Sir Edward Denny's poems, full as ever of spirituality and conscious communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. It is found in his *Miscellaneous Hymns*, with

the title affixed to it, "The Forgiving One. Psalm 45 : 2." The reference must be to the last clause: "Grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee for ever."

352 *"Way, Truth, and Life."* C. M.

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Dr. George Washington Doane, the author of this hymn, was a very popular leader in that branch of the Church to which he belonged; but his fame does not rest upon his successes as a hymn-writer. This one is useful as being almost the only one which deliberately, albeit somewhat mechanically and stiffly, paraphrases the familiar passage of the Scripture on which it is founded: "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John 14 : 6. It first appeared in *Songs by the Way*, 1824.

353 *Pattern of Forgiveness.* C. M.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

The Rev. John Hampden Gurney was born August 15, 1802, in London, the son of Sir John Gurney, one of the barons of the Exchequer. He was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1824. Feeling that he was called to preach the gospel, he relinquished the study of the law in which for a while he had been engaged, and was admitted to deacon's orders in the Church of England in 1827, and to the priesthood the next year. He was first a curate in Lutterworth, Leicestershire, where John Wicklitte had labored and finally died. Here Mr. Gurney remained for seventeen years, refusing several complimentary positions offered to him; he believed it was the best interest of his rural parish that he should remain with them, working faithfully. In 1847, however, it appeared wisest for him to have a new field, and he became by appointment the rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, and in 1857 he was advanced by the crown to be a prebendary of St. Pancras, in St. Paul's Cathedral. He had great wealth and high position, and these advantages he devoted, during his whole life and ministry, to the churches he served. He died March 8, 1862, and his loss was deeply felt by those with whom he had been associated. The hymn quoted above is found in his *Hymns for Public Worship*, published in 1838. The *Marylebone Hymns*, however, show his best work; this collection contains thirteen of his lyrical pieces, many of which have found a place in the hymnals.

354 *"Shall we forget?"* C. M.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

This hymn was taken from the *Christian Lyre*, an old collection edited by the Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D. D., 1830, where it first appeared with the quaint title, "Can we forget?" and was set to a tune called "Grateful Memory." It has six stanzas with a chorus, credited to "W. M."

The author, Rev. William Mitchell, was born December 9, 1793, at Chester, Conn. Having graduated from Yale College in 1818, he studied theology at Andover Seminary, and entered the ministry of the Congregational Church. He was ordained October 20, 1824, becoming the pastor of the congregation at Newton, Conn.; in 1833 he removed to Rutland, Vt., where he remained settled until 1847; then for several earnest and profit-

able years he supplied the pulpit in Wallingford, Vt. In 1853 he took up the work of deporting the slaves and freedmen back to Africa, as represented by the Colonization Society. This scheme of solving some of the vexed questions concerning slavery as a system was very popular in those days among conservative and benevolent men. One of the direct results of it was to establish the nation of Liberia on the coast of the Dark Continent. Mr. Mitchell was the agent of the Vermont State Society, then of the New York, then of the New Jersey State Societies, in each of which he was industrious and successful. Later in his life he went to Corpus Christi, Texas, to reside. For a busy period of four years he was the acting pastor of the Presbyterian church of Casa Blanca, but in 1866 he went home to Corpus Christi, and there he died August 1, 1867.

355 *His free ways.* C. M. D.

OH, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.
Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

These two double stanzas are taken from a poem called "True Love" written by Dr. Frederick William Faber. There are twenty-three verses in the piece, but these are all one would care to sing.

It is an exceedingly significant fact for us to mark that nowhere have even those who were wont for a period of years to move nearest to our Lord Jesus Christ when he was on the earth, attempted any description of his appearance as a man. His figure, his complexion, his stature, his dress, not even an evangelist's pen has ever essayed to depict. The wildest and weakest idolatry has, therefore, no authentic image to fashion into a crucifix or erect at a shrine. One pensive face there is, indeed, repeated always among the ancient masters, and to this day held as the single model form of features which Christian art loves to reproduce on canvas gentle, winning, sad, but marvelously full of force and feeling as you look at it. This face, tradition says, was really that of Jesus of Nazareth; but inspiration seems to be sternly silent.

356 *The name "Jesus."* C. M. D.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

2 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

This hymn, every part of which is full of beauty and power, is chosen out of a wilderness of stanzas written in a poem lauding the character and works of the Lord Jesus Christ, by Miss Anne Steele. It is the one by which she will be remembered the longest and the most widely. It has been the pride and joy of a thousand prayer-meetings. The memories of it have become so dear that to a great many of God's people it suggests revival seasons, social gatherings, family prayers, camp-meetings, with the old faces shining and the old voices ringing in the air. There were never better days in the history of this republic than those in which stalwart men and thoughtful women believed in the incarnation and the atonement, and sang their faith aloud.

357 *The Words of Jesus.* C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I 'll walk
Till all my journey 's done.

We are glad to return once more to the hymns of Dr. Horatius Bonar. This is entitled "The Voice from Galilee," and comes from *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Series I., 1857. The two secrets of its wonderful popularity are found in the fact that it introduces the words of our Lord in a picturesque way, as if one's ear had happened to catch them

on the air, and then his voice made an immediate response by "coming" towards the words of invitation and promise; and then that it employs possessive pronouns for its phraseology, and so individualizes the believer. Christ says, "Come to *me*," and the Christian says, "*I* came." Christ says, "*I* give the living water;" and the listener answers, "*My* thirst was quenched." Christ says, "*I* am light;" and the child of God replies, "I found in him *my* Star, *my* Sun!"

358 *The Perfect Pattern.* C. M. D.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me;
Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

One of Rev. John Newton's earlier poems, published in Conyer's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1774.

Some people do not like such expressions as "A worthless worm like me." John Newton never thought of putting a "Reverend" before his name. To the end of his life he always seemed to himself the one conspicuous illustration of the sovereign grace of God through Jesus Christ, the "amazing grace" of which he sang his loftiest praise, "that saved a wretch like me." A comment on this mood of mind is found in one of his letters. Exchanged to a vessel bound as a slaver to the coast of Africa, he was carried thither as a common sailor, where he came near starving, and would have perished but for the portion of their food which the slaves secretly gave him. The wrath of his Portuguese master was aroused by reports that Newton was robbing him—a story without foundation, but none the less disastrous in its consequence upon his victim. The African wife of his master also conceived a hatred of him which vented itself in all sorts of indignities and even in personal violence. He seemed deserted of heaven and earth, and accepted it with savage sullenness. One can scarce conceive of a more pitiable condition. All he possessed of clothing was that upon his person, and this was in such a condition that he says of it: "Had you seen me, sir, then go by, so pensive and solitary, in the dead of night, to wash my one shirt upon the rocks, and afterward put it on wet, that it might dry upon my back while I slept; had you seen me so poor a figure that when a ship's boat came to the island, shame often constrained me to hide myself in the woods from the sight of strangers; especially had you known that my conduct, principles, and heart were still darker than my outward condition—how little would you have imagined that one who so fully answered to the 'hateful and hating one another' of the apostle was reserved to be so peculiar an instance of the providential care and exuberant goodness of God!"

359 *The true Test.* C. M.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call
We test our lives by thine!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

These stanzas are chosen from a religious composition of John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, entitled "Our Master;" this was published in *The Panorama and other Poems*, 1856. The author was born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807, and died September 7, 1892. His parents belonged to the Society of

Friends, of which he was also a member. He worked on the farm till his twentieth year, and attended Haverhill Academy two years. In 1829 he became editor of the *American Manufacturer* in Boston, and in 1830 of the *New England Weekly Review* at Hartford. But he soon returned to the farm, and in 1835 was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1836 he was appointed secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and removed to Philadelphia, where, in 1838–9, he edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, the office of which was sacked and burned by a mob. From this time he was one of the most prominent antislavery men in the country, and his writings, both prose and poetry, were largely in support of that cause. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Mass., and in 1847 became corresponding editor of the *National Era*, an antislavery newspaper, published in Washington. He was never married. Several collective editions of his poems have been published. As a poet, Whittier is more peculiarly American than any other of equal fame. His poems have been largely inspired by current events, and their patriotic, democratic, and humane spirit gives a strong hold upon the public. He wrote a hymn for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. All his writings are pure and morally elevating. Many of them are deeply devout. In 1865 he published a volume entitled *Occasional Poems;* in this there is one somewhat extensive piece, commencing thus: "Immortal love, for ever full." It is from this, "Our Master," that the present hymn has been compiled. It is one of the most poetic and pathetic poems in our literature upon this theme. An incident has lately been published in one of the religious periodicals which well illustrates its sentiment. Not long ago a little Protestant Episcopal church was dedicated in Whittier, Cal. This liberal-hearted author whose name the town bears wrote: "I see the good in all denominations, and hope that all will be represented in the settlement; . . . diligent in business and serving the Lord, not wasting strength and vitality in spasmodic emotions, not relying on creed and dogma, but upon faithful obedience to the voice of God in the soul. I see your town is spoken of as an orthodox Quaker colony. I hope there will be no sectarian fence about 'Whittier,' but that good men, irrespective of their creeds, will find a home there. Nothing would be worse for it than to have the idea get abroad that anything like intolerance and self-righteousness was its foundation. I am gratified to know that the people of the town which bears my name will remember me on my birthday. I watch its growth with great interest. It has the reputation among all who have seen it that it occupies one of the loveliest sites in California, and that in a moral and religious and educational point of view it need not

> Fear the skeptic's puny hand
> While near the school the church will stand;
> Nor fear the blinded bigot's rule
> While near the church shall stand the school."

360 *Christ in the Word.* C. M.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

This is found, like the rest of Miss Anne Steele's hymns, in the quaint old leather-bound volume of *Poems*, by Theodosia; all the six stanzas are there, entitled, "Desiring to Know and Love Him More." To see Jesus Christ as revealed in the Bible, to learn of him and draw closer to him as he comes to light in the Word—this is the earliest and most persistent longing of a truly regenerate soul. Compare the experience expressed in this hymn with that which President Finney has himself recorded; thus he wrote: "When I saw my duty I took the sponge and wiped the blackboard clean, and said to the Lord, 'Write what you will and I will do it.'" He gave his whole soul to God, and through this act his spiritual eyes became marvelously clear. Hence the vision he had of God's glory. He was so impressed with the divine character that, like David Brainerd, he "saw the sweetness and happiness of being God's subject and at his disposal." His soul seemed to break with the longing that God might be glorified. Out of this view of the Divine Being sprang his unconquerable faith, a faith which grew stronger day by day from feeding on the Word of God. Out of this also sprang his consuming desire

to win souls. He could not endure to think of the way God was treated by men. When he gave himself up to God, it meant an eternity of glad service, which he would enter upon at once. Not a moment was lost.

361 *"Altogether Lovely."* C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett contributed this familiar hymn to *Rippon's Selection*, published in 1787. It consisted at first of nine stanzas, all of which are good, but the piece has had to be shortened in the later compilations for convenience in singing. The author gave to it as a title "Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies of Christ," and annexed to it as a Scripture reference "Canticles 5:10–16." For many years it has been married to the tune of *Ortonville* in this country. The music was composed by the venerated Thomas Hastings for children's use, but it was a failure as a Sunday-school piece, and reached its popularity in the prayer-meeting, where it was always welcome.

362 *The Name of Jesus.* C. M.

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.

The hymn here given has been considered of sufficient importance by the author of *Anglican Hymnology* to be counted as a Third-Rank Hymn of the future, yet it is not the one by which its author, Rev. Frederick Whitfield, is most generally known, but that beginning "I need thee, precious Jesus." He was born at Threapwood, Shropshire, England, January 7, 1829, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, graduating with the degree of B. A. in 1859. After his ordination he became successively curate of Otley, vicar of Kirby-Ravensworth, curate of Greenwich, vicar of St. John's, Bexley-Heath, London, and vicar of St. Mary's, Hastings. Mr. Whitfield has written much both in prose and verse, among his works being *Spiritual Unfolding from the Word of Life; Voices from the Valley Testifying of Jesus; The Word Unvailed;* and *Gleanings from Scripture.* The hymn we quote was written in 1855.

363 *The entry into Jerusalem,* L. M.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

The name of Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D. D., is as well known to literature as to theology. He is one of the few men whose talents have been recognized and rewarded justly in this life, as the various high positions he occupied in the Church of England amply testify. He was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, Court Physician to George III., and was born February 10, 1791. He began his education at Dr. Burney's school in Greenwich, and continued it at Eton. After a brilliant career at Oxford, he was appointed Poetry Professor of his *Alma Mater* in 1821. Here he remained until 1830, during which time he wrote many poems and plays, and reached the height of his fame as a poet. Thereafter his mind turned from poetry to theology, and he wrote his remarkable *History of the Jews.* In 1835

DEAN H. H. MILMAN.

he became by appointment of Sir Robert Peel, Canon of Westminster and rector of St. Margaret's; and in 1849 he became Dean of St. Paul's. From that time until his death Dean Milman wrote and published many valuable works on history and biography. He is said to have been a fine conversationalist, and numbered among his intimate friends Bishop Heber, Hallam, Macaulay, and Dean Stanley. He wrote only thirteen hymns; but these are of a high order of excellence, and all are in common use. The piece quoted is specially adapted for the Palm Sunday service, and appeared first in 1827 in a volume of hymns published by the widow of Bishop Heber. He died at Sunninghill, near Ascot, September 24, 1868.

364 *The unspeakable Gift.* L. M.

Oh, love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortal's sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And he himself to this world came.

3 For us baptized, for us he bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp he knew,
For us, the tempter overthrew.

4 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought—
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking, not himself, but us.

5 For us, to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

6 To him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D., translated these stanzas from the old fifteenth century hymn, which is so fine that one regrets to say it is anonymous, "*O Amor, quam exstaticus.*" It will have to stand in its immortality, like Cologne Cathedral with its forgotten architect, remarkable for its own beauty rather than for the history of its construction. The version of it now before us was published in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854. The manuscript Latin is preserved at Karlsruhe. The wonderful picture of our Lord's human life, that is to say, the matchless and inspiring fact of the Incarnation of God in the person of Jesus Christ, and the biography of Immanuel which grew out of it, is what constitutes the theme of this song. "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

365 *John the Baptist.* L. M.

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home
Where such a mighty guest may come.

3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

This favorite Advent hymn is a translation by Rev. John Chandler from the Latin *Jordanis oras prævia* of Charles Coffin of Rheims, who contributed it to the *Paris Breviary* in 1736. The English rendering first appeared in *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837.

John the Baptist was a reality. Virgil tells us that when Æneas descended into Hades to visit his father, he came to Charon's ferry across the infernal river. As he stepped into the light boat, accustomed to carry only ghosts, so heavy a weight of a living man made the craft tremble and creak through all the length of its sewed seams. We can presume that the hollow forms of social life in those wretched days were writhed and

strained, if not shattered, by an uncompromising reality of manhood like that of John the Baptist at the Jordan. He was a man among the shadows of men. He had an actual "idea." He shook off the shams of religion, and told men a great deal more about religion itself than they ever knew before. This being with the uncouth hair and the scant garment and the bronzed face and the piercing eye disdained all the adventitious shows of authority and drove his arguments straight toward the consciences of men. He put himself within reach of living people. Only he shred away the vails and tinsels and mockeries of an outward show; he tore up traditions and mere commandments of men.

Suddenly was heard a voice in the wilderness. There was singular pathos in it, as there is in all human tones that have power. But it had, besides that, a sort of vibrating ring in it which intimated a challenge. Experts say that idiots, even in the midst of a gibbering frolic, will pause abruptly to listen to the sound of a musical instrument; perhaps some vague recollection of primal harmonies in a healthy nature before it was shattered may be awakened by the stir near by; the soul seems seeking to render answer, but only succeeds in giving wistful attention. That was not a loud voice in those days down by the Dead Sea, but all Judea heard it; and up the Jordan it rushed with more than the usual celerity; it certainly in due time reached the villagers in the land of Gennesaret, for some of them journeyed at once towards it—notably, Simon, son of Jonas, and John and James and Andrew, who were destined to figure in the train of Jesus Christ.

366 *Life for winning souls.* L. M.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

As editor of the *New York Independent* and of the *Sunday Afternoon*, and as a pastor, Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., is better known to the public than as a hymn-writer. He was born at Pittsgrove, Pa., February 11, 1836, educated at Williams College, graduating in 1859. Subsequently he took a theological course and became a Congregational minister. He once was the pastor of a church in Springfield, Mass.; but his present charge is in Columbus, Ohio.

The hymn here quoted first appeared in the *Sunday Afternoon*, in March, 1879, under the title, "Walking with God." It was composed of three eight-line stanzas, of which only the first and last are given, as the second is not adapted to the purposes of promiscuous public worship, although admirable for private devotion.

367 *"Altogether lovely."* P. M.

FAIREST Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer! Jesus is purer!
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
And fair the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter! Jesus shines purer!
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

THE OBERAMMERGAU CHRIST.

It is said that the German knights of the twelfth century on their way to Jerusalem were wont to sing the original of this hymn. Such a statement, however, is scarcely compatible with the fact that the piece cannot be traced to any date earlier than 1677. It is to be found in the *Fulda Hymn-Book*, 1695, and

the translation here cited appeared in 1850 in *Church-Chorals and Choir Studies*, a compilation of hymns by Richard S. Willis. Although for some time Mr. Willis' name has been affixed to this poem, he has lately disclaimed all literary connection with it, and says he does not know the name of the real translator, nor where he obtained it for his book.

Richard Storrs Willis is a brother of the poet N. P. Willis, and was born in Boston, Mass., 1819. He resides in Detroit, Mich., and has been well known as a musician and as a writer on musical art for many years.

The secret of the Crusaders' successes in all that wild conflict with the Saracens which resulted in the capture of Jerusalem, is found in the passionate, individual, personified ideal they had of Jesus Christ as the rightful King of the world, the Glory of the race, the Head of the Church. They seemed to see him as they prayed; they had visions of him in the air; they thought of him and spoke of him as with the fondness of a lover. And afterwards, when the returning knights covered the continent, they left their impress on all the traditions and faiths of the people. Out of this grew much of that deeply reverent and exquisitely artistic conception of the Oberammergau Passion Play which arrests the admiration of the world. Joseph Mayr's personification of Jesus may be no portrait of the Master, but those who look upon that marvelous countenance in the agony may be pardoned for saying it made them think more than ever before of the Saviour of men.

368 *The Great Teacher.* L. M.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

One of Sir John Bowring's most popular hymns, in wide use through all the churches. It celebrates the fame of that Great Teacher who spake as never man spake, and whom the common people always heard gladly. We have at the present day too much of harangue and speculation in the pulpit, too much that goes out in the air over the heads of the listeners who want to hear the Master saying, "Come, all ye weary ones, and rest." A friend of the poet-clergyman, William Bowles, tells how he spent a Saturday evening at Bremhill rectory, where Dr. Croly was also a guest, having come to preach the following day. Dr. Croly was remarkable for his powerful eloquence, while Mr. Bowles' style was characterized by simplicity. Lord Lansdowne was the most distinguished member of the village congregation. In the course of the conversation the good rector suddenly exclaimed to the narrator, "I hope your friend will not preach to the marquis tomorrow, but to the peasantry." The hint was not lost, as the eloquent preacher delivered a most pastoral and beautiful discourse, alike instructive to peer and plowman.

369 *"Holy, harmless."* L. M.

How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

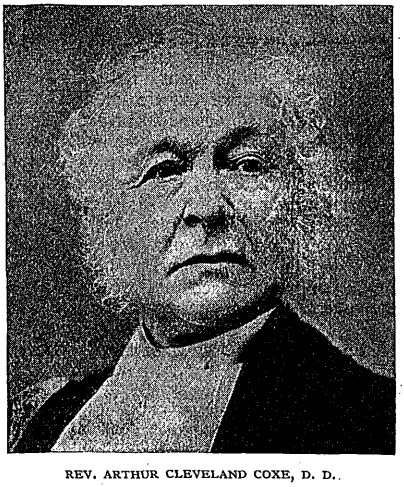
2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Even death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee:
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D., LL. D., published this hymn in his *Christian Ballads*, 1840. It consists there of seven double stanzas, and from these the ones are chosen which seemed fittest for singing in the ordinary services of the house of God. The now venerable author was born in Mendham, N. J., May 10, 1818, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D., was settled as the pastor of the Presbyterian church in the days before his great fame had brought him forward into the celebrity he attained afterward as one of the leaders of the denomination. Between this father and this son there were always differences of opinion that gave rise to anecdotes without number which have grown trite with repetition—differences which were much more serious than badinage could cover. When the old man eloquent was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, where probably his best work was done



REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

and his highest reputation reached, this son made public profession of religion, and his name stands still upon the roll of the members.

In 1838 Arthur Cleveland Coxe graduated from the University of New York, changed his name and his church affiliation, and was thereafter reckoned as an Episcopalian. He was admitted to the diaconate in that denomination in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, June 27, 1841; to the priesthood, September 25, 1842. His first charge seems to have been that of St. Ann's Church in Morrisania, but shortly afterward he became the rector of St. John's Church in Hartford, Conn., and then in 1854 he removed to Maryland, and was the rector of Grace Church in Baltimore. Nine years of faithful and brilliant service there brought him to the rectorship of Calvary Church in New York city. While thus settled he was elected to the office of Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York. He was consecrated to the Episcopate at Geneva, N. Y., January 4, 1865, since which he has resided in Buffalo, and exercised his office with great vigor and wide popularity among the churches.

370 *"He healed them."* L. M.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

James Montgomery included this needed but rather commonplace hymn in his collection, and entitled it, "For the Opening of the Sheffield General Infirmary, October, 1797." This date marks the time when, under his somewhat peculiar persecutions, the author was held in prison, and solaced his tedious hours by writing religious poetry. It is possible that these stanzas, so patiently commending the miracles of our Lord as exemplary of the truest and the highest benevolence, were composed behind the grating of a cell.

371 *"How shall I copy?"* L. M.

How shall I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

3 Oh, let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

5 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But thou canst give the victory.

This plain piece of versification, first published in the *Star in the East*, 1824, owes its popularity and power, not so much to poetic excellence in its construction as to spiritual fervor in its sentiment. It might be offered almost as the chief motto of Josiah Conder's life; he wrote it from his full heart. It aims to identify one's life with Christ's life; to accept him as the Leader, the Model, the Master, of one's entire existence. It is this intense regard for Jesus the Saviour that makes itself felt in Conder's hymns, this loyalty, this love, this longing, which will explain the fact that the number of his accepted pieces in common use ranks next to that of Watts and Wesley in all the churches.

372 *The Divine Pattern.* L. M.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Dr. Isaac Watts included this in his *Hymns*, Book II., No. 139, as illustrating "The Example of Christ." It is a tame sort of poem; it is useful, however, in certain exigencies, to follow a discourse upon the believer's conformity to Christ. It depicts the process of studying the pattern, of transcribing the virtues, and so attaining the image of the Lord Jesus in one's self. The familiar text (Ephesians 5:1), "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children," is rendered rightly in the Revised Version, "Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children." This command of the apostle is not obeyed so easily as, at first sight, one would think. It requires care and patient labor. We have just learned of the death of the famous painter, Meissonier; in one of his obituaries this incident is related concerning his persistent and ingenious industry in doing his best work: "Meissonier spared no pains to make his pictures accurate in detail and faithful representatives in every respect. When he painted the '1814' he borrowed the emperor's famous blue overcoat from the museum where it was carefully guarded and had it exactly reproduced by a tailor. To secure the desired atmospheric effects, he put the coat on, mounted a 'lay' horse, and painted before a mirror in an open room on his roof in a snow-storm. He was equally exact in the details of all his important pictures."

373 *An unseen Saviour.* 7s, 6s. D.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favor,
All other names above;
CHO.—We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;—CHO.

3 In thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine;—CHO.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;
CHO.—We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The name of Frances Ridley Havergal has become to thousands of Christians in all parts of the world a household word. Born December 14, 1836, she was the youngest daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, then rector of Astley, Worcestershire, afterward of St. Nicholas, Worcester, England. She was a singularly bright, clever child, early giving promise of the gifts so fully developed in later years. The little book in which she wrote her childish hymns and rhymes begins with verses written at the age of seven; from nine years old upward she wrote long and amusingly-descriptive letters in perfect rhyme and rhythm.

Miss Havergal was never married. She lived a happy, peaceful, and useful life, engaged in writing books of prose and poetry. Her health was precarious, and at times she suffered painfully from disease. But her Christian trust was supreme over every trial.

She had an intense love for music and a rare and excellent gift in the composition of tunes. While I was in Leamington once a friend pointed out to me the very piano on which she used to play familiarly from memory the most glorious of Handel's strains as well as those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Her voice was wonderfully expressive and sweet, though never very strong. So she lived along with a rich growth of divine grace derived from her sorrows every day. By and by she died at Caswall Bay, near Swansea in Wales, June 3, 1879. It is impossible to epitomize a life that seems so full of courage, faith, sympathy for others, forgetfulness of self, industry and intense devotion, as this of that minister's daughter seems to us who judge it as a whole. She wrote so many books, and sent so many letters: it was marvelous. And God blessed everything she did.

This hymn was written at Leamington in 1870, and published in a volume of Miss Havergal's poems, *Under the Surface*, 1874, with the title, "Our King.—Psalm 45: 11." It has four stanzas and a chorus.

374 *"With Palms."* 7s, 6s. D.

ALL glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthem
Before thee we present.

3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

In the ninth century, very near its beginning, for the author died in 821 A. D., the old Latin hymn beginning, "*Gloria, laus, et honor*," was composed by Theodolphus, the Bishop of Orleans. The translation of it into English was made by Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale, and will be found now in his *Mediæval Hymns*. At one time in his history this excellent bishop was accused by his enemies of aiding a conspiracy against the reigning monarch. He was thrown into prison at Anjou, and it is said by some authorities that it was during this period of confinement that he wrote the fine poem which bears his name. At all events it is a historic fact that he chanted it himself on one Palm Sunday from the grated window of his cell. It commemorated the entry of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem, when the people of the Hebrews with palms before him went, and when the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.

375 *"God, our Saviour."* 7s, 6s. D.

To thee, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I 'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
Well pleased the Lord shall hear:
Oh, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I 'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee—
What could an angel more?

Rev. Thomas Haweis, LL. B., M. D., was born at Truro in Cornwall, 1732, of an aristocratic family, and received a liberal education. He was converted while still very young, and became a devoted Christian. Although he had begun the study of medicine, he entered at Christ's College, Cambridge; he was graduated, and immediately took holy orders. Appointed in 1757 to a curacy in Oxford, his success as a preacher was marked, but he was not allowed to remain long. The bishop of the diocese disagreed with his views, and he removed to London to assume a charge at the Lock Hospital, a place where peculiarly depraved characters were to be met. His work there was faithful, but in 1763 he was transferred to the rectorate of All Saints, at Aldwincle; there he remained to the end of his honored and prosperous life. He was chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, and officiated for several years at her private chapel. He died peacefully at Bath, February 11, 1820. Dr. Haweis was a man of great learning and wrote about two hundred and fifty hymns, many of which are still in common use. He said of them: "They are such as my heart indited, and they speak of the things which I have believed concerning my God and King. They all point to one object—to a crucified Jesus."

376 *Children's Hosannas.* 7s, 6s. D.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
Well pleased to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud hosanna
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosanna raise.
But should we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, should be the Lord's.

Instantly, upon reading these stanzas, we have a vision of the triumphal entry of the Christ into Jerusalem: "And the children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David!" The name of the Rev. John King has been affixed to the hymn, but to establish his identity as its author is rather difficult. It appeared first in the *Psalmist, A Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, published in London in 1830, with the signature "J. King." Rev. John Gwythe, one of the compilers of that book, stated that this stood for "Joshua King, late Vicar of Hull." From the registers of Eyton Church, Wellington, Shropshire, where Mr. King was at one time curate, we learn that his Christian name was John; that he graduated from Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1814; and became incumbent of Christ Church, Hull, in 1822. He died September 12, 1858.

This hymn is very familiar to congregations on both sides of the sea, and is a special favorite with the children of the Sunday Schools. It has been deemed worthy a place as a Third-Rank Hymn of the future in *Anglican Hymnology*.

377 *Matt.* 11:28. 7s, 6s. D.

"COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night:
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife:
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made me mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless—
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

This is another of the excellent hymns of the surgeon—"the beloved physician" he might well be called—William Chatterton Dix. It was published first in the *People's Hymnal* (English), 1867. Its plaintive sentiment (like that of "Lead, kindly Light," by Newman) owes much to the matchless music of Dr. Dykes, to which it is usually sung. *Vox Jesu* is a worthy sister to *Lux Benigna* in the circle of seraphic tunes on earth. The dramatic force of the piece comes from its simpleness. The compiler of *Laudes Domini* would like to record one memory which is full of longing for a chance of acknowledgment. Broken in health almost to hopelessness, he went over the ocean in 1881 for rest. At St. Pancras' Protestant Episcopal Church in London, he was privileged to listen to a purely gospel sermon, preached by Rev. Canon Spence. It was one of the plainest, the strongest, the gentlest, of all discourses he ever heard from a Christian pulpit; the most truly evangelical in doctrine and tender in invitation. And now as he sits here writing, he humbly hopes some chance wind or bird may take his thanks to that preacher for the help he brought him in his sore weakness and heavy trouble. Then one male voice broke the silence after prayer with two lines of song—slowly and intelligibly spoken, as Jesus may have spoken them—"Come unto me, ye weary, and I will give you rest." A short pause of an instant, and the arches rang with the full choir: "Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus!" After service I waited, found out where tune and hymn came from, and gave them my highest place of honor as the best I shall ever hear this side of heaven.

378 *Heaven begun below.* 7s, 6s. D.

I BUILD on this foundation—
That Jesus and his blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true eternal good.
To mine his Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.

2 My merry heart is springing,
And knows not how to pine:
'T is full of joy and singing,
And radiancy divine.
The sun whose smiles so cheer me
Is Jesus Christ alone:
To have him always near me
Is heaven itself begun.

Richard Massie is an English Episcopalian, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, residing at Pulford Hall, in Coddington, Cheshire. Some very fine translations of Spitta's, Luther's, and Gerhardt's hymns into English have rendered his name familiar on both sides of the ocean. He is the eldest of a family of twenty-two children, and was born June 18, 1800, in Chester, where his father was for many years the minister over the parish of St. Bride. This hymn was rendered by him from the one of Rev. Paul Gerhardt beginning, "*Ist Gott fur mich, so trete.*"

379 *"Fear no more."* 7s, 6s. D.

OH, how shall I receive thee,
How meet thee on thy way;
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by thine own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing
And welcome in thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My soul, in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to thy name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of his Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell translated this from Rev. Paul Gerhardt's hymn, "*Wie soll ich dich empfangen,*" 1653. The piece was published in his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1851. The reference evidently is to the songs of the children in the temple when they bade a welcome to Jesus as he made his royal entry into Jerusalem just before his crucifixion. It constitutes a fitting piece for what is celebrated in many of the churches as Palm Sunday in the Christian year.

380 *Hebrews* 13:13. 7s, 6s. D.

My Saviour, I would own thee
Amid the world's proud scorn,
The world that mocked and crowned thee
With diadem of thorn;
The world that now rejects thee
Makes nothing of thy love,
Counts not the grace and pity
That brought thee from above.

2 My Lord, my Master, help me
To walk apart with thee
Outside the camp, where only
Thy beauty I may see:
Far from the world's loud turmoil,
Far from its busy din,
Far from its praise and honor,
Its unbelief and sin.

3 Oh, keep my heart at leisure
From all the world beside,
In close communion, ever
Thus with thee to abide—
So all thy whispered breathings
Of love and truth to hear;
And hail thee with rejoicing,
When thou shalt soon appear.

Mrs. Rebekah Hope Taylor, daughter of Hon. Samuel Morley, M. P., was the wife of Herbert W. Taylor, and belonged to the religious body known as the Plymouth Brethren. In the *Enlarged London Hymn Book*, 1873, there are to be found four of her poems, the one given here being the favorite. Mrs. Taylor died November 8, 1877, and in the following year her *Letters* were published. This hymn is useful in that it presents one passage of Scripture which illustrates one phase of our Lord's life; it gives voice in song to Hebrews 13:11–13: "For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high-priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."

381 *"Friend of Sinners."* 8s, 7s, 7s.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now above all glories raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

Very likely this would be considered by many as the most widely known and the most tenderly cherished piece of Rev. John Newton's composition. It can be found in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, where it is No. 53 of Book I. What commends these stanzas to Christian hearts is the prevailing sentiment embodied in every one of them that our Lord, the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," was actuated by a positive, active, seeking love for the sinner, before that sinner had even become a subject of grace. We must read the life of Jesus Christ as the mere unfolding of this love. There is no explanation of Bethany tears outside of it. He might have taught a Samaritan woman professionally, like any other rabbi upon the road; but he never would have "sat thus" on the well unless he had loved her soul and longed to save it by the truth. Simon the Cyrenian would have said he was uplifting an unknown malefactor's cross, as he unwillingly came in behind Jesus and raised the timber on his shoulder. But what he was doing really was this—he was succoring eternal Love bearing a burden which for the moment proved too much for its physical embodiment. Peter saw Love walking upon the water; John the Baptist pointed out Love on the shore of the Jordan; Mary Magdalene spoke to Love on the excited morning of the resurrection; Judas kissed Love when he swung the lantern before the face of Jesus; Love had been kneeling under the old olives, and had left drops of blood-sweat on the grass. A whole biography there is, which cannot be read at all unless read as an unfolding of the love of God in Jesus Christ for men.

382 *Healing the Sick.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the weary cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

2 Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall;
Lay we humbly at thy feet,
Suppliants round thy mercy-seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share:
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants to thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
Every law of love fulfilling,
Every comfort to impart:
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

5 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
To thy healing power yield;
Till the sick and sad in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
Shall the saints together meet,
Pardoned at thy judgment seat!

This hymn is entitled, "On Behalf of Hospitals;" and it has to be admitted that the advertisement of it is rather commonplace. It was written by Rev. Godfrey Thring in 1870, at the request of Prebendary Hutton of Lincoln Cathedral, and was first published in his *Supplement*, next year. It is a useful series of good stanzas, without much poetic fervor, or artistic construction, or dramatic force; but it lays hold of a singer's heart because of its simple acceptance of the Master's humility and self-forgetfulness in work.

It is not rare, the spectacle of a believer laboring sedulously to construct a sort of show, in the center of which he expects to appear. Highly imaginative temperaments there are, full of ingenious invention. Life is a drama, and they occupy themselves in fashioning poses and writing parts for delivery. They see *themselves*—feeding the poor. They see *themselves*—going on a foreign mission. They see *themselves*—marching at the head of an infant-class. They love to contrive plots, the up-shot of which is unusual. They get up tableaux of Christian zeal; the band plays, the drapery is drawn—there they are! The sadness of this is, their utmost wisdom fails. They never reach the desired ripeness in the schemes. They betray themselves with self-consciousness. And the thing which is most healthy to observe is, that at the promising moment (so considered) the entire scheme falls into foolishness, simply because their own piety, supplemented by their own good sense, withdraws them from the melodrama just in time to be safe. But no life, thus running on in dreamy scenic effects, can be a thoroughly useful, or even a happy one. Christians are not stage-heroes and heroines. Quaint surprises are not what a father wants from his children; nor will visionary children increase either in love or likeness to their father by rehearsing little speeches they mean to make to him, accompanied with gestures.

Oh, grand—commonplace—tender—plain—earnest—life was that of the Master! How unconscious, how majestic, just in its naturalness of labor and love! He that puts that Life before him always will end this vacillation, this melancholy, this thought of unappreciated merit, this far-off look into impossible regions of imaginative labor and sacrifice; and will go on honest errands just to save the soul that stands next to him.

"Jesus wept." 8s, 7s, 7s.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

Rev. John Ross Macduff, D. D., was born at Bonhard, near Perth, in Scotland, May 23, 1818, and studied at the University of Edinburgh. In 1842 he became parish minister of Kettins, Forfarshire, where he remained until 1849, when he took charge of St. Madoes in Perthshire. In 1855 he was settled over a church in Glasgow, his last pastorate, as he retired from the ministry in 1871, and went to live at Chislehurst, Kent. Dr. Macduff has written about forty hymns, some of which have kept a place in popular love. One of the best known is given here; its refrain leads us back to the story in the eleventh chapter of John. Although Bethany has vanished from the maps, it will never be forgotten by Christians. To them the little village over the hill, a couple of miles from Jerusalem, will always recall the Saviour's sympathy with human sorrow. That shows how an idea can last longer than a monument.

384 *"Near the Cross."* P. M.

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone!

2 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn:
'T was our sins brought him from heaven,
These the cruel nails had driven:
All his griefs for us were borne.

3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live.

THE OBERAMMERGAU MARY.

The author of *English Hymns* tells us that the ancient Latin poem of which this is a translation was the work of one of the queerest and quaintest of the ancient singers. His name is a nickname; *Jacoponus* means "Silly James." He is more dignifiedly known as Jacobus de Benedictis. But the *Dictionary of Hymnology* does not accept such a conclusion. It bewilders us with the mention of many claimants besides, and in the end seems to favor Pope Innocent III. as having a supreme place in the composition. It came into popular use in the fourteenth century by the Flagellants' singing of it on their way from town to town; but it was composed a hundred years before that.

The music of Rossini has rendered the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa* famous in modern times. But no Protestant could ever sing such a thing; it is simply a gush of worship

of the Virgin Mary, a passionate prayer to a dead woman to be one's intercessor. It required the exquisite taste and perfect feeling of Dr. James Waddell Alexander to catch and preserve the matchless meaning of the human sentiment and yet avoid the mariolatry. He seems with the delicacy of genius to have instinctively separated the pathos from the passion, and so brought us a true hymn which the Church may easily receive, giving all the loving tenderness of pity to the loving mother, and all the supreme gratitude of praise to the divine Jesus—where it belonged. The piece may be found in his *Breaking Crucible and Other Translations*, 1861. The portrait added above is taken from a photograph of rare excellence, and well represents the personified Virgin of the Passion Play.

385 *Gethsemane.* L. M.

'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone.
'T is midnight; in the garden, now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

This author, Rev. William Bingham Tappan, was born October 29, 1794, at Beverly, Mass. He became in 1805 an apprentice in Boston; he removed to Philadelphia in 1815, where, after a short time spent in teaching at Somerville, N. J., he entered the service of the American Sunday School Union, 1826. As the representative of this society for the four succeeding years he resided in Cincinnati, Ohio, returning to Boston in 1837. Though still remaining in the service of the Union even down to the date of his death, he began preaching in 1841; at the outset he acted as an evangelist, but soon connected himself with the Congregational body. He died at West Needham, Mass., June 18, 1849.

Mr. Tappan early showed a marked fondness for books and study, although in the beginning of his career he had few advantages for the gratification of his taste. He was not a man of powerful genius, but the many books he published afford sufficient proof that his artistic ability as a writer was one of his strongest characteristics. *New England and Other Poems* was the first work he issued from the press; this was in 1819, and several volumes followed this in turn. The hymn before us is found in his volume of *Poems*, 1822; it has four stanzas and is entitled "Gethsemane."

386 *"'T is finished!"* L. M.

"'T is finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'T is finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'T is finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'T is finished!—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'T is finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round·
'T is finished—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Dr. Samuel Stennett's works, entitled, *On Personal Religion*, were published in three volumes in 1824. These included a memoir, and with them at the end were given thirty-four of his hymns. Five others, and among them this one, were found in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. It is related in this good man's biography that during his last sickness he was compelled to use a gargle with vinegar among the ingredients of it for a relief to his throat. Once while taking this he quoted the words used in Psalm 69:21: "And in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Then he added: "When I reflect upon the sufferings of Christ I am ready to ask, What have I been thinking of all my life? What he did and suffered are now my only support." The connection of this sentiment with the refrain of the hymn is very close, for the record reads thus: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished." The poetry, however, was written long before this conversation occurred.

The one word in the Greek, which in our English version we take three words to render, is "*Tetelestai!*" It is a single verb without so much as a nominative. What was it that was finished? For one thing, certainly the personal suffering of Jesus Christ in the crucifixion was finished. He was dying now. We cannot pretend to define in what the anguish of Christ on the cross consisted: but whatever it was, he had now at last come to the end of it. We recollect also that Jesus had begun to show a measure of inexplicable dread as he neared the time of his death.

He kept talking concerning a mysterious "hour," and seemed filled with solicitude about what it was to discharge on him. "Father, save me from this hour," was his petition. In this explosive utterance on the cross he has touched the supreme degree of his satisfaction. The fright is all over; the forced calmness disappears; and this cry is an outburst of self-congratulation that his terrible cup has been entirely drained. He knows now that all physical pains and all spiritual horrors are exhausted. And so he sends out before an anxious universe this "loud voice" like a bulletin from a field of battle. He is all through the charge, right, safe, at rest.

387 *"The wondrous Cross."* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

This was made for Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, where it appears as No. 7 in Book III.; he gives to it as usual a title and text: "Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ: Gal. 6:14." A few years ago one of the religious magazines in London invited its readers to vote upon the hymns in use among the churches by sending in lists containing the best hundred of them all. A prize was offered for that one which should most nearly represent the general verdict. Almost four thousand papers were received; fifty-five different authors were included in the approval; Toplady, with his incomparable "Rock of Ages," stood confessedly the first. But Charles Wesley, with seven hymns, and Isaac Watts, with seven also, followed next. Every one said Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul" was his best; and every one said Watts' best was "When I survey the wondrous cross."

388 *"For me."* L. M.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

This is readily recognized as one of Dr. Horatius Bonar's poems. We have taken it from the first series of his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857. It has grown familiar and beloved in all the churches. It is a celebration of the simple substitution of Christ for the sinner in the plan of salvation: it shows what poetry in singing can do with strict truth. In these days there is much said about reforming Christianity, or possibly of putting it aside altogether, and replacing it with what is called "The Religion of Humanity." The suggestions are not novel. The religion of Christ had scarcely made its way in the world before men were ready with improvements of its methods and substitutions for its doctrines. But Christianity still lives, and few, save students of ecclesiastical history, can recall the scores of its imitations.

The reformers of Christianity might find a significant answer to their suggestions in one of Talleyrand's retorts, which was one of the wisest he ever uttered. The theophilanthropist Larevellère Lepeaux once confided to Talleyrand his chagrin. He had labored to bring into vogue a sort of improved Christianity, which should be both a benevolent and a rational religion. With expressions of mortification, he admitted that he had failed, for the skeptical age would have nothing to do with his improved religion. "What, my friend, shall I do?" he mournfully asked. The wily ex-bishop and diplomat politely condoled with the disappointed reformer. He hardly knew, he said, what to advise in a matter so difficult as the improvement of Christianity. "Still," said he, after a moment's pause, and with a smile, "there is one plan you might try." His friend's attitude and look showed how eager he was to be advised. But what would the advice be? There was a somewhat prolonged silence before Talleyrand answered. "I recommend to you," he said, "to be crucified for mankind, and to rise again on the third day!" It was

a lightning flash, and the reformer stood, at least for the moment, awed and reverent before the stupendous fact suggested by the great diplomat.

389 *Christ Dying to Save us.* C. M. D.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

This was first published by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander in her *Hymns for Little Children*, 1848. Like most other things done for God's youngest sons and daughters, it is very popular with the oldest. It is a pathetic picture of Jesus in his suffering on Calvary; and the tenderness with which the lesson of fidelity is pressed constitutes the indescribable force and charm of the hymn. The site of this historic spot is now identified by scholars as being on the crown of the knoll just north of Jerusalem, near the Damascus Gate: outside of the city wall, but close by the old town in which so much history and heart and hope are centered for the children of God.

390 *"It is finished!"* 8s, 7s, 4s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky:
"It is finished!"—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 Now redemption is completed,
Sin atoned, the curse removed,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
At his rising fully proved.
All is finished!
Here our hopes do rest unmoved.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Much discussion has wasted much time in years past over the question whether Rev. Jonathan Evans wrote this hymn; but settlement now appears to have been reached. It is credited to him by the latest authorities on both sides of the ocean, as having appeared in *Burder's Collection of Hymns*, 1784. The sentiment it suggests is pathetic and noble. Jesus cried out, "It is finished!" He thus proclaimed before the universe that his words in the great intercessory prayer had been absolutely true: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." He had met man's desperate need as a transgressor. He had satisfied the law's demand in God's government. "It is finished!" means that, in the death of this Christ of God, the death of all sinful humanity, with the resurrection of all redeemed souls, was completed absolutely and for ever. Jesus Christ had answered every Scriptural type with an antitype. He was the Shepherd, and the Fellow, against whom the sword was lifted. He was the true Brazen Serpent, exhibited in the wilderness of Sinai. He was the Wonderful Counselor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. He was the real Isaac bound on the pile for sacrifice. He was the Branch, the Plant of renown, the Star, the Rock, the Scape-goat; and he was the Lamb and the Turtle-dove for the sacrifices of the poor. When he made this exclamation he had fulfilled every ancient prophecy concerning himself. He "had bruised the head of the serpent." He had "cut Rahab and wounded the dragon." He was in person the Messiah, who was cut off "in the midst of a week," and that not for himself. He had been born at Bethlehem, had come out of Nazareth, had been crucified at Jerusalem. He was the prophet whose day Abraham had seen afar off and been glad. Thus he had exhaustively discharged that entire former dispensation in a new one.

391 *"All-atoning sacrifice."* S. M.

OH, perfect life of love!
All, all is finished now—
All that he left his throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, his sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But he has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on his thorn-crowned head,
And on his sinless soul
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That he might make us whole.

5 In perfect love he dies;
For me he dies, for me;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to thee!

We find this hymn accredited to Sir Henry Williams Baker, but little notice seems to have been taken of it in the British hymnals. It fits a niche in real serviceableness, and is of itself full of significance. The author contributed it to the revised edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875. When Jesus Christ died he cried out, "It is finished!" It was the boast of those who spoke Greek, that, such were the capabilities of their compact and beautiful tongue, they could give "a sea of matter in a drop of language." Only one word did our Lord use, but "the world itself could not contain" all its significance. The instant his final breath was drawn, the vail of the temple was rended from the top to the bottom; the sacred secrets of that ancient mystery in the Holy of Holies were thrown open to the world. The day of the temple had passed; the downfall of Jerusalem was near. So we see that in the utterance of this cry on the cross Jesus Christ announced that his human biography was complete. And now this would have to be perpetuated in a book. Within less than a hundred years there would not be on the earth any one of the people who ever saw him or heard him speak. He must fashion his entire career—its actions, its sayings, it purposes, its gifts, its fervors, its prayers—all into one such entirety as that it could be pictured with words which should live for ever. The book was finished when Jesus lifted this loud cry. That was his shout of exultation. We have in literature a fine chapter which details the thoughts and emotions of the historian Gibbon on the evening of his completing that great work which bears his name. But how feeble a figure is this by which even to attempt to describe the joy and satisfaction with which this Son of Man, who was the Son of God, wrote his final line in the volume that contained his life. So perfect is this, that infidels and fierce unbelievers, who deny him full divinity, are still constrained to accredit to him the unquestioned position as the *Primus Homo*—the chief Man of men, the unchallenged Head of his race.

392 *The two Looks.* C. M.

I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

This hymn, which used to be printed with another stanza as the first, beginning "In evil long I took delight," is the more interesting to Christian hearts because it purports to be the religious experience pictured truly which the author, Rev. John Newton, wished to give as his testimony to the saving grace of Jesus. He contributed it to the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It affords a very forcible suggestion to be made to any penitent sinner seeking salvation. It places the doctrine of justification by faith at the front as being the genuine help of one's soul rather than the mystic doctrine of regeneration by the Holy Ghost, or the more mysterious doctrine of election by God the Father. This penitent pirate, this "wretched worm," as he often called himself, *seemed to see* the Saviour on the cross, in the very act and article of crucifixion. Jesus was looking at him; the "languid eyes," weak with pain, and dull with death so close at hand, were "fixed" upon him. Newton felt that he was responsible for that awful spectacle at which the universe was shuddering. The Christ said nothing—only he gave one long look. Then the sinner cried out in deep response of remorse and shame and pity, and tried to hide himself from the condemning eyes, so pitiful, so reproachful, so tender. While he watched, however, Jesus looked again. There was explanation in the gaze, there was love in it, there was help in it—that is, there were justification and free grace in it, and John Newton's soul was saved. That which showed him his guilt and helplessness showed him also his pardon and hope.

393 *"O Christ of God!"* C. M.

O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

4 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

5 In patient hope, the cross I 'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare
On thy great judgment-day.

It was the contemplation of a clause in a verse (Galatians 2:20) which led to the writing of this peculiarly tender crucifixion hymn by Dr. Ray Palmer. It first appeared in Jones' *Songs for the New Life*, 1869. It found its way into the religious periodicals, with only his surname attached to it; and so one of the collections took it up with no knowledge of its authorship. Worse than that, the compiler was led by some stern necessities of the case to curtail its length by the loss of a verse, and thought he could make freer with what he supposed was a waif. The instant grief, not indignation, with which this most sensitive of all sweet singers in Israel bewailed such mutilation of his intellectual offspring was equaled only by the urbane kindness with which he accepted the penitent explanation from one who evidently was sorrier than he was himself. It was on that occasion that this open-hearted Christian, who was always as frank as the day with trusted brethren, admitted that the verses of this hymn were more than usually dear to him because they described a real experience which he had once had—an outburst of actual tears in view of Jesus dying on the cross.

394 *"He remembers Calvary."* C. M.

How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

At the close of one of his letters, lately brought to light, Dr. Isaac Watts, to whom have been by some attributed sentiments almost Socinian in doctrine, referring to the common belief as to the Trinity of the Godhead, says: "All the explications I have yet seen do still leave great darkness upon it, which I expect will be cleared up when Christ's kingdom breaks forth in its power; for I believe it was in the apostles' days a much plainer and easier doctrine than all ages ever since have made it, since there were no controversies about it in their time." The present hymn is taken from Book III. of Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, and is entitled "Christ's Dying Love; or, Our Pardon Bought at a Dear Price." It has eight stanzas, and was written in 1707.

395 *"Grace unknown."* C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

It is likely that more conversions have been credited, in the wide round of Christian biography, to this hymn of Dr. Isaac Watts than to any other in the English language. It is No. 9 of Book II. in his *Hymns on Divine Subjects*, where it bears the title, "Godly Sorrow Arising from the Sufferings of Christ." In the third stanza there has always been one line which the Christians on both sides of the ocean, and of every denomination, have been reluctant to receive. Dr. Watts wrote it thus: "When God, the Mighty Maker, dy'd." Now, when we remember that this revered author has been violently accused of being so Unitarian in sentiment that Scottish Presbyterians cannot sing his versions of Psalms, even at Pan-Presbyterian Councils, it is refreshing to hear him assert such doctrinal extravagance in his zeal to be orthodox.

But still, although there is a certain measure of metaphysical truth in the statement, most sensibilities recoil from saying baldly that "God died." Moreover, the Scriptures represent Christ as the Creator of the world (John 1:3). Hence in one collection the line

reads: "When Christ, the Lord of glory, died." And another: "When Christ, the great Redeemer, died." And another: "When Christ, the Mighty Maker, died." And one, which in the small antithesis between "Creator" and "creature" seemed really quite felicitous, reads: "When Christ, the great Creator, died." This was chosen by the compiler of *Laudes Domini* as on the whole the smoothest. He did not make the change: he accepted it.

396 *Suffered for sin.* C. M.

OH, if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I 'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

From Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, Book II., No 106. It is given there with five stanzas, and is entitled, "Repentance at the Cross." The piece is remarkable for the introduction into its sentiment of a passionate exasperation of feeling and an implacable determination to destroy utterly the wickednesses—"the guilty things that made the Saviour bleed." It makes us think of the commendation which the apostle bestowed on some of his converts (II. Corinthians 7:11): here is the "indignation," as well as the "fear;" the "vehement desire," as well as the "zeal;" and specially the "revenge." When the regiment of Highlanders, at the crisis of the Sepoy Rebellion, arrived with the means of rescue too late, and drew up from the well at Cawnpore the mutilated remains of a young Englishwoman, it was no time for parley; the leader drew his sword and cut off one long tress from the locks of their countrywoman; this he divided among the soldiers. Then they all uncovered their heads in pitiful silence and swore that a life should suffer in retribution for every filament in the braid of that maiden's hair.

397 *"Upon the Cross."* 7s, 6s. D.

O JESUS, we adore thee
Upon the cross, our King:
We bow our hearts before thee;
Thy gracious Name we sing:
That Name hath brought salvation,
That Name, in life our stay;
Our peace, our consolation
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain thee,
Still pressing by thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain thee;
All else we count but loss.
The grief thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That thou thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee,
And nailed thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained thee—
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless thee,
No longer pass thee by;
O Jesus, we confess thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

This excellent hymn, for some reason or other, was suffered to go, for a period of years, without any recognition as to authorship. In one instance it was actually ascribed to Charles Wesley. It was written by Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell in 1851, as a song for Good Friday. It fitly voices the Passion Chorale of Johann Sebastian Bach.

398 *The Lamb of God.* 7s, 6s. D.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'T is only in thee hiding
I know my life secure—
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all the saints above.

This hymn, entitled by its author, "Christ's Presence Desired," was written by Rev. James George Deck, and was published first in *Psalms and Hymns, in two Parts*, 1842.

399 *At the Cross.* 7s, 6s. D.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;

Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserved thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

Paul Gerhardt is usually credited with the authorship of this hymn. But we have been told lately that his poem was after all only a version of one written long before by Bernard of Clairvaux. The German translation, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, brought the ancient lyric within reach of the common people, and it became very popular at once. Bernard wrote his verses five hundred years before this; he died in 1153, and Gerhardt gave his to the world in 1656. The Latin hymn is entitled *Ad faciem Christi in cruce pendentis;* and the first line of the five stanzas, each consisting of ten lines, reads thus: *Salve, caput cruentatum.* Dr. Alexander composed his translation in 1829, but does not appear to have printed it until, twenty years after, he contributed it to the *Deutsche Kirchenfreund*, then under the care of Dr. Philip Schaff. Since then it has had a fixed and notable place in all the collections.

Rev. James Waddell Alexander, D. D., was born at Hopewell, near Gordonsville, Louisa County, Va., March 13, 1804. He died at the Red Sweet Springs, Va., July 31, 1859. He received his academical training at Philadelphia, was graduated at Princeton in 1820, and studied theology in Princeton Seminary. In 1824 he was appointed a tutor, and during the same year he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J. During 1825–1828 he was in charge of a church in Charlotte County, Va., and from 1828 to 1830 was pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Trenton, N. J. His health failing, he resigned this charge and became editor of *The Presbyterian*, in Philadelphia.

He was professor of rhetoric and *belles-lettres* in Princeton College from 1833 till 1844, when he assumed charge of the Duane Street Church in New York city. From 1844 to 1851 he was professor of ecclesiastical history and church government in Princeton Theological Seminary, and in 1851 he was

REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

called to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he remained until his death.

Among his published works are: *Consolation; Thoughts on Preaching*; *Plain Words to a Young Communicant;* a series of essays entitled *The American Mechanic and Workingman; Discourses on Christian Faith and Practice; Gift to the Afflicted;* a biography of Dr. Archibald Alexander, and more than thirty volumes for the American Sunday School Union. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Princeton Review* and the *Biblical Repertory*. *Forty Years' Familiar Letters of James W. Alexander* was published by the surviving correspondent, Rev. John Hall, D. D., of Trenton, N. J.

These simple facts are necessary in any ordinary sketch of Dr. Alexander's career; but they seem very dry and unsatisfactory as a description of such a man's life in the generation of which he was a notable part. He was always prominent, always influential, always beloved. The people of his charge in his various pastorates honored and revered him with an affection and trust which will abide as long as Christian confidence endures. His later years, especially during the period when his health was failing, took on an appearance of gentleness and quiet, full of pathetic interest. Brilliant in intellect, studious and scholarly in habit and attainment, he commanded respect in every position he was summoned to fill. The vast and powerful congregation in New York, of which he was so long the useful pastor, has hardly yet ceased to be

called by his name. It is now more powerful than ever and more prosperous; but for some decades of remembered history those were its strongest men who were taught and trained under his ministry.

400 *"All-Forgiving!"* 7s, 6s. D.

LIFE of the world! I hail thee;
Hail, Jesus, Saviour dear!
I to thy cross could yield me,
Might I to thee be near.
Thyself, in all thy fullness,
My Lord, to me impart:
To thee I come as with me,
Yea, find thee in my heart.

2 Look on me, All-Forgiving!
Low at thy feet I bow.
Oh, all-divine thou seemest,
As I behold thee now!
I clasp with tender passion
Thy feet, so pierced for us,
The cruel wounds deep graven,
O'erwhelmed to see thee thus!

3 While here with thee I linger,
Take me, dear Saviour mine!
Oh, draw me to thee closer,
And make me wholly thine;
Say, "Be thou saved, O sinner!"
And gladly at thy call,
On thy sure word relying,
To thee I give my all.

This hymn was composed by St. Bernard of Clairvaux; of whom it has well been said by his biographer: "They canonized him in 1174—but it is better to have written a song for all saints than to be found in any breviary." He left behind him at his death a long poem in the Latin language, "*Salve Mundi salutare*;" to this he gave the title: "A rhythmical prayer to any one (whatever one you please) of the members of Christ, suffering and hanging on the cross." Parts of this in order were addressed to his feet, his knees, his hands, his side, his breast, his heart, his face. Dr. Ray Palmer published in the *Christian Union*, April 13, 1881, a translation of that portion addressed to Christ's feet; and three stanzas of this have been chosen for the hymn before us.

401 *The bleeding Lamb.* 7s. 6l.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly!
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul.

2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast:
Thine—for ever thine—I am!
Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb!

This hymn was written by Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., in 1863, and first published in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865. Its central thought is Jesus as a sacrifice, a theme which has inspired countless attempts of art to make it live again before our eyes. Music, poetry, sculpture, and painting, all have striven to reproduce the Bible scene: "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!" Doré has painted the whole of it; Guido Reni has painted the head with thorns around the forehead. Others have made similar attempts according to their fancy or their ability. It is a spectacle which attracts and discourages. Beyond them all, however, lies the fact, which each Christian will be likely to fashion before his own imagination. Jesus comes forth with his reed and his robe: *Ecce Homo!*

402 *Across Kidron.* 7s. 6l.

JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kidron's brook it lay;
In this place he loved to be,
And 't was named Gethsemane.

2 Came at length the dreadful night—
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3 View him in that olive-press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed in blood;
Hear him pray, in his distress,
With strong cries and tears to God:
Then reflect what sin must be
Gazing on Gethsemane.

This hymn by the Rev. Joseph Hart contained, in its original form, twenty-three stanzas of six lines each, and was published in his collection in 1759. It was entitled, "Gethsemane," and is a vivid picture of the mental and physical anguish through which our Lord passed in the garden, the night before his crucifixion. What the mind can do in its regnant power over the body has never been fully tested for record. The trouble is, the register breaks in the moment of measurement. We can hardly understand this curious effect of Jesus' distress upon him. The medical books, we are told, are not without authentic instances of strong mental emotions having bent and broken the physical frames of men. The cases are rare, but by no means unknown; and one historic illustration has

never been denied. It is recorded that Charles the Ninth, of France, was, upon his death-bed, so overcome by pangs of remorse under the awful recollection of the Saint Bartholomew massacre he had ordered, that his blood was actually driven through the pores of his skin, and stained the linen on which he lay. So that we need not regard the small cavils of those who declare the record incredible, even if taken in the most literal way. Sweat of blood is not frequent, certainly; but it cannot be called impossible.

403 *Gethsemane.* 7s. 6l.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;—
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

James Montgomery wrote this hymn in 1820; in 1825 it was published in the *Christian Psalmist*. By the time he issued his *Original Hymns*, 1853, it had been much altered; it appears now with four stanzas, and has the title, "Christ our Example in Suffering." The three lessons, which the author seems to think may be better learned from an actual visit to Gethsemane, are these: how to pray, how to bear the cross, how to die. Local associations are very powerful in swaying human thought. All Christian travelers have commented upon the impressive force of the surroundings when they were within the enclosure upon the Mount of Olives, now by the voice of old tradition set apart as the site of the "oil-press" to which Jesus was wont to resort. It was moonlight at the full, on the Passover night when Jesus went there last; "dark Gethsemane" was lit somewhat by the shining overhead, and the white beams must have illumined the trees. There are eight venerable olives now standing inside the wall; the Eastern moon fills them with suggestion. No other hour in all one's earthly history will equal in impressiveness and interest that spent in the Garden of Gethsemane. Even the rehearsals of this part of Christ's life ought to render us more gentle and more spiritual. We enter into a deeper union with a personal Christ. What must it be, then, to aid the imagination on the spot itself with all the local associations of the scene? Years may pass on; but the tenderest question ever put to any heart thereafter will be, "Did I not see thee with him in the garden?"

404 *Hope in Death.* P. M.

So rest, our Rest, thou ever blest,
Thy grave with sinners making:
By thy precious death, from sin
Our dead souls awaking.

2 Here hast thou lain after much pain,
Life of our life, reposing:
Round thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

3 Breath of all breath! we know from death
Thou wilt our dust awaken:
Wherefore should we dread the grave,
Or our faith be shaken?

4 To us the tomb is but a room
Where we lie down on roses:
He, who dying conquered death,
Sweetly there reposes.

5 The body dies—naught else—and lies
In dust until victorious
From the grave it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.

6 Meantime we will, O Jesus, still
Deep in remembrance lay thee,
Musing on thy death; in death
Be with us, we pray thee.

Salomo Franck was born at Weimar in Germany, March 6, 1659, and died in his native town, July 11, 1725. He wrote seven *Passion Hymns*, of which this is one beginning, "*So ruhest Du, O meine Ruh'*." The version in English now before us was made by Richard Massie in 1856. It is interesting and may be made useful in meditations concerning that period of time, so mysterious and pathetic, while Jesus was out of human knowledge and reach, between his burial and his resurrection.

405 *Christ in the Grave.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night:
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Dark and still the cell that holds him,
While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross he bore!
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head!

4 All night long with plaintive voicing
Chant his requiem soft and low:
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and hell at length are slain!
Christ hath triumphed! Christ doth reign!"

Descended from a family of Revolutionary heroes, when Rev. John Moultrie undertook to write a hymn, what more apt than that he should describe Christ's victory over death? This author was born in London, England, December 31, 1799, and was educated at Trinity College. His first and only charge was the rectorship of Rugby, which he obtained in 1828. Here he lived and labored until his death, which occurred December 26, 1874. He published a volume of poems in 1843, entitled *My Brother's Grave and other Poems;* but the piece we quote did not appear until 1858. It cannot be called strictly a hymn; but it meets a want which sometimes occurs when one wishes to sing concerning the burial of our Lord, and when night-services are held in connection with Good Friday.

406 *"The Debt of Love."* H. M.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

Written by Rev. Dr. Samuel Stennett, and published by Dr. Rippon in his *Selection*, 1787. It is a ringing Easter hymn, and has been worthily popular among Christians of every name.

407 *The stone rolled away.* H. M.

ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord!

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, &c.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, &c.

4 Oh, let your hearts be strong!
For we, like him, shall rise,
To dwell with him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!
Your voices raise, &c.

Another of Bishop William Walsham How's pieces, published in *Children's Hymns*, issued 1872, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London. It shows how alert the composers and writers of the English Church have been of late years to introduce the form of singing so peculiar to the American genius and taste. Almost everything we love and cherish has a refrain in it. "Red, White, and Blue," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," "Sweet Home," "The voice of free grace," "Rock of Ages," a large proportion of our favorites, secular and religious, are refrain pieces. Why object? That is the American "style."

408 *"Rejoice, the Lord is King!"* H. M.

REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, &c.

This piece is usually credited to Rev. Charles Wesley. It was published first in John Wesley's *Moral and Sacred Poems*, 1744, but it was rewritten afterward, and took its place in the *Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection*, 1746. The *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1892, says that Wesley wrote only the first stanza and the last two lines of each remaining stanza, and that John Taylor wrote the rest of the hymn.

It is peculiar in its use of the refrain annexed to all the six stanzas of the original draft. This was evidently founded upon Philippians 4:4. The whole hymn shows the fervor and enthusiasm of that remarkable movement out of which grew the great denomination bearing the Wesleyan name. It must have been a prime favorite in the outdoor meetings.

Robert Southey gives an incident of rather

odd interest. It seems that Charles and John Wesley in the early days of their Christian experience were in the habit of spending a part of the Sabbath walking in the fields and singing psalms. One Sunday while they were in the fields, and just about to begin to sing, a sense of their ludicrous situation came upon Charles, and he burst into loud laughter. John was horror-struck at his want of reverence, and he inquired in an angry tone, "Charles, are you distracted?" No sooner had he asked the question than he began to laugh as loud as Charles. They were obliged to return home without singing a line. It may have been this very piece they were singing at the time, and the recurrence of this most vigorous refrain may have rendered the two brothers demonstrative even to gesticulation. Then suddenly they happened to think how they must look if anybody should chance to see them.

409 *The Lord's Day.* 7s, 6s. D.

THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D., translated this from the Greek, and published it as an Easter song in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. He had an especial admiration for this part of the ancient canon for the Resurrection morning by St. John Damascene, to which he had furnished an English dress; he has given a vivid description of the way in which it used to be sung: "As midnight approached, the archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the king and queen, left the church, and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding an unlighted taper in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck and that Easter Day had begun; then the old archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud, exulting tone: '*Christos anesti!*' 'Christ is risen!' and instantly every single individual of all that host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long, with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, 'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers which, communicating to one from another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowd; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of a drum through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon, announced far and near these 'glad tidings of great joy;' while from hill and plain, from the seashore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket, ascending to the clear sky, answered back with its mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leaped for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed; and so, in truth, it was; and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth the glorious old hymn of victory, intoned loud and clear to tell the world how 'Christ is risen from the dead,' having trampled death beneath his feet, and henceforth they that are in the tombs have everlasting life."

410 *Our Advocate.* 7s, 6s. D.

O CHRIST, thou hast ascended
Triumphantly on high,
By cherub guards attended
And armies of the sky;
There, there thou standest pleading
The virtue of thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with God.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above thee:
But canst thou, Lord, forget
The little band who love thee
And gaze from Olivet?
Nay, on thy breast engraven
Thou bearest every name,
Our Priest in earth and heaven
Eternally the same.

3 Oh, for the priceless merit
Of thy redeeming cross,
Vouchsafe thy sevenfold Spirit,
And turn to gain our loss;
Till we by strong endeavor
In heart and mind ascend,
And dwell with thee for ever
In raptures without end.

A good Ascension Hymn by Bishop Edward Henry Bickersteth. It was so designed by the author, for he has placed it in his *From Year to Year*, 1883, in connection with the Sunday next to Ascension Day. The piece has one more double stanza than the three here chosen, and it is declared to have been based upon John 15:26. It is interesting to find how wide is the use which might be made of it. It fits the sentiment of I. John 2:1, for it presents our Lord as having ascended in order to be our Advocate. It also suggests the touching picture of the disciples as "gazing up into heaven," Acts 1:11. And it offers the assurance that Jesus is our High Priest, for ever, Exodus 28:29.

411 *He lives again.* 7s.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and, earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where 's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Rev. Charles Wesley is rightfully credited with the authorship of this good resurrection hymn. There are two others that begin with the same line. But this one is included in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

412 *Joy in the Lord.* 7s.

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

4 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blessèd here and everywhere;
Blessèd now and evermore!

This is found in Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages*, published about 1845. He has meant it to have as wide an application as possible, for he has entitled it "Sunday"—the Lord's Day being in every sense quite as good a memorial of Jesus' resurrection as Easter, and ensuring a much more frequent employment of the hymn, by reason of its swifter recurrence. There is in each verse a note of the highest triumph; and there is also an allusion to the words of our divine Master, Luke 19:40: "And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

413 *The Lord's Day.* 7s.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

This hymn is reckoned as one of the great three which have given Rev. Charles Wesley his fame as one of the chief religious poets of the church. The other two are, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Hark! the herald angels sing." And yet this particular piece of ten stanzas, published first in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, entitled, "Hymn for Ascension Day," has been subjected to more alterations than would be imagined by those at the present day who find such fault with the compilers for changing an author's words. Whitefield made extensive omissions and substitutions in 1753; Madan added to the number in 1760; Cotterill went forward with the work, giving us almost the exact form now accepted. These five stanzas have stood very nearly the same since 1820. But now and then, especially in the English collections, words and phrases are twisted and tortured according to the taste of those who felt called

to criticise. For much of this "tinkering" there can be no apology. But some of it is sure to stand. Does anybody want to go back, in the second line, to "*Ravished* from our wishful eyes," or to "Pompous to his native skies"? Would a good taste demand, in the last line, "Re-ascends his native heaven"? Would the strictest restorationists ask to have, "Prevalent his death he pleads," brought back into the fourth stanza? Now that the churches on both sides of the ocean have sung and learned the lines as they stand, does any one wish to take the responsibility of reproducing the original? If he should do this, most of God's people would accuse him of having "tinkered" the piece to which they are accustomed.

414 "*Hallelujah!*" 7s, 5l.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

The original hymn began, "*Christus ist erstanden*," and was written by Rev. Michael Weisse, a prominent representative of the "Bohemian Brethren;" he made it for the first hymn-book of that sect, which is now called "The Moravians," and it was published in 1531. The author was born at Neisse, in Silesia, 1480, and died in 1534. The English translation which is here given was made by Miss Catharine Winkworth in 1858, and is in the *Lyra Germanica*.

415 *The Grave of Jesus.* C. P. M.

COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said,
That he would rise again."

2 Oh, joyful sound! oh, glorious hour,
When by his own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What, though the saints like him shall die?
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord! in thee we live,
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
To thee our bodies trust.

In *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, this piece written by Rev. Thomas Kelly finds a place. It was first published in the author's *Hymns on Various Passages*, 1804, there commencing, "He is gone; see where his body lay." It was founded upon Matthew 28:6. It is of an unusual meter, and hence not so widely known.

416 "*Captivity captive.*" C. P. M.

JESUS, who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty power:
From sin, and death, and hell, set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God! look up and see
Your Saviour clothed in majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

3 His church is still his joy and crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

This hymn, written by the Rev. William Hammond, breathes all the deep religious feeling he seems to have attained after he joined the Moravian Brethren. It is found in his *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745. He entitled it simply "Easter."

417 "*With him in glory.*" C. P. M.

CHILDREN of light, arise and shine!
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,
Your home is in the skies.
Oh! then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

2 With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh! what is all the world to you?
What is it all but loss?
Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the cross.

3 O blessèd Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with thee in white.
We suffer now; but oh! at last
We'll bless the Lord for all the past,
And own our cross was light.

Sir Edward Denny wrote this stirring call to the church at large, publishing it in his *Selection of Hymns*, 1839. It bears the title,

"Looking unto Jesus," John 14:1. It bids the children of God to send their thoughts aloft, as if in full view of their Lord rising to his place at the Father's side, and consider their earthly lot in the light of his wonderful exaltation. They are to remember their "high celestial birth," and count everything less than that as "loss."

418 *"He is precious."* C. P. M.

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

The accounts we have of the author of this hymn are all copied from an article in *The General Baptist Magazine* for August, 1799, a month after his death; certain details, however, have been added, taken from a memoir published by his son in 1807. From this it appears that Rev. Samuel Medley was born at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, England, June 23, 1738. He was at first apprenticed to an oilman in London, but not liking the business, he claimed the privilege granted in that time of war of finishing the years of his apprenticeship in the navy. So, early in 1755, he became a midshipman and was borne out into the conflict of arms. He served in several actions on the sea, and was wounded severely in the fight off Cape Lagos in 1759. When the fleet was regularly recalled, he was carried back to the house of his grandfather in London. Mr. Tonge was a man of devout piety and great zeal, a deacon of the Baptist Church in Eagle Street, and his heart was stirred by an intense longing for the religious welfare of this young officer, whose life had thus far been wild and worldly. The old man's prayers were answered at last, and in December, 1760, Medley united with the Church with every evidence of a change in his whole life. Shortly after this he abandoned the naval service, was married in 1762, and began to prepare for the ministry. In August, 1766, he was licensed to preach, in 1767 became pastor of the Baptist Church in Watford, Hertfordshire.

In this charge he remained five years, then he was called to another Baptist church in Liverpool, which he served down to the day of his death, July 17, 1799. He was very popular in this town of ships, for he never forgot that he had been a sailor. He loved the men whose business was on the great waters, and his sermons were full of phrases which they knew, the vigor of which they felt. Clear down to his last moments he was characteristically quaint and professional. Among the words which he spoke on his dying bed are recorded: "I am now a poor shattered bark just about to gain the blissful harbor, and, oh, how sweet will be the port after the storm! But a point or two more, and I shall be at my heavenly Father's house!"

419 *Head of the Church.* C. P. M.

O BLESSED Jesus, Lamb of God,
Who hast redeemed us with thy blood
From sin and death and shame;
With joy and praise thy people see
The crown of glory worn by thee,
And worthy thee proclaim.

2 Head of the church: thou sittest there,
Thy bride shall all thy glory share—
Thy fullness, Lord, is ours:
Our life thou art—thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the victory gains
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

3 Soon shall the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
And all thy beauty see;
And, oh, what joy to see thee shine,
To hear thee own us, Lord, as thine,
And ever dwell with thee!

The spirit of Psalm 45 is in this exhilarating song. It was composed by Rev. James George Deck, and was published in the *Psalms and Hymns in Two Parts*, London, 1842. The picture of the Church, a King's Daughter, the Prince's Bride, standing by the side of her Groom, is very beautiful. "The king's daughter is all glorious within;" but the Lamb is fairer even than his wife; for "God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

420 *"Complete in him."* C. P. M.

COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours—
"In him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness—
"In him ye are complete!"

The hymns of Rev. Samuel Medley were habitually printed as leaflets in the first instance, and these he used in his services for distribution as early as 1786. Seventy-seven of them were gathered, 1789, into a small volume, and a larger book was made up, 1794. In 1800, after his death, a collection was issued containing two hundred and twenty hymns; this bore the title: *Hymns—The Public Worship and Private Devotions of True Christians, Assisted in some Thoughts and Verse; Principally drawn from Select passages of the Word of God.* In this is to be found the hymn now before us; it is a very fine illustration and an interesting reiteration of the inspired declaration (Colossians 2 : 10): "For in him (Christ) dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily: and ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power."

421 *"The first-fruits."* 8s, 7s. D.

HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At his second coming yield,
When the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with thee.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah! to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
To the Triune Majesty.

In each Russian city, on Easter morning, one old friend meets another and says, "The Lord is risen!" And the other responds, "The Lord is risen indeed!" We like that. "Then were the disciples *glad* when they saw the Lord." On the weary eyes of weeping people everywhere what radiant revelations of the future are flashed! "Christ rose, and I shall surely rise!" So it is well to keep singing. The day which commemorates a supreme event like this might well be the supreme day on earth. It was at least a pardonable extravagance when one high in the true faith exclaimed, "Easter is the Amen of God and the Hallelujah of humanity!"

This hymn is one of the few imitations of the ancient Hallelujahs which have been successful. It takes place instantly among the high-rank compositions of the language. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the present Bishop of Lincoln, in England, is its author; he published it first in his *Holy Year*, 1862.

422 *The Paschal Lamb.* 8s, 7s. D.

HAIL, thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened in the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Upon a tomb in the churchyard behind the City Road Chapel, London, is this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of John Bakewell, of Greenwich, who departed this life March 18, 1819, aged ninety-eight. He adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour

eighty years, and preached his glorious gospel about seventy years."

This venerable man was one of the earliest of Mr. Wesley's lay preachers. He was born at Brailsford, Derbyshire, England, in 1721. At about eighteen years of age his mind began to turn to things religious, and from that time onward he became a most earnest evangelist. He first began to preach in 1744. He was a friend of Wesley, Madan, Toplady, and other good men, and for some years conducted the Greenwich Royal Park Academy. Finally he gave his academical work into the hands of his son-in-law, Dr. James Egan, and then devoted his time to local preaching for the Wesleyans. Bakewell wrote several well-known hymns, but the piece before us is considered the best. A part of it appeared in 1757, and Madan published an abridgment of it in his collection, 1760. But the entire poem was given to Toplady by the author; and he, after altering it to suit his own strong Calvinistic views, published it in 1776.

423 *"Enthroned in glory."* 8s, 7s. D.

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

This is a part of the preceding hymn by Rev. John Bakewell, and is simply divided for the sake of convenience in the setting.

424 *"The blood that speaketh."* 8s, 7s. D.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus
Speaking in thine ears above:
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pardoning love.
Oh, receive us to thy favor—
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
Let us by his dying live.

2 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,"
Once he prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out, "Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me."
Still our Advocate in heaven
Prays the prayer on earth begun—
"Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!"

The *Methodist Hymnal* credits this to Rev. Charles Wesley. It is found in *Hymns on the Lora's Supper*, prepared by the two brothers while yet they signed themselves "Presbyters of the Church of England:" Bristol, 1745. Allusion is directly made to the passage in Hebrews 12:24: "And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." The significance of this contrast sends us back to the old story of the world's first awful crime: Genesis 4: 9, 10: "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Abel's blood cried for justice; Christ's blood cries for mercy; Abel's speaks of retribution, Christ's of pardon; Abel's of wrath unspeakable, Christ's of peace everlasting and secure.

425 *"Shall see his face."* 8s, 7s. D.

"WE shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on his lofty throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!
There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

2 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.
There to cast our crowns before him,
Oh, what bliss the thought affords!
There for ever to adore him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Allusion is made here to I. John 3:2. A lowly Scotswoman, earning her bread by her needle, and selling her wares from house to house among the families interested in her welfare, Mary Pyper yet had in her soul the music of true devotion and piety. This is evidenced by the poem quoted above, of which she is the author. She was the daughter of a private soldier in the British army, and was born in Greenock, Scotland, May 25, 1795, in which town she died in 1870. Almost her entire life was spent in Edinburgh, where in 1847 a small volume of *Select Pieces* was published, bearing her name. We sympathize with the critic who pronounced so strongly in favor of these poems, and regret also that a person of so much merit should have been forced to remain in indigence. With such a root and stem, no one can say what delicious fruit might not have been grown, if a little tender care had been lavished upon it.

426 *"Jesus lives again."* P. M.

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
For our gain he suffered loss
By divine decree;
He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is he.—CHO.

2 See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of his rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till he comes to earth again,
Comes to claim his bride.—CHO.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word Incarnate cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice:
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

REV. ARCHER T. GURNEY.

The author of this hymn, Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney, was born in 1820, and received an education as a lawyer. He was called to the Bar in the Middle Temple, but decided to enter the ministry, and took holy orders in 1849. He held the curacy of Buckingham from 1854 to 1858, when he became, in Paris, France, the incumbent of an Episcopal Chapel located upon a "court," where he remained until 1871. He died at Bath, March 21, 1887. Mr. Gurney published several poetical works, and contributed one hundred and forty-seven hymns to the *Book of Praise*, 1862; but he is best known by this familiar and beautiful Easter hymn, which has been adopted by the churches on both sides of the sea.

427 *The Ascended Lord.* L. M.

O LORD most high, eternal King,
By thee redeemed thy praise we sing:
The bonds of death are burst by thee,
And grace has won the victory.

2 Ascending to the Father's throne
Thou claim'st the kingdom as thine own;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is thine for evermore.

3 To thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

4 Be thou our joy, O mighty Lord,
As thou wilt be our great reward;
Let all our glory be in thee
Both now and through eternity.

St. Ambrose of Milan wrote the fine old hymn, *Æterne Rex altissime*, and Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale translated it into English: it was published in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1852. But the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, either with his permission or without, made such alterations in the version they found, that some critics have half-credited the work to them. However, it is with the consent of all concerned that Dr. Neale's name remains as the responsible author.

428 *Christ, our Advocate.* L. M.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Miss Anne Steele is generally rated as a quiet writer; but this hymn shows that she could rise to excited praise whenever the theme was full of inspiration. It is found as usual in the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760. She sees in the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and in his ascension to heaven, the establishment of his supreme official work. Hence the text is added, Hebrews 7:24, 25: "But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

429 *"Behold the Way!"* L. M.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I 'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I 'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

Rev. John Cennick, a prolific hymn-writer, was born at Reading, England, December 12, 1718, of Quaker parentage, but grew up in the Church of England. He was wild and reckless as a young man, when he made frequent visits to London; but he formed there a friendship with a Mr. Kinchin whose influence over him became great, and resulted in his conversion. He made the acquaintance of the Wesleys in 1739 and was appointed by John Wesley as teacher of a school for colliers' children at Kingswood. He also began to act as a lay preacher, but in 1740 he had a disagreement with Wesley as to points of doctrine, and withdrew from the work. Until 1745 he assisted Whitefield in his labors, but then joined the Moravians, and was ordained a deacon of that church in 1749. He died in London, July 4, 1755. Mr. Cennick published many hymns, which are unequal in merit, some of the stanzas being very fine, while others have been severely criticised by his associates, the Wesleys. A large number of his poems are in general use at the present time. This one was issued in *Sacred Hymns for the use of Religious Societies*, 1743.

430 *Atonement made.* L. M.

Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 'T was his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die:
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

4 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

Dr. Isaac Watts gave us this as No. 137 of Book I. in his *Hymns*, 1707. It is entitled, "Salvation by Grace in Christ." Reference is made to II. Timothy 1:9: "Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God, who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began, but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

431 *The Lord's Day.* 6s, 5s.

Welcome, happy morning!
Age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished,
Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is living,
Lord for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All his works adore!—Ref.

2 Earth with joy confesses,
Clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with
Her returning King!
Bloom in every meadow,
Leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrow ended,
Hail his triumph now.—Ref.

3 Months in due succession,
Days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments,
Praise thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning,
Sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness,
Bring their praise to thee.—Ref.

4 Maker and Redeemer,
Life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding
Human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead
True and only Son,
Manhood to deliver,
Manhood didst put on.—Ref.

5 Thou of life the author,
Death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness,
Saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful!
Now fulfill thy word;
'T is thine own third morning;
Rise, my buried Lord!—Ref.

6 Loose the hearts long prisoned,
Bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen
Raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness,
Bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight;
Day returns with thee.

Ref.—Welcome, happy morning!
Age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished,
Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is living,
Lord for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All his works adore!

Rev. John Ellerton has given us this in his *Hymns*, 1888, in full. It was contributed first to the *Supplementary Hymn and Tune Book* of R. B. Borthwick, 1868. It is a vigorous translation, or perhaps better, para-

phrase of the ancient *Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo*, written by Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, in the sixth century. Jerome of Prague sang this hymn on his way to the stake where he was burned to death. As the fires wrapped their awful folds about his body, he was heard to exclaim, "This soul in flames I offer, Lord, to thee!" And so he finished his course and kept the faith.

432 *Christ's Ascension.* 6s, 5s.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To his throne above.

REF.—All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At his Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for his children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.—REF.

This hymn is found in almost all of the books, little and large, which have been made up of selections from the *Poems* of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal. Its title is "Ascension Song," and she has affixed to it a reference to Ephesians 4:8: "Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." It was written at Perry Barr in 1871. She was visiting there, and on one occasion walked to the boys' schoolroom. Being very tired, she leaned against the wall of the playground. Mr. Snepp, who edited *Songs of Grace and Glory* in 1872, was with her at the time: but when she was resting a little, he went in. Returning in ten minutes, he found her "scribbling on an old envelope." At his request she gave him the piece she had just penciled, which was this. She was a composer of music as well, and she subsequently made the tune "Hermas" to which her words are usually sung. This was the strain she sang when she was dying. Then her sister adds, in the story of her departure: "Now she looked up steadfastly, as if she saw the Lord; and surely nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes we watched that almost visible meeting with her King, and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him! Then she tried to sing; but after one sweet, high note her voice failed, and as her brother commended her soul into the Redeemer's hand, she passed away."

433 *Captivity led captive.* P. M.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun—
Hallelujah!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst—
Hallelujah!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell:
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell!
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee,
Hallelujah!

The ancient Latin hymn, "*Finita jam sunt prælia*," is a puzzle to the hymn critics; it stands without the name of any author and without the date of any origin affixed to it. The translation of it here printed was made in 1859 by Rev. Francis Pott, and published two years after in his *Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*. It was very much altered when it was introduced into *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and the changes were not welcome, and have not been accepted.

434 *"He is risen."* P. M.

MORN'S roseate hues have decked the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,
Hallelujah!

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth his blood has given;
Has rent the vail, and opened heaven:
Hallelujah!

3 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For he by rising burst the way:
Hallelujah!

4 And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to thine, shall rise:
Hallelujah!

5 Oh, grant us, then, with thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Hallelujah!

The translator of this hymn, Rev. William Cooke, M. A., was born near Manchester,

England, in 1821, studied at Cambridge, and took his degree at Trinity Hall. He was ordained in 1844, and after having served as assistant in several churches, he was appointed in 1848 to the charge of St. John's, London. Two years later he became vicar of St. Stephen's, Shepherd's Bush, and in 1854 was made Honorary Canon of Chester. Mr. Cooke has held several other positions of honor and influence and was editor or joint editor of three collections of hymns. He translated for these books some of the Latin poems, the one given above being perhaps the most popular. This translation was written for the *Hymnary*, 1872. The original is to be found in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736, where it was appointed to be sung the Sunday after Easter Day.

435 *Ancient Hymn.* P. M.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord!
The King of Glory, King adored,
This day himself from death restored.

2 On Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

3 Then straightway one in white they see,
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but he
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."

4 That night the apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in their midst appear—
"My peace," he said, "be on all here!"

5 When Thomas first these tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until he came and spake this word:

6 "Behold my side, O Thomas! see
My hands, my feet, I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."

7 When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied.
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been!
For they eternal life shall win.

Various authorities classify the ancient Latin hymn, *O filii et filiæ*, as belonging somewhere between the thirteenth and the seventeenth century, but the name of the author is not known. In many of the French dioceses the piece is sung at the salutation of the Sacrament on the evening of Easter Day. The original text can be found in the *Office de la Semaine Sainte*, Paris, 1674. The translation into English which is now before us was made by Dr. John Mason Neale; but some lines of it have been changed by the introduction of some others taken from one made by Edward Caswall. It appears therefore more like a cento compiled from the two, and is much abridged. It owes its popularity more to its quaintness and flavor of antiquity, and to the music arranged by J. Barnby to which it is generally sung, than to any poetic merit it possesses.

436 *"Praise the Saviour."* P. M.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him:
Who can tell how much we owe him?
Gladly let us render to him
All we are and have!

2 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever
Of the love that changes never;
Who or what from him can sever
Those he makes his own?

3 With his blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

4 Jesus is the name that charms us;
He for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in him.

5 Trust in him, ye saints, for ever;
He is faithful, changing never,
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those he loves from him.

This bright hymn, looking upward and catching a glimpse of the glorified Saviour at the side of the Father, bursts into a song of adoration and love. It is found in Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1806, entitled simply, "Praise of Jesus."

437 *"Risen indeed."* S. M. D.

"THE Lord is risen indeed!"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

Another of Rev. Thomas Kelly's compositions, taken from his *Hymns on Various Passages*, 1809, and founded on Luke 24:34. No mere ecclesiastical authority has established what is called Easter. It has no denominational or sectarian significance to it. It is neither specially prelatical nor papal. It is not prelatical; for churches of the reformed faith, in lands which conscientiously reject bishops, celebrate this anniversary with as much appropriateness and zeal as any other.

And it certainly is not papal, for, historically, it had its place and its celebration long before the corruptions of the Roman hierarchy had defiled the primitive faith. It followed the day of the ancient Passover very like the emblematic feast of the Lord's Supper, perpetuating all there was valuable in it, and then transcending it with a special value of its own. We trace the observance distinctly back to the earliest ages of the Christian era, those trustworthy times when Polycarp suffered and Ignatius wrote. Indeed, Easter is not a church festival at all so much as it is a mere religious memorial. Quite possibly a recognition of Easter Sabbath as a recurring date might sometimes be rendered of essential service in keeping the facts of our Lord's resurrection vividly in mind.

438 *"Lead us to thee!"* S. M. D.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest!

2 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee!

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Oh, by thy saving power
So make us live and die
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high!

Although the writer of many pleasing hymns, Mrs. Emma Leslie Toke has never published any. Her hymns written in 1851 were given at the request of a friend to aid the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, when they were compiling their Hymn-Book, and these were sent anonymously.

Mrs. Toke was the daughter of Rev. John Leslie, D. D., Bishop of Kilmore, and was born, August 9, 1812, at Holywood, Belfast, Ireland. In 1837 she married Rev. Nicholas Toke, of Godington Park, Ashford, Kent, England. She died in 1872.

439 *"Many Crowns."* S. M. D.

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, writer of many excellent hymns, was born in Essex, July 14, 1800, and educated in the Church of England, although in 1848 he became a Roman Catholic. His earliest poems were published in 1825, and were followed at the time of his change of faith by *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848, which include many of his finest songs; and in 1852 by *The Passion of Jesus*. In the last book is to be found this hymn, entitled, "Third Sorrowful Mystery, Song of the Seraphs." It ranks as one of his most spiritual and beautiful poems, and has been widely used by churches both in England and America. Mr. Bridges removed to Canada, and of late years has resided in the Province of Quebec.

440 *"The work is done."* S. M. D.

BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light
Our great Redeemer dwells.
Around him angels fair
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

2 "Hail, Prince of Life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

3 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness vailed the skies,
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.
They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung—
"The glorious work is done."

The original form of this hymn is probably, "Beyond the glittering, starry globes." Rev. James Fanch, who is supposed to have been joint author with Rev. Dr. Daniel Turner, was born in 1704, and died December 12, 1767. He was for many years a Baptist minister at Romsey, England, and in Hants, though little is known of his life. The hymn appeared in Dr. Turner's *Sacred and Moral Poems*, 1794, and in that book it has more

than twenty stanzas. It has been very much altered in every collection which has printed it.

441 *The Ascension.* 7s. D.

HE is gone—a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels ken;
Through the vails of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—towards their goal
World and church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until he comes again:
He is risen, he is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in him we find:
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

DEAN STANLEY.

The Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., was born in Alderley, England, December 13, 1815. He was a minister's son, his father being the rector of the church in that parish. He entered the school at Rugby when he was fourteen years of age, and was prepared for college under the care of that prince of teachers, Dr. Thomas Arnold. Everybody has read the story of *Tom Brown's School-days at Rugby;* it is said that the character of "Arthur" in that tale found its original suggestion in this famous Dean of Westminster. He graduated in 1837 at Balliol College, Oxford. Twenty years afterward he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in that same university. But in 1863 he came forth from cloister life and accepted the position of dean in England's proudest abbey. This office he held until his death, July 18, 1881.

Dean Stanley is known in this country better through his printed volumes, his lectures on the *Jewish Church* and on the *Eastern Church*, than by his hymns. He was famed as a preacher in his later years also. It was our glad privilege on one remembered occasion to listen to the voice of Dean Stanley in his own pulpit. We saw the notice of a service on a stormy Sunday, and assumed that one more in the audience would not be unwelcome. It was raining as only Great Britain knows how to rain in winter. London streets were fearful. Yet great crowds of people stood just outside of Westminster Abbey, as did we, for near an hour, waiting till the door should be opened. Then that vast nave was thronged as far back from the pulpit as it was possible to hear any living voice. The stone pavement was wet from the dripping garments, and the chill day was unutterably cheerless. But when the speaker began his discourse, every discouragement was forgotten. And we bore away with us a memory, that now shines out through the years, of a thoughtful man and a sincere Christian.

The present hymn was written in 1859 for the use of a private family, and was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, June, 1862.

442 *"Death is dead."* 7s. D.

SING, O heavens! O earth! rejoice,
Angel harp and human voice!
Round him, as he rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise!
Bruisèd is the serpent's head;
Hell is vanquished, death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity.

2 All his work and warfare done,
He into his heaven is gone;
And, beside his Father's throne,
Now is pleading for his own.
Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice,
Angel harp and human voice!
Round him, in his glory, raise
Your ascended Saviour's praise.

In Rev. Dr. John S. B. Monsell's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863, this is found in five stanzas from which the two double-stanza verses here given are compiled. It has annexed to it the reference, Psalm 47 : 5, 6 : "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises : sing praises unto our King, sing praises." He calls it a "Hymn for Ascension Day."

443 *The Risen Redeemer.* 7s.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to day,
Our triumphant holy-day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! Where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made;
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day,
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

This anonymous composition is found in *Lyra Davidica*, 1708; afterwards it appeared in Evans' *Collection*, 1786, entitled "The Resurrection Hymn." It seems too good to remain nameless.

Christians at large have already had, and through all time cherished, one excellent aid in remembering that "Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead." The institution of the first day of the week as the Sabbath is a permanent memorial. We all understand that a primary and important office of the remarkable alteration of the day, noticeable between the Old Testament and the New, even the change in name which now calls it the "Lord's Day," was just to perpetuate the august fact of Jesus' rising from the tomb.

We have no healthful or happy associations with Saturday. It was the day in which wickedness triumphed and death held rule. Sunday, the first day of the week, opened with a new light, and all our memories of it are joyous. In religious matters it is often quite as necessary to prompt recollection as it is to instruct intelligence. We need to be reminded quite as much as we need to be taught. Men are profited frequently by a rehearsal of old truth as well as by the revelation of new.

And we cannot help thinking that Easter makes an excellent annual Lord's Day. In most countries where the Gospel has made its way a yearly recognition is likewise instituted in the form of an anniversary. It is encouraging to note that the American people are working toward this rapidly.

444 *The Resurrection.* 7s.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

Rev. Thomas Scott, the writer of this hymn, was born in Norwich, England, in 1705, and was the son of a Dissenting minister. As a young man he taught in a school in Norfolk, and preached once a month at Harleston. In 1733 he was settled as a pastor at Lowestoft; but, as the climate proved too severe for his delicate health, he removed a year later to Ipswich, where he was co-pastor with Mr. Baxter, minister of the Presbyterian congregation. On the death of Mr. Baxter in 1740 he succeeded to the full charge; this he held for many years, but in 1774 his health failed, and he was compelled to resign his office, although he still preached at Hapton in Norfolk, whither he had retired on leaving Ipswich. He died there in 1775. Mr. Scott was the author of several poetical works, including *The Book of Job, in English Verse; translated from the original Hebrew, with Remarks Historical, Critical, and Explanatory*. He wrote a number of hymns which appear in old Presbyterian collections and in some Unitarian books. The hymn quoted above consisted originally of nine stanzas, and has been much altered; it is supposed to have been written in 1769.

445 *"Lion of Judah."* 6s, 4s.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise;
Into thy native skies—
Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage!

This hymn by Matthew Bridges can be found in full in the *Lyra Catholica;* it first appeared in his *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848, where it had seven stanzas, and was entitled "Ascension." Most of the compositions of this author, once an Episcopalian, but now a Roman Catholic, were introduced into the hymnals in the Protestant churches through the *Plymouth Collection* of Henry Ward Beecher, 1855. Mr. Bridges was born in 1800, and of late has been residing in the neighborhood of Quebec; he must be very old, if living at the present time.

446 *"Jesus is King."* 6s, 4s.

LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature, sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come!
While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

This piece was contributed by its author, Rev. William Kingsbury, to Dobell's *New Selection*, 1806. His name is connected with only one other hymn—that beginning, "Great Lord of all thy churches! hear." He was born July 12, 1744, in Bishopsgate Sreeet, London; began his education at the Merchant Tailors' School, and continued it at Christ's Hospital School. Subsequently he studied for the ministry at an Independent Academy in London, and when but twenty-one years old was ordained. The forty-five years of his pastoral labors were spent with the ancient Congregational Church, Above Bar, in Southampton; and here he died peacefully, February 18, 1818.

447 *"Worthy the Lamb!"* 6s, 4s.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name—
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Rev. James Allen, preacher and hymn-writer, was born at Gayle in Yorkshire, England, June 24, 1734. As the boy grew up he was intended at first to be a clergyman of the Established Church, but during his study years he became interested in the teaching of Benjamin Ingham, the founder of the sect which bore his name. They were Independents in church discipline, but had some peculiarities of doctrine and practice; Mr. Allen joined their number, becoming a zealous itinerant preacher. On one occasion he was saved from a mob only by the fortunate arrival of an old friend, who was a local magistrate. In 1761 he went to Scotland to investigate the character of the churches which had been founded by the preachers Glas and Sandeman, and was so much impressed by his observations that he retired from the Inghamites and joined the Sandemanians. He afterwards left the new sect, and built a chapel in his own estate at Gayle, where he ministered until his death, October 31, 1804. Mr. Allen was the editor and principal contributor to the *Kendal Hymn Book*, 1757. Nearly a hundred of his compositions have appeared in different books since, but few are in common use at present.

448 *Christ for the World.* 6s, 4s.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D. D., the author of this hymn, has given an account of the suggestion which first brought it into existence. Some time in the year 1869 the Young Men's Associations of Ohio met in one of the churches of Cleveland. Over the pulpit in evergreen letters they placed their motto: "Christ for the World, and the World for Christ." On the way home from the first service, walking by himself in the road in a spirit of meditation, he "put together these four stanzas" as they now appear. He had himself been a faithful missionary for many years in Syria, and his heart was aflame when such a sentiment kindled it. This author began to compose hymns only in his later life. Behind him have been left more than two hundred in number, of varying excellence, which it is hoped will some day find their way into the modern hymnals for use. He wrote these words in 1883, less than three years previous to his somewhat sudden decease: "I have the feeling that I can write a better hymn than I have yet written; and, having leisure now, am turning my attention that way. But after all, a good hymn can be written only as it is given of God; and it usually comes, if at all, at some unconscious moment. And after it is written, it can soar only as some suitable tune may furnish it with wings." This hymn was appropriately sung at the funeral of its author in the various churches he served.

449 *The Angels' praise.* 6s, 4s.

SING, sing his lofty praise,
Whom angels can not raise,
But whom they sing;
Jesus who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King.

2 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then shall we sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

This hymn of Rev. Thomas Kelly, found in the fifth edition of his book, 1820, has six stanzas, from which the two here in use have been selected. It has annexed to it a reference to Psalm 145: 1, 2.

450 *The Return to Heaven.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

JESUS comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet:
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

Rev. Thomas Kelly gives us this in addition to the many other excellent helps in our singing. It was written or first published in 1806, and was suggested by I. Corinthians 15: 54. In the stanza usually omitted the line began, "Hark, ten thousand voices cry." The piece is valuable because of the rareness with which our poets seem to choose for their song that majestic moment chosen here—the moment when Immanuel returns to his Father's side. A passage in the book of Revelation reaches the absolute height of sublimity as it rehearses the incidents of that spectacle, and it records the vast ascription of honors to Christ: "Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." This seems to include everything that mind can conceive of supreme ownership and control. They lay the universe down at his feet. The special reason they suggest for their applause is significant. It is as the "Lamb that was slain" that they exalt him to the eminence. These angels had no part in the atonement, but they knew just where Christ's greatest exploits had been done. They had for ages "desired earnestly to look into" this mystery of his humiliation; now they understood what it meant. Just before Jesus left the bosom of the Father, on his way to suffering and death, while even the lowliest garments of his humiliation were on him, they had been challenged to pay him the usual adoration: "And again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him." As if the Almighty would say, "You shall not even now despise my Son! though he is bearing sin and shame and contumely, give him every honor as the chief in the realm!" Now they saw him coming to his old place and glory again; and they knew that the Lamb of God had brought fresh honor to his adorable name. "And the four living creatures said, Amen!" Here was an anthem in one word. And "*Amen!*" is the same in all human languages. Here was the universal endorsement of the themes of all the songs at once. For "*Amen!*" means, "So be it." Hence, it was the acquiescence of all creation. Here, then, was the last doxology of a satisfied realm that the Lamb of God was going hereafter to rule. It was the calm rejoicing of a universe which had reached good government at last. There is rest for

the tired heart in that sweet glad Amen! There is peace for all the singing soldiers of God in that Amen! There is solace for the disturbed foreboding mind in that Amen! Oh, there is infinite satisfaction for the universe in that Amen. It makes one feel like falling down, as the elders did, and worshiping him "that liveth for ever and ever."

451 *Isaiah* 63:1. 8s, 7s, 7s.

WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling onward in his might;
'T is the Saviour, oh, how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save;
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'T is the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there 's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast fought thy people's foes,
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

Another of Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture;* published in 1809, and founded upon Isaiah 63:1-3. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment."

452 *All glory to Christ.* 7s. 6l.

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high:
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'T is the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Once more we choose from Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages.* This was published in 1804, and is founded upon Psalm 47:5, 6: "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises."

453 *"Jesus reigns."* 8s, 7s, 7s.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away—
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

These words, sung to the tune "Harwell," are familiar in all the American churches. Rev. Thomas Kelly wrote them for the second edition of his *Hymns,* 1806, and Lowell Mason gave us the music, and added the *Hallelujah* at the end in order to complete the strain.

454 *We live in Him.* 8s, 7s. D.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne:
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet him in the air—
Rise to realms where he is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth has given us this song in his *Holy Year*, 1862, but of such length that it sometimes appears in two portions. It is confessedly the finest and noblest of his compositions, and many of the best critics have pronounced it the "nearest approach in style and treatment to a Greek ode known to us in the English language." It rehearses facts, it presents gospel truths, it introduces celestial symbols, it swells out into an anthem of intense jubilation. Our hearts are kindled with the hopes it pictures of our "youth renewed like eagles'," of our "being caught up on the clouds of heaven," meeting Jesus "in the air." Oh, this is a good faith to live in! A better faith to die in! Somewhere I have read that Ary Scheffer fell dead at the foot of a picture he was painting; he surrendered his breath in the very act of drawing on the canvas the rolling away of the stone from the sepulcher of the Lord Jesus Christ. Surely no theme of contemplation could be more fitting for one just entering the great New World!

455 *Easter Anthem.* 8s, 7s. D.

Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong:
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness, man, awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
Oh, to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"

The best English rendering of the "*Dies Iræ*" was made by the Rev. William Josiah Irons, D. D., the composer of this hymn. He was a son of Joseph Irons, an Independent preacher, and was born September 12, 1812, at Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire, England. Graduating from Queen's College, Oxford, in 1833, he became in 1835 curate of St. Mary's, Newington, and vicar, successively, of St. Peter's, Walworth, 1837; Barkway, Hertfordshire, 1838; Brompton, London, 1842. Subsequently, he became Prebendary of St. Paul's, London, and rector of St. Mary-Woolnoth. Throughout his life Dr. Irons was noted for his devotion to the Church of England and his extreme High Church views. He began to write and to translate hymns during his curacy at St. Mary's, Newington, and continued it until his death, which took place June 18, 1883. His hymns are said to be especially fine. According to Julian, their "variety of subjects and meters, intense earnestness and almost faultless rhythm, must commend them to the notice of hymn-book compilers."

456 *"Lamb of God!"* 8s, 7s. D.

Lamb of God! thou now art seated
High upon thy Father's throne;
All thy gracious work completed,
All thy mighty victory won:
Every knee in heaven is bending
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Every voice and harp is swelling—
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

2 Lord! in all thy power and glory,
Still thy thoughts and eyes are here,
Watching o'er thy ransomed people,
To thy gracious heart so dear.
Thou for us art interceding;
Everlasting is thy love;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In our Father's house above.

3 Lamb of God! thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return;
All thy foes shall quake before thee,
All that now despise thee mourn:
Then thy saints too shall attend thee,
With thee in thy kingdom reign;
Thine the praise, and thine the glory
Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

Rev. James George Deck has included this in his *Appendix* to the *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1841. It is remarkable for the ease and gracefulness with which it connects the grand evangelical truths of the gospel with the resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus to the right hand of the throne of God. The praises of the redeemed ones are made the vehicle of a gracious invitation to sinners; the promise of Christ's return to the earth as he left it is swiftly led away into an expostulation with those who continue unrepentant in view of such matchless grace. So let us bear in mind that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is more than a fact; it is a

doctrine. And once admitted, it will surely take all the other Christian doctrines in its train. Just let me know that Jesus himself folded that napkin, burst those stony barriers of the sepulcher, and led captivity captive, and then I know that the atonement is perfected. Man may find his way unhindered in returning unto God, and through penitence and faith sin may be checked, Satan conquered, and heaven set open for ever!

With such a Gospel, why does any one wait? Even the Turks say in a proverb, "Hold thy mantle wide open when heaven is raining gold!" Here is offered to our blind and helpless race a full disclosure of the future so longed for and needed. "Christ rose, and I shall surely rise." Is it the work of wise men to reject a hope so resplendent? But that hope, like the doctrine, does not go or come alone; it carries a train after it. "If only in this life we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." If only in that life we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most mean and most selfish. It would be a strange thing to see in the Father's house one who never served the Father here, nor ever loved his Son!

REV. ROBERT ROBINSON.

457 *Christ is God.* 8s, 7s. D.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blessèd be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though vailed in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

It was doubtless owing to the prayers of a devoted Christian mother that Rev. Robert Robinson became such a power in the Christian church. He was born of poor parents, at Swaffham, in Norfolk, England, September 27, 1735. His father died while his son was a mere child, and though it was his mother's fervent wish to see her boy a clergyman in the Church of England, she was forced through poverty to apprentice him to a London barber in 1749. It was not a very pleasant position for one who was fond of books and study; and the uncongeniality of his surroundings seems to have led him occasionally to indulge in a wild frolic, by way of relief. Once, while with a crowd of boys bent on mischief, he helped to make an old gypsy-woman intoxicated, and persuaded her to tell his fortune. She predicted that he "would see his children and grandchildren," which statement set him to pondering the fact that his course of life would not much benefit his prospective household. As a step in the right direction, he went at once to hear Whitefield preach, and the sermon was the means of his conversion. He lived in London until 1758, and then began to preach, or rather to exhort, in the interests of the Methodists, with whom he had connected himself. After his marriage, however, he became a Baptist, and was called to take charge of a church of that denomination at Cambridge. He commenced his literary career in 1770, and from that time until his death, on June 9, 1790, he wrote extensively on many theological topics. His books have been eagerly read, and highly commended by scholars. The religious views he cherished were far in advance of the times, and his love of liberty led him from one denomination to another; so that he was in turn Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, and Independent, and one biographer declares him to have been a Unitarian also; but Mr. Robinson's sermons do not carry out this assertion. He is known to have written but two hymns, namely: "Come,

thou Fount of every blessing," and the one here quoted, both of which appeared in the *Supplement* to Evans' *Collection* in 1786, and both of which are acknowledged to be among the very finest in our English tongue.

458 *"Lo, Jehovah!"* 8s, 7s. D.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

Rev. William Bull, who induced Cowper to translate the hymns of Madame Guyon, was the man from whom Rev. William Goode, the author of this version of Psalm 118, found in his *Entire New Version of the Book of Psalms*, 1811, received his early education. Mr. Bull was a Dissenting minister at Newport Pagnel, England, and under his earnest teaching his young scholar became deeply religious. In 1778, however, the boy began a more serious preparation for college with Rev. Thomas Clark. He entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1780, graduating in 1784; was made deacon in 1786, and subsequently became curate of Abbotts Langley, Herts; then of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and finally rector of the latter. Besides his parish work, he found time to perform the duties of secretary to several benevolent societies, and held also the lectureships of St. Lawrence and St. John.

He was born at Buckingham, England, April 2, 1762; he died, April 15, 1816.

459 *"Hosanna!"* L. M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

After his decease, the pieces which Bishop Reginald Heber had designed for a series of hymns, the arrangement of which should follow on in the course of the commemorations of the Christian Year, were issued in a volume. This hymn was first published in the *Christian Observer*, October, 1811; then it was added to the collection of 1827, when, as belonging to the history of Our Lord, it was assigned to the First Sunday in Advent. It fitly notices the Hosannas in the Temple.

460 *Christ is God.* L. M.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

This is found in Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, Book I., No. 63. It has six stanzas, of which the four above quoted are the best; it is entitled, "Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation;" and it has the reference annexed, Revelation 5:12.

461 *Our Resurrection.* L. M.

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

3 With open face and joyful heart
We then shall see thee as thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to thee.

5 Oh, future Judge, eternal Lord,
Thy name be hallowed and adored:
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.

The Latin hymn, of which this is a rendering, "*Nobis Olympo redditus*," was composed in the seventeenth century by Jean Baptiste de Santeüil, better known as Santolius Victorinus. He was born May 12, 1630, and died August 5, 1697. His reputation was that of an excellent scholar, a devout man, and a meritorious poet. The Latin text of the piece may be found in the *Paris Breviary*. The translation into English, which here forms our hymn, was made by Rev. John Chandler, and published in 1837. There is an allusion in the whole sentiment to the words of the Lord Jesus, "I go to prepare a place for you," John 14:2.

462 "*Lord of heaven.*" L. M.

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be!
Eternal praise, of right, is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!
Thy praise the universe shall fill

Dr. Ray Palmer is reported to have said of this hymn that it "satisfied" him better than any other of those he composed. It was written in New York City, 1867, suggested by the name applied to Jesus in Revelation 19:16, "King of kings, and Lord of lords." He published it first in his *Hymns of my Holy Hours*, issued that same year. It was no affectation on the part of Dr. Palmer to use such language as he does here concerning his songs, "born of deep, fervent love." He had always the most vivid sense of his Lord's nearness to the believer. It was like a dear presence to his own soul. We all understand that there is such a thing as beauty of investiture. That is, we are accustomed to love them to whom we give our whole willing hearts and on whom we bestow the caresses of our purest affection, quite often more for the excellences with which we invest them than for those they exhibit in shape, form, or fact. We love our homes for something far worthier than their architecture. We move in a world of ideals. We fondly accredit to one who is kind to us everything that is included in gratitude and reverence, and we picture him as positively perfect. Just so a spiritual Christian loves Christ; *he* is positively perfect, and so our entire being goes out towards him. "Unto you which believe he is precious."

463 *Our High Priest.* L. M.

BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea—
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on his hands,
My name is written on his heart;
I know that while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

5 One with himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

It is when we sing such hymns as this that the thought comes to us again of our indebtedness to our Mediator, for he not only carries the weight of our guilt, taking it upon his own sinless soul, but he offers his suffering to atone for it. He unites men with God. "A mediator is not a mediator of one." Our names are "written on his heart" and "graven on his hands." What a power of meaning is condensed, then, into the words—"even as God, *for Christ's sake*, hath forgiven you." It is this thought that Mrs. Charitie Lees Bancroft has brought out in the hymn quoted. She was the daughter of Rev. Sidney Smith, an Episcopalian clergyman, and was born at Bloomfield, Merrion, County Dublin, Ireland, June 21, 1841. In 1869 she married Arthur E. Bancroft. Her hymns are well known both in England and Ireland, and are to be found in *Lyra Sacra Hibernica*, *Ryle's Spiritual Songs*, *Lyra Britannica*, and *Times of Refreshing*.

464 *The atoning Priest.* L. M.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed!
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
He now displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

Dr. Isaac Watts has made this his No. 61 of Book I., in his *Hymns*. He composed it to follow a sermon on Revelation 1:5–7, and gave it the double title: "Christ our High Priest and King, and Christ Coming to Judgment."

463 *"The Song of Songs."* L. M.

COME, let us sing the song of songs—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign:
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

This may be found in James Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, 1853. It takes the title, "The Song of Songs," and has seven stanzas. Its theme is the gospel of substitution that is offered for the redemption of men. Jesus Christ, as a redeemer and surety, comes and assumes the sinner's exposures and liabilities.

This is the picture so often presented by the apostle Paul in more than one of his remarkable chapters; he appears never to be tired of it. Vividly seeming to see the crucifixion scene, that in which Jesus on the cross is the central figure, he explains its mystery by declaring that this perfectly holy Being was suffering not for any sins of his own, but for the sins of another. Jesus was making an atonement for men. Hence a substitution was effected for all that would accept him by faith. It is the mere plainness of this action which renders Paul's language so dramatic and picturesque. He can behold nothing more nor less than a Redeemer bearing men's guilt, and giving them his merit. So his descriptions swell with strong feeling and fairly tremble with grateful acknowledgment. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Higher than this it does not seem possible for even an inspired preacher to go. But Paul does go one step higher. He grows more and more earnest as he continues to exhort his dear friends in Philippi, more and more fervid with each reiteration of his words of counsel. And now at last, as if he well understood the inveteracy of their besetting sin, he suddenly makes a new appeal of tremendous power, grounding the stress of it upon the very essence of their piety, springing out before them the example of their Master himself, and challenging their instant admiration and imitation: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

466 *"King, Creator, Lord."* L. M.

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found—
It flows from every streaming wound—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast vailed in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Dr. Ray Palmer gave to the *Sabbath Hymn-Book* in 1858 four translations of eminent merit, adding so much to the highest spiritual wealth of the churches. Of these, that here offered was one. It is a close and beautiful rendering from the ancient hymn of Gregory the Great, *Rex Christe, Factor omnium*. This man was born in A. D. 541 at Rome, became a Bishop in that great center and capital of imperial influence, and in 590 was chosen and installed as Pope. He was

a patron of letters and of art; sent missions; circulated the Scriptures; loved music, and made chants: rather a harmless pontiff for those times, till the patriarch of Constantinople claimed to be Universal Bishop; this made Gregory jealous and roused his temper. His language was peremptory; he called such a thing "proud, heretical, blasphemous, antichristian, and diabolical;" which is very like what most of us think of the Pope of Rome now, who claims the same title; and we ought to be grateful to know that such objurgations are canonical, for Popes are reputed to be infallible in their official utterances.

467 *Psalm 24.* L. M. D.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene!
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is this King of glory—who!
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew!
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed:
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

One of the finest and noblest of all Rev. Charles Wesley's versions from the Psalter. It is found in A *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1743. The rendering is beautifully rhythmical, and yet so close to the prose of our Bible that it seems almost a transcription of some of the phrases.

468 *Sending the Spirit.* L. M. D.

WE are not left to walk alone,
The Spirit of our God hath come,
For ever with us to abide,
Our Teacher, Comforter, and Guide;
Thus, with his gracious presence blest,
We press on toward our heavenly rest;
Hasting the dreary desert through,
With our eternal home in view.

2 Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, his own belovéd One,
Jesus, now seated at his side,
Hath claimed us for his own, his bride.
Of him and his the Spirit tells,
Upon his love he sweetly dwells;
And while we listen to his voice,
We wonder, worship, and rejoice.

3 He teaches us the Father's grace,
Reveals to us the Saviour's face,
And doth to all our hearts declare
The glory it is ours to share.

Our every sorrow be forgot,
The joys of earth be heeded not;
The Comforter is come, and we
Shall soon with our Belovéd be.

When we learn that the lady who wrote this hymn was the sister of Rev. James George Deck, to whom we are indebted for a number of our best songs of praise, we realize that the spirit of poetry did not reside entirely in one member of the family. Mrs. Mary Jane Walker is the daughter of John Deck, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, England; she was married in 1848 to Rev. Dr. Edward Walker, rector of Cheltenham. A few of her poems were issued as leaflets, but most of them were contributed to *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Social Worship*, 1855, a collection of lyrics which was compiled by her husband. It is evident that the sentiment of this hymn was suggested by the promise of our Lord in John 16:6, 7: "Because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you."

469 *"Crowned with Honor."* C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

Found in Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1820. It is entitled, "Perfect through Sufferings:" Hebrews 2:10. The point of the thought expressed in these five stanzas is this: Be patient in all your trials; remember that life is short and heaven is close at hand; Jesus suffered, and now reigns. The reach of this exhortation transcends all analysis. We should lose the vast force of it by picking it to pieces for details of doctrine. Be like Christ: he was God; he became man; could any one ever have been more worthily exalted? could any one ever have been more deeply humiliated? so he received his recompense of reward.

Just as some orator, skilfully addressing a company of soldiers on the eve of battle, be-

gins with an admonition and ends with a picture; just as he would appeal to their manhood, their consistency, their honor, and their courage, as he would play upon their fear of disgrace and their contempt of poltroonery; just as he would follow up each motive with another and a more elevated one, until, at the last, he would invoke their patriotism and their love for their leader, alike and together, by unfurling the national ensign and showing them how he had caused to be painted across the folds the likeness of the face they knew; so here the apostle seeks to arouse Christian enthusiasm by quickly exhibiting the very image of the Captain of our salvation, and bidding us follow him alone.

470 *"Worthy the Lamb."* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

This hymn by Dr. Isaac Watts was written in 1709, and bore the title "Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God worshiped by all the Creation." It is No. 62 of Book I. Not only from the tongues of angels should songs of praise ascend to God; mankind has the same duty, and even the brute creation shares in the universal chorus of love and gratitude towards its Maker.

On *Corpus Christi* day the poor Indians of Paraguay used to raise triumphal arches of the most beautiful flowers and fruits, in the adorning of which they took the greatest delight, sometimes contriving means to draw wild and savage nature into the sphere of homage, so that leopards and lions would be seen ranged on each side of the procession-way, while birds of the most exquisite plumage would appear flying from branch to branch, displaying their variegated wings; thus they showed how they desired to have all creation united in praising Jehovah.

471 *"Lord of all."* C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all,

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

When this remarkable composition was offered to the Christian public, it was refused a place in the Methodist collection. The Wesleys at that time had a singular antipathy against the author, in common with the clergy of the Established Church. They believed the Establishment to be Laodicean, filled with worldliness and formality. Dr. Belcher relates this incident:

"Mr. Wesley had long been desirous of hearing Edward Perronet preach; and Mr. Perronet, aware of it, was as resolutely determined he should not, and therefore studied to avoid every occasion that would lead to it. Mr. Wesley was preaching in London one evening, and, seeing Mr. Perronet in the chapel, published, without asking his consent, that he would preach there the next morning at five o'clock. Mr. Perronet had too much respect for the congregation to disturb their peace by a public remonstrance, and too much regard for Mr. Wesley entirely to resist his bidding. The night passed over. Mr. Perronet ascended the pulpit under the impression that Mr. Wesley would be secreted in some corner of the chapel, if he did not show himself publicly, and, after singing and prayer, informed the congregation that he appeared before them contrary to his own wish; that he had never been once asked, much less his consent gained, to preach; that he had done violence to his feelings to show his respect for Mr. Wesley; and, now that he had been compelled to occupy the place in which he stood, weak and inadequate as he was for the work assigned him, he would pledge himself to furnish them with the best

sermon that had ever been delivered. Opening the Bible, he proceeded to read our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which he concluded without a single word of his own by way of note or comment. He closed the service with singing and prayer. No imitator has been able to produce equal effect."

Concerning the author of this now famous hymn, almost nothing can be told. He printed it in a rare volume entitled: *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred, Published for the Instruction and Amusement of the Candidly Serious and Religious.* London, 1785. It is said that there is a copy of this in the British Museum, and another in the Library of the Drew Seminary, Madison, N. J. Rev. Edward Perronet, born in 1726, was the son of Rev. Vincent Perronet, who was the vicar of Shoreham, in Kent, England. He became very intimate with the Wesleys. At one time he had a charge in Lady Huntingdon's connection. He drifted among the denominations until at last he ended his days in Canterbury, January 2, 1792, as the minister of a Dissenting congregation. His last words were: "Glory to God in the height of his divinity! Glory to God in the depth of his humanity! Glory to God in his all-sufficiency! And into his hands I commend my spirit!"

472 *Children's Hosannas.* C. M. D.

HOSANNA; raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.
Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant thy praise.

2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest;
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.
Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Nor gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

3 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
O Saviour, if, redeemed by thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We 'll sing to harps of gold!

This author, Rev. William Henry Havergal, was the father of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal. He wrote more than a hundred hymns, most of which were issued in the *Diocesan Hymn Book*, Worcester, 1849, which he edited. Some had a real and worthy popularity, being published on leaflets for wide circulation. But only a few have found their way into American hymnals. The hymn before us was written in 1833, and was copied for *Lyra Britannica* by the author. It was suggested by the song of the children in the temple, Matthew 21:15, 16.

473 *"The Seamless Robe."* C. M. D.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

2 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

3 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

In his *Hymns*, 1707, Dr. Isaac Watts has included this as No. 20 of Book I. It was written to be sung after a sermon upon Isaiah 61:10. He entitled it "Spiritual Apparel; namely, the Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation." An exquisite illustration of the sentiment made prominent in this song of praise has been given in the first five verses of Zechariah 3: "And he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment. And I said, Let them set a fair miter upon his head. So they set a fair miter upon his head, and clothed him with garments. And the angel of the Lord stood by."

474 *The Mediator.* C. M. D.

I SEE a man at God's right hand,
Upon the throne of God,
And there in sevenfold light I see
The sevenfold sprinkled blood.

I look upon that glorious Man,
On that blood-sprinkled throne;
I know that he sits there for me,
That glory is my own.

2 The heart of God flows forth in love,
A deep eternal stream;
Through that beloved Son it flows
To me as unto him.
And, looking on his face, I know—
Weak, worthless, though I be—
How deep, how measureless, how sweet,
That love of God to me.

3 The Lord who sits upon the throne
With them his joy will share,
And there the sprinkled blood appears
That he may set them there.
From drear dark places of the earth,
From depths of sin and shame,
He takes the vessels for his grace,
A people for his name.

This hymn, written by Dr. Horatius Bonar, was first published in the third edition of the *Praise Book* edited by Dr. William Reid, 1872. It affords an illustration of the matchless felicity which this eminent writer possessed of urging theological doctrine into the songs of the house of God, without making them stiff or didactically dry. Here the entire work of Jesus Christ as Mediator is brought into three musical stanzas; it is astonishing how simile and type, dogma and duty, faith, hope, and zeal, are introduced into the easy and rhythmical sentences of each verse. Man dares not come directly to God, and he could accomplish nothing if he did. Three things repel him: God's holiness, God's justice, and God's power. He becomes ashamed, afraid, alarmed, all at once. Job exclaimed: "If I speak of strength, lo, he is strong; and if of judgment, who shall set me a time to plead? He is not a man that I should answer him." The patriarch felt the need of some one as a go-between: "Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both." To this Old Testament outcry of a desolate soul the New Testament makes immediate reply: "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Thus there is offered "a better covenant," and our Saviour is the mediator of it—divine, so that we might trust him; human, so that we might approach him. The Son of God becomes the Son of Mary.

475 *"A thoughtless tongue."* C. M. D.

OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King:
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

2 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing—
O'er all the earth he reigns.
Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

This is the version of Psalm 47 which Dr. Isaac Watts has made his only representative of that ancient song "For the sons of Korah." It is more like a paraphrase than a translation. He entitled it, "Christ, Ascending and Reigning," and tried to inject into it a New Testament sentiment, and to draw a practical lesson out of it for what he calls "these British isles."

476 *Reconciliation.* C. M. D.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given us this in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, as No. 108 of Book II. It has six stanzas, and is entitled, "Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator." The whole thought of Jesus Christ as an Advocate is full of paradoxes to one whose heart is not enlightened by the Holy Spirit. The image of a court, with its judge and its lawyers, is very helpful if it were not for some peculiar seeming contradictions to our sense of ordinary justice. Here is a culprit arraigned at the bar; he secures an advocate to plead his cause. But this Advocate is the Son of the Father who is on the bench to decide guilt and give sentence of judgment. Moreover, the Judge says he agrees with everything the Advocate does, and is well pleased with him. Then, too, the Advocate proceeds with all his power to force the conviction of his client. He exhibits his awful guilt relentlessly, act after act of measureless and daring rebellion against the Law. He dashes away every species or semblance of defence. Then, too, this strange Advocate seems to have a perfect horror of the man he defends, and yet declares he loves him enough to lay down his own life in his behalf. He calls on his Father to bid his client kneel for the sentence of awful doom. And then the

client rises with a gold crown on his head, a roll of pardon in his hand, a robe of white righteousness on his person, like that of the Advocate. The Son opens the gates of heavenly bliss, and the culprit, now saved and safe, enters the halls of eternity with songs of welcome in the celestial air. Such paradoxes need the other doctrine of atonement made on the cross of Calvary, and then they are perfectly clear and beautiful.

477 *Our Joy and Reward.* C. M.

O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death
To set thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst.
The ransom has been paid:
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare!
Oh, may we come before thy throne
And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ! be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

There was a hymn, composed by some ancient and anonymous believer in the mysterious period between the seventh and tenth century, beginning: "*Jesu nostra redemptio;*" this has proved to have force enough to live down to our time. The manuscript of it may be found to this day in the British Museum, as well as in two or three other places on the Continent. The present translation is given as an Ascension hymn by Rev. John Chandler; it dates in 1837, and is included in his *Hymns of the Primitive Church.*

478 *Christ's return to Heaven.* C. M

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That vailed thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee!

This piece is sometimes missed in the indexes because of the absence of what was originally its first line: "The eternal gates lift up their heads." That stanza was left off in the revised form which Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, the author, published in 1858 in her *Hymns Descriptive and Devotional.* Allusion is made in the opening verse to Psalm 24:7–10. The poetry of the composition lies in the conception of "a gleam of glory" flung on Jesus' "earthly path" by the light which "still breaks behind the cloud" beyond which the rising Lord has gone.

479 *Job* 19:25. C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

There are twenty-three stanzas in this piece as it appears in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, of Rev. Charles Wesley. It is entitled "Rejoicing in Hope," and has annexed to it the reference, Romans 12:12.

It has often been said in theological discussions that men will be quick to preach Arminianism, but will become the rigidest of Calvinists the moment they start to sing or pray. Surely it would be difficult to find in all the round of hymnological literature a more direct acknowledgment of the divine sovereignty at its supreme exercise than is here given by the historic Asaph of the Methodist Church. And while some in modern times are seeking to reject many of the old formulas of belief as to election and perseverance, it may be refreshing to remember that enthusiasm with which the followers of the Wesleys still sing these lines:

"He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill."

480 *Christ, our Priest.* C. M.

COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

The author of this hymn, Rev. Alexander Pirie, was a Scotch clergyman who was connected for some time with the Antiburgher Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. He came to America in 1760, having been appointed an instructor of the Philosophical Class in the Theological Seminary, New York City. Soon afterward, however, he displeased his denomination, and on a technical charge was formally dismissed from the church. He then returned to Scotland, joined the society of the Burghers, and undertook the pastorate of a church in Abernethy. His views again brought him into difficulty with his fellow-workers, and in 1769 he left the Secession Church, with which he had been connected, and allied himself with the Independents, finally becoming the minister of a congregation at Newburgh, Fifeshire; in which place he died in 1804.

The hymn quoted first appeared in 1777, in *Psalms, or Hymns founded on some important Passages of Scripture.* Allusion is here made to the high-priest's ephod, as described in Exodus 28:9–12.

481 *Names on his heart.* C. M.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned:

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Dr. Philip Doddridge has entitled this hymn, "Christ's Intercession Typified by Aaron's Breastplate." It appears in his *Hymns* as No. 8, and has the usual five stanzas. Allusion is made to the record in Exodus 28:28, 29: "And they shall bind the breastplate by the rings thereof unto the rings of the ephod with a lace of blue, that it may be above the curious girdle of the ephod, and that the breastplate be not loosed from the ephod. And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually."

482 *Christ in Heaven.* 8s, 7s.

CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

Church Hymns, the English collection edited by Sir Arthur Sullivan for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, credits this excellent hymn to William John Copeland as a translation from the Latin. This author is reported as the rector of Farnham, Essex, and rural dean. He was graduated at Oxford, 1829, and entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1840. His death occurred August 25, 1885. But the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1892, gives the piece as a version of the ancient Latin hymn "*Æterne Rex altissime, Redemptor*," an anonymous canticle of the fourteenth century, or thereabouts—some even say the fifth century—and credits the translation to Rev. James Russell Woodford, D. D., the late Bishop of Ely. And Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, our best authority upon such a subject, says that it resembles "faintly" the Ambrosian piece, "*Christe, rex cœli domine*;" also, that it has "a trifling likeness" to the *Paris Breviary* hymn, "*Christe, qui sedes Olympo.*"

483 "*The Bridegroom cometh.*" P. M.

WAKE, awake! for night is flying;
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!

The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for his marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious;
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah, come, thou blessèd One,
God's own belovéd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

From the German of Philipp Nicolai, Miss Catharine Winkworth translated this hymn. It is to be found in her *Lyra Germanica*, Second Series, 1858, where it is entitled "The Final Joy." Mendelssohn used the chorale to which it is usually sung in his "St. Paul," and the words, also, after a few slight changes had been made in them. The piece has been translated into many languages.

Rev. Philipp Nicolai, D. D., was born at Mengeringhausen, in Waldeck, Germany, August 10, 1556. He began to study at the University of Erfurt in 1575, and a year later went to Wittenberg; after his graduation in 1579 he lived in a town near his birthplace, and sometimes preached for his father. He received the appointment of the Lutheran pastorate at Herdecke in 1583; but as the authorities were all Roman-catholics he had a difficult time to get along, and in 1586 he resigned. After laboring in various fields for two years, he became court preacher to Countess Margaretha of Waldeck, and tutor to her young son. He took an active interest in the theological controversies of the day, and his partisan spirit led him into many difficulties; but when a fearful pestilence came upon the land in 1597, and struck down thousands, Nicolai's earnest piety shone forth, and his zeal for the relief of his suffering people was untiring. It was during this time that he wrote his "*Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*," the English rendering of which is before us. When the Spaniards invaded the country in 1598 he was forced to flee; but he returned again, and in 1601 became the chief minister of St. Katherine's Church, at Hamburg, which charge he retained until his death, October 26, 1608.

484 *"Veni, Immanuel."* L. M. 61.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Ref.—Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.—Ref.

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.—Ref.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.—Ref.

This is one of Dr. John Mason Neale's translations. It is offered as the rendering of an anonymous and almost dateless production of the twelfth century, as some conjecture: "*Veni, veni, Immanuel.*" It is not very valuable. Gounod's music brings to it a measure of popularity as a carol, and it has been of service in missionary fields where the gospel comes in contact with Israelites. The fact is, Immanuel *has* come; he came almost nineteen hundred years ago, whether the Jews believe it or not. But all can join heartily in the petition and promise that he may yet effectually come to God s ancient people.

485 *The Judgment.* 8s, 7s. D.

He is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he came before,
Wailing infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:
But upon his cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, he is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on his forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon him,
And the scepter in his hand,
And the dead all ranged before him,
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

3 He is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With his followers poor and few:
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round his judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles
Sitting crowned at his feet.

4 He is coming, he is coming;
Let his lowly first estate,
And his tender love so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

This hymn was found in Barnby's *Hymnary*, 1872, credited to Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, and was copied into *Laudes Domini* as

one of its most welcome and valuable acquisitions. Why other collections have not taken it up it is not easy to see. Our old friend, Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield, has not mentioned it, neither is it named in Julian's great Dictionary, yet it will arrest attention by the beauty of its diction, the melody of its rhythm, and the Scripturalness of its sentiment.

486. *"Desire of the Nations."* 8s, 7s. D.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

This is found in Rev. Charles Wesley's *Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord*, 1744. It celebrates the first advent of Jesus, and it looks forward to the second. Christ has always been "the Desire of all nations," Haggai 2:7. He was the unconscious prophecy of the prophets and seers through many a clouded century. They were restless; they did not know what they wanted; but they longed for him as the needle longs for the star. And the world still longs for him to return and be here again. When we look back to the time of John the Baptist we find heathen historians declaring that even heathen nations were expecting Somebody to come. Then, just after that, he did come. How different the record! Everybody is singing. Mary is giving us the *Magnificat*, and Zacharias is composing the *Benedictus;* Simeon is chanting the *Nunc Dimittis*, and the whole world is listening to the *Gloria in Excelsis* which the angels had been singing over Bethlehem hills.

487 *"Brother, King!"* 8s, 7s.

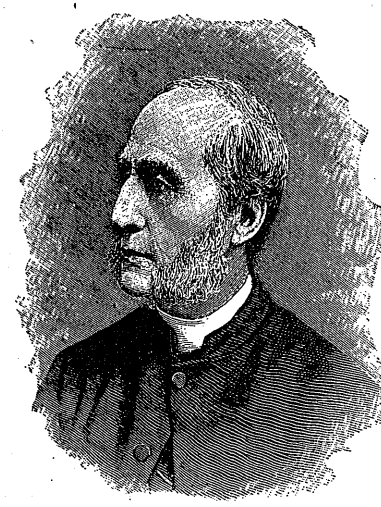
FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!
Musing o'er thy wondrous story,
Fain, would I thy praises sing.

2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In whom power and pity blend,
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

3 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!

4 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

5 Oh, to love and serve thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to thee.



THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL. B.

In the *New Laudes Domini* an additional verse is found, omitted in this version for mechanical reasons; that shows why the hymn was placed among those reckoned as belonging to the second coming of our Lord.

Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, LL. B., the well-known Congregational minister of Surrey Chapel in Southwark, London (afterwards renamed Christ-Church, Westminster), is the fourth child of that eminent servant of Jesus, John Vine Hall, the author of the *Sinner's Friend*. He was born at Maidstone, May 22, 1816. Strongly tempted to enter the profession of law, he entered the ministry simply and solely "to persuade men to Jesus." This is the key-note of his whole life-labor. His theology is the theology of Calvary. Himself a nominal Congregationalist, he uses the Church of England liturgy in his Sabbath service; he has a Presbyterian board of elders; he assimilates with Methodists in many of his modes of labor; he is equally at home with Episcopalians like Bickersteth or with Quakers like Bevan Braithwaite.

He is now retired from the active ministry, his great age unfitting him for outside care. But, close down to the day of his resignation, this is the record written of him: "After preaching in the church edifice it is Mr. Hall's frequent habit to go out and address the peo-

ple in the street, Though now almost seventy-four years old, he stands erect in magnificent strength, nearly six feet in height; he has the muscle and endurance of an athlete, can climb a mountain like a member of the Alpine Club, and often walks a dozen miles on Sunday to and from his church. He has the element of humor in him, can enjoy a merry romp with children, and brims over with life in every direction. His church numbers nearly two thousand members, and among them are several scores of converted inebriates. He is a zealous teetotaler and makes the temperance reform prominent, no less than five meetings for the promotion of total abstinence being held every month! His church maintains thirteen Sunday-schools, seventeen lodging-houses, a Christian Instruction Society, and holds about forty services for the poor every week!"

From 1842 to 1854 this most evangelic and zealous preacher was pastor over the Albion Church in Hull. While settled there he went out one evening from a dinner-party to preach to a throng who had gathered in the street. A primitive Methodist was singing to the crowd that familiar ditty, "Come to Jesus just now." Mr. Hall caught up the words and extemporized a powerful exhortation on the spot. He repeated it to his own congregation. Soon afterward, being confined to his room by a long illness, he recalled the discourse and determined to turn it into a short practical treatise for inquirers after salvation. He wrote it out in the fewest and simplest words possible, and his brother, Mr. Warren Hall, printed two thousand copies for distribution. Such was the origin of that wonderful tract, "Come to Jesus," which has already been circulated in thirty different languages, to the number of three million five hundred thousand copies!

In 1858 Mr. Hall published a volume called *Hymns Composed at Bolton Abbey, and Other Rhymes.* The present hymn appeared first in that book. Another collection of his poetic pieces has been issued since, 1870, entitled *Pilgrim Songs in Sunshine and Shade;* and a third has followed that, *Songs of Earth and Heaven.* His hymns have proved very acceptable among non-conformists in Britain; Mr. Spurgeon has some in his collection, and so have other compilers; but not many have found their way across the sea.

488 *The Prince of Peace.* 8s, 7s. D.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

In 1744 Rev. Charles Wesley published a small book, like a tract in size, called *Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord.* It was printed anonymously, without date, and contained only sixteen hymns, of which this was one. Singular it is that such a cherished treasure of the churches should have had so humble an origin—such a modest introduction into the world! Worth tells in the end. These poems forced their way into cordial recognition as among the best the Epworth poet ever made.

489 *"King of kings."* 8s, 7s, 4s.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now:
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned him;
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords:
Crown him, crown him;
King of kings and Lord of lords."

This great coronation song is taken from Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1809. The text is Revelation 11:15: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

490 *Creation groans.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

SAVIOUR! hasten thine appearing;
Take thy waiting people home!
'T is this hope, our spirits cheering,

While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou shalt come.

2 Lord! how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again?

3 Reign, oh, reign! almighty Saviour!
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known that in thy favor
There alone is life and light.
When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.

This was written by Rev. James George Deck, and published in his *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1838. It is entitled, "Second Advent Desired." The first line there reads thus: "Saviour, haste; our souls are waiting." This took the form now in use when the hymn was copied for Walker's *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Social Worship*, 1855.

491 *"Thou art worthy."* 8s, 7s, 4s.

HOLY Saviour! we adore thee,
Seated on the throne of God;
While the heavenly hosts before thee
Gladly sing thy praise aloud.
"Thou art worthy!
We are ransomed by thy blood."

2 Saviour! though the world despised thee,
Though thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised thee,
Lord of all creation wide;
"Thou art worthy!
We shall live, for thou hast died."

3 Haste the day of thy returning
With thy ransomed church to reign:
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then,
"Thou art worthy!
Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen."

This was originally published in *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1838, edited by Rev. James G. Deck, and for a long time bore his name as the author. In the edition of 1881 it appeared, however, with the ascription of Rev. Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, LL. D. Of him, now recognized as a hymn-writer of real excellence, the story is easily told. He was the son of a Quaker, the editor of a Greek Testament, a scholar of much eminence, and an invalid who bore his miseries bravely. He was born at Wodehouse Place, Falmouth, Cornwall in England, January 20, 1813. There he was educated, and became a teacher. His great book made slow progress, for it was hindered by two attacks of paralysis which he suffered in 1861 and 1870. Still, he kept courageously on as best he could. The *New Testament* began in 1844, and was issued in instalments; Part VI. came out in 1872. He was compelled to receive literary help at the last, and the volume appeared as a whole in 1879. He was appreciated, cheered, and helped; but his disabilities hedged his way. The Government gave him an honorable pension; he was put on the historic Revision Committee; but he had no health for the active work. He made some excellent hymns, and did some small service among the Plymouth Brethren, with whom he was affiliated. But nature finally failed; he died at Plymouth, April 24, 1875.

492 *"Christ is coming!"* 8s, 7s, 4s.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessèd Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessèd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

This hymn was composed by Rev. Dr. John Ross Macduff, known widely to the American world as the author of *Morning and Night Watches*, *The Faithful Promiser*, and other devotional books republished upon this side of the water. He is a strong advocate of what are called pre-millennial views; ranking with Spurgeon and Guthrie, Bonar, McCheyne, and Duff. Most of his hymns were published in his *Gates of Praise*, 1875, but a few were first issued in *Altar Stones*, 1853. The one before us is founded upon Titus 2:11–13. This in the Revision reads thus: "For the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men, instructing us, to the intent that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world; looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

493 *Wait, watch, pray, praise.* P. M.

HARK! 't is the watchman's cry:
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!

Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright—
Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as they that wait
Always at the Bridegroom's gate;
Ev'n though he tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Hear we the Saviour's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye his heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for constant fear;
Weakness needs the strong One near;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

4 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise!

Among the many men of God who believe in the pre-millennial coming of Christ was Dr. Horatius Bonar. In the "Mildmay Missionary Conference Report" we find these words of his: "I know not but this may be my last opportunity of bearing witness to the much-forgotten doctrine which was so specially given to the Church as her blessed hope, and I wish to say how increasingly important that doctrine seems to me to become as the ages are running to their close, and the power of the great adversary is unfolding itself both in the Church and in the world. For this is not merely 'man's day,' but 'Satan's day,' and he has come down, having great wrath, because he knoweth he hath but a short time. The poison of the last days has penetrated everywhere. Unbelief, error, strong delusion, self-will, ambition, pride, hatred of God and of his Christ—these are the deadly forces that are operating all over earth, and disintegrating society, making all human rule impossible, and demonstrating the necessity for the arrival of Him who is to end all these overturnings, and to introduce the kingdom of peace, the reign of everlasting order." Dr. Bonar was not a pessimist, but his spiritual vision was clear, and he saw the powerful influence that the world has over the Church to-day.

494 *"The Lamb's Wife."* C. M. D.

Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that 's far away—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

2 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
Then weep no more; 't is all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine!

Sir Edward Denny here appears in his most thoroughly characteristic light. In most of the collections, used by those who cherish the hope and faith that our Lord will return personally to reign on the earth previous to the millennium, his contributions appear. But he is always the happiest, the most spirited and most poetic, when he is singing of the advent of Jesus. We find this piece in his *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1837–8; there he has given to it the title, "The Church Cheered with the Hope of her Lord's Return," and the reference to Solomon's Song 2:14 for a motto-text. Duffield repeats the author's quotation from Lady Powercourt's Letters: "Sent of Jesus, even as he was sent of the Father, and while seeking to be worthy of the name put upon her, may she remember that it is not of herself the Bride is to speak, but her object, her subject, her delight, her hope, her only resting-place, is her Beloved—the Bridegroom of her heart."

495 *"Behold, I come quickly."* C. M. D.

Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come;
Ye wedding-guests, draw near,
And slumber not in sin, when he,
The Son of God, is here!
Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,
And hail him with delight;
Who saved us by his precious blood,
And sorrows infinite!

2 Beside him all the patriarchs old,
And holy prophets stand;
The glorious apostolic choir,
And noble martyr band.
As brethren dear they welcome us,
And lead us to the throne,
Where angels bow their vailéd heads
Before the Three in One!—

3 Where we, with all the saints of God,
A white-robed multitude,
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns
To bear our flesh and blood!
Our lot shall be for aye to share
His reign of peace above:
And drink, with unexhausted joy,
The river of his love.

It was a famous German "Sängermeister," or choirmaster, who wrote the original of this hymn. His name was Johann Walther, and he was born in 1496 at a village near Cola in Thuringia. He was a member of the orchestra at the Court of the Elector of Saxony in 1524, and master of the musicians in 1526. Later,

in 1534, he was appointed preceptor in singing in the school at Torgau. Various other positions in the musical world were held by him, and finally he was pensioned by the Government in 1554, and died at Torgau in the spring of 1570. Walther was better known as a musician than as a writer of hymns, and he aided Martin Luther very materially in his adaptation of the old church music to the needs of the Lutheran service.

The English version now before us was made by Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D. D., who published it in 1863 in his *Hymnologia Christiana; or Psalms and Hymns Arranged in the order of the Christian Seasons.* This author was born at Summer Hill, near Birmingham, England, November 6, 1804. His education was begun at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and continued at Shrewsbury School, and St. John's College, Cambridge, from which he graduated in 1827. After his ordination he was Prebendary in Lichfield Cathedral and rector of West Felton, Salop. He held a number of prominent positions both in literature and theology, and was the compiler of several volumes of hymns with metrical versions of the Psalms. He died at Torquay, April 6, 1889.

496 *"Come, Lord Jesus."* C. M. D.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.
No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and thee!

2 But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?
What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

Another of Sir Edward Denny's longing prayers for the coming of our Lord, taken also from *Selection of Hymns*, 1839, where it is entitled, "The Church Waiting for the Son from Heaven." The references annexed are I. Thessalonians 1:10; and 4:16–18. Our "absent Lord" is surely coming back again to this world. He predicted his second advent (John 14:28). The language Jesus used in this remembered declaration is not at all figurative; it all goes together as a statement of fact. He said, literally, he would send the Comforter, and the Holy Spirit came in person on the Day of Pentecost. And just as literally did he say he would himself return at the appointed time.

497 *Your descending King.* C. M.

LO! WHAT a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides—
That holy, happy place—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God:

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

One of the oldest and best of our Second Advent hymns. It is No. 21 of Dr. Isaac Watts' Book I., 1707. It has remained unaltered all these years with its grand memories of the past and its beautiful prospect of the future. Sung to old "Northfield," the verses have filled the prayer-meetings and monthly concerts with enthusiasm for many generations here in the United States. It was entitled at the beginning: "A vision of the Kingdom of Christ Among Men," and there was added to it the reference, Revelation 21:1–4: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

498 *Messiah's Reign.* C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

3 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Another of the pieces of the young theological student, Michael Bruce, whose early death put an end to the promise of usefulness which his hopeful heart had cherished and his plucky courage had sought during patient and laborious years to fulfill. It was included among the selected paraphrases of the Scotch collections, and it was for many generations credited to his false friend Logan, who appropriated his work and took his fame. It is founded upon Isaiah 2:1–5; indeed it is almost a transcription of that inspired passage, exceedingly well done.

499 *"Come, blessed Lord!"* C. M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

Once more we select a song from Sir Edward Denny's *Hymns and Poems*, 1848. It is entitled, "The Heart Watching for the Morning." It is not fair to look on Jesus as a mere absentee lord of the soil. For he made this world; he has suffered wonderfully to save souls; and he owns what he has purchased. It must be remembered that he went away for a most gracious purpose. He would send the Comforter (John 16:7). He has gone to prepare a "place" for those whom he died to redeem (John 14:2, 3). It is better to urge his coming back with eagerness of prayer. There is fitness in the passionate words of Richard Baxter: "Haste, O my Saviour, the time of thy return: send forth thy angels, let the last trumpet sound! Delay not, lest the living give up hope. Oh, hasten that great resurrection day when the seed thou sowedst corruptible shall come forth incorruptible, and the graves that retain but dust shall return their glorious ones, thy destined bride!"

500 *"How long, O Lord!"* S. M. D.

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

3 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Another of Dr. Horatius Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*. It was written in 1844. President Woolsey's comment upon Mark 13:32 is worth studying: "'But of that day or that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.' This is not in Luke; but in Matthew, in the text followed by the Authorized Version, it stood 'knoweth no *man* (that is, no one), no, not the angels in heaven, but my Father only,' where *nor the Son* was wanting in the manuscripts used. In the Revised Version, however, *neither the Son* is added by the oldest manuscripts, as it always stood in Mark.—'But of that day or that hour.' In Matthew, 'that day and hour;' that is, the precise time when it shall come to pass.—'Neither the Son, but the Father.' Here there is a gradation from the angels upward to the Son, and from him to the Father. From his nature and intimate union with the Father, he might be expected to know when that day should arrive; but he denies the knowledge, and that for the purpose, it would seem, of showing to them that, if *he* does not know, much more ought they *not to expect to know*. He knew the events, and when they would happen, but not the exact date. This passage has had to bear a great variety of interpretations to bring it into formulas of theology. Many of them are scarcely honest. It is better to say that, when the Word emptied himself, and took upon him the form of a servant, he subjected himself to limitations; he was tempted; he prayed to the Father; he learned by experience; he cried, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me,' as if the Father were the judge of the possibility; his compassion was aroused by what he saw, and so had a change of feelings. And yet he knew men, not by his sagacity only, but by the wisdom of his higher nature, and had every power and knowledge beyond human proportions, when it was necessary for the discharge of his great office. And the very fact that he had such a nature forbids wise Christians to try to explain it minutely."

501 *"Thy kingdom come!"* S. M. D.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

2 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

In 1837 this piece was contributed to *Beard's Collection* of Unitarian hymns, published in Manchester, England, where it was made up of five stanzas of four lines each, and was entitled, "Prayer for the Kingdom of God." It is to be found also in many other collections both in Great Britain and America.

Rev. John Johns, who composed it, was born at Plymouth, England, March 17, 1801. He received his education partly at the grammar school and partly from the Unitarian minister in the town, and then spent two years in Edinburgh. His first charge was that of the old Presbyterian Chapel at Crediton. Here he remained from 1820 to 1836, when he went to Liverpool as Minister to the Poor. He labored untiringly among his people, and died of a fever, June 23, 1847. He wrote three volumes of poetry, and was a contributor to a number of religious periodicals.

502 *Philippians* 2: 10, 11. S. M. D.

O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

2 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord
Let all the earth be filled.

There is in existence a small pamphlet of less than fifty pages written by Rev. Charles Wesley in 1782, and yet not specified or described in his biography. It was entitled, *Hymns for the Nation.* It seems likely that it contained some patriotic songs for the British people, who were then in the stress of conflict with the American colonies, and wanting solace. In this little collection the present hymn was found, with the motto at the head of it, "On the American War."

503 *"Come, Lord Jesus."* S. M.

COME, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

In the first series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857, by Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D., there is a poem with fourteen stanzas, bearing the motto, "*Senuit mundus:* Augustine." From this the verses of the present hymn have been chosen. Dr. William C. Prime relates an interesting personal reminiscence of Dr. Bonar:

"One dark night in the year 1856, in the earthly city Jerusalem, I wandered into a lighted mission-room on Mount Zion, where a small company of men and women of various nationalities and complexions were gathered. In the desk was a man of impressive countenance, whose voice seemed to me remarkably forcible, though low and musical. Musical to me at least, because in my childhood I was surrounded by Scotch people, and in my father's house was always familiar with the voices of mighty men of the Scotch Church in America, such men as Bullions and Proudfit and—why name them? Are not their names recorded in the rolls of the saints, who after the war have had honor and refreshment and rest in the times of eternal peace! Very melodious in my ears are the tones of any voices, however harsh to some ears, which remind me of those gentle yet stalwart champions of the faith.

"The preacher, as I learned later, was Dr. Horatius Bonar. Learned and eloquent, there was a wonderful charm in what he said that night, because he had strong convictions on that subject of much speculation, the second coming of the Lord. He believed in his personal coming, to reign on the earth. And his faith, seconded by his rich poetic imagination and fervor, all quickened by the fact that we were in Jerusalem, the city of the Passion, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the city on

which every morning the dawn broke over the mountain of the Ascension—these gave to his words a winning power which you may imagine, but which I cannot describe. He had no idea of any specific time for the advent. He did not argue, nor was there a controversial word in all that he said. He only gave himself up, and gave us up too, to the scene which shall be sooner or later, when the King shall come again to walk in the streets of his abasement, when the effulgence of the light that will darken the sunlight shall attend him from the Garden of Gethsemane to the judgment seats of Herod and Pilate, and along the *Via Dolorosa* to Calvary and the rock-hewn tomb.

"To hear such a man in Jerusalem, having a firm belief in the personal coming and reign of Christ, thus communicate to others freely his confident hopes and imaginings, was a memorable event. In the course of the next few days I was happy in making the personal acquaintance of Dr. Bonar, and from day to day was led to admire and honor—I had almost said revere—him."

504 *The hidden Life.* S. M.

OUR life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to him
Whom, seeing not, we love.

2 When he who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like his own.

3 He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails:
His fullness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

4 Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life;
We live for evermore.

5 Like him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified:
For we shall see him as he is,
And in his light abide.

This poem by Dr. Horatius Bonar was first published in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1867, with the title "Life in Christ." It is filled with a joyous anticipation of the second appearing of our Lord, and the resurrection unto life eternal, which will give back to us those who have fallen asleep in Jesus. In a notable series of verses, addressed to the church in Thessalonica, the apostle Paul takes pains to meet a manifest anxiety on this head. "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." There is great significance in this; for we must remember that the first Epistle to the Thessalonians is the oldest thing in the New Testament. Evidently the earliest matter of discussion among the immediate followers of the risen Redeemer was concerning the state and future faring of the pious dead. Why not study up all we can know upon this subject? Paul says he would not have those people ignorant. It is folly and wilfulness to insist that all disquisitions in this direction end in extravagance. When one is simply invited to notice that all the Scripture writers appear to look upon the Saviour's advent as very near, even in their time, it does not seem either fair or relevant to begin laughing at those who have spent their time trying to find out what "man" six hundred and sixty-six was the "number" of. Prophecy is a different thing from eschatology.

505 *The final Judgment.* S. M.

AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

"The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked:" this was the title which Dr. Philip Doddridge gave to his hymn. He added also as a reference the text Matthew 25:41. The appeal is very solemn as he urges it in the final verse. The instinctive tendency of the human heart is to procrastinate in the performance of religious work. So, when the reckoning is demanded, souls are surprised. If all the good resolutions that have been made by members of the church of God had been executed in their due time, the millennial glory would long ago have gleamed on every hill and shone in every valley. Time glides mysteriously on with no reference to daring delay. The grave, like the horse-leech's daughter, cries, Give (Prov. 30:15, 16), and damnation slumbereth not (2 Peter 2:3), but men sleep clear up to the edge of divine judgment. They did in Noah's time, and in Lot's, when a less catastrophe was at

hand; and so it will be when the Son of man is revealed (Luke 18 : 26–30). Christians ought to hold in memory the repeated admonitions they have received. Walter Scott wrote on his dial-plate the two Greek words which mean "the night cometh," so that he might keep eternity in mind whenever he saw the hours of time flitting by. Evidently the apostle Paul feels that he has the right to press peculiarly pertinent and solemn appeals upon those who had enjoyed the advantage of such long instruction (I. Thessalonians 5 : 1–7). There is no second chance offered after the first is lost.

506 *The Tribunal.* C. P. M.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was born on August 24, 1707, being the second daughter of Washington Shirley, Earl Ferrers. This ancient family traced its pedigree up to the reign of Edward the Confessor, and had been allied to the royal family of England by marriage. As a very young child the little Selina was very thoughtful, and accustomed herself to pray over every difficulty and worry. At nine years of age she was much impressed by the spectacle of a child's funeral, and, falling on her knees, she offered up an earnest supplication that her last hour might be a happy one. This serious spirit distinguished her during all those early years of girlhood and young womanhood.

Lady Selina Shirley was married to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, in June, 1728, and still exemplified in her changed position the same serious habits. She attended to the wants of the poor on her husband's estates, statedly performed her religious duties in private, and constantly attended on public worship. She was presented at court and took some part in the fashionable amusements of the day, but never with any real relish. She always felt too deeply the responsibilities of existence to do this, and strove to work out her own salvation thus, "with fear and trembling."

But the light of evangelical truth was to dawn on her heart and life. The preaching of Whitefield and the Wesleys became matter of public notoriety and wonder, and the ladies of the house of Hastings, the Countess' sisters-in-law, hastened to listen to the new doctrines. Lady Margaret Hastings first received the truth "in the love of it," and hesitated not to use her influence with Lady Huntingdon to lead her in the same path. In conversation, one day, the former lady remarked that, "since she had known and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation she had been as happy as an angel." The Countess pondered over this continually, and, feeling more and more her sinful and lost condition before God, strove to effect a reconciliation to him by her own works and self-denying austerities. She practiced these for some time, seeking justification by them; but the more she strove the more she felt how sinful and unworthy she was before the eyes of him who reads the secrets of all hearts.

Shortly after this she fell dangerously ill, and was brought to the brink of the grave. Death became a terror to her, and the morality and good works upon which she had hitherto relied now presented themselves to her mind as "sandy foundations." "Her best righteousness," says her biographer, "now appeared to be but 'filthy rags,' which, so far from justifying her before God, increased her condemnation. The remorse which before attended conscience on account of sin, respected only the outward actions of her life; but now she saw that her heart was 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,' and that 'the thoughts of man's heart are only evil continually.' When upon the point of perishing the words of Lady Margaret came again to mind, and she felt an earnest desire, renouncing every other hope, to cast herself wholly upon Christ for life and salvation. From her bed she lifted up her heart to the Saviour with this prayer, and immediately all her distress and fears were removed, and she was filled with joy and peace in believing."

With the dawn of new peace and marvelous blessedness came a sense of new responsibilities and important duties. Lady Huntingdon never dreamed of being ashamed of

her Lord and Master, or of hiding under a bushel the gift she had received. She determined to become more self-denying, more charitable, more constant in good works, and more earnest for the salvation of others. As soon as she rose from her bed of sickness she sent a message to the Wesleys, assuring them of her sympathy with them, and of her desire to coöperate with them in the glorious work of saving sinners. She also attended closely on Whitefield's ministry.

In 1764 a collection was published for use in the chapels which had been founded by the Countess of Huntingdon. Several hymns composed by this lady were contained in this, but unfortunately the list of them does not now exist. Almost the only one of her authorship which still is kept in use is that just now under our eyes. It does not appear in the earliest editions of the hymn-book she approved. It is found in one edition, but that is without date. In the various issues along the years sometimes the editor put it in, and sometimes the next editor left it out. And once or twice it is credited to some other writer. But now hymnologists accept it as hers. In November, 1790, when the Countess had passed her eighty-third birthday, she broke a blood-vessel, and was in imminent danger of speedy death. But she was quite patient, collected, and happy. "All is well—well for ever," she said to her friends, who collected in alarm round her. She was then residing at Spafields, London, and, although reduced to very feeble health, she employed herself much in planning missionary undertakings to the heathen, as well as in her ministerial engagements at home. She recovered somewhat from this attack, lived through the winter, but died June 17, 1791, and was interred at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

507 *Isaiah* 52:1. 7s, 6s. D.

AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored:
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious name.

3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but victor,
For evermore to reign:
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone,
Oh, world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne.

4 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
The sun uprises slowly,
But keep thy watch and ward:
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

Benjamin Gough was born in Southborough, Kent, England, in 1805, and entered business life early. For many years he was a merchant in London. Belonging to the Wesleyan communion, it was considered proper for him to be a layman and yet exercise the office of a lay preacher. He wrote a number of hymns, of more or less merit, which he gathered together and published in 1865 in a volume entitled *Lyra Sabbatica*. In this the piece now before us was included; it had for its theme, "The Coming Millennium." After he retired from business, Mr. Gough resided for some years in Faversham, where he died, November 28, 1877.

508 *"Your lamps trimmed."* 7s, 6s. D.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil;
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

Another of the translations from the German given us in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, First Series, 1854. In this instance it seems to be understood that Mrs. Sarah Findlater did the literary work, and indeed it is well done. The original hymn begins, *Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen*, and it is by Laurentius Laurenti. It is founded, of course, upon the parable of the Ten Virgins (Matthew 25:1–13), and it pictures with unusual vigor and measure of detail that scene described so vividly by our Lord.

509 *The Lamb's Bridal.* 7s, 6s. D.

THE marriage feast is ready,
The marriage of the Lamb,
He calls the faithful children
Of faithful Abraham:

Now from the golden portals
The sounds of triumph ring;
The triumph of the Victor,
The marriage of the King.

2 Nor sigh nor sorrow enter
Where Jesus leads them in;
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:
Now shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away,
Before the radiant brightness
Of everlasting day.

3 No tear-drops stain that threshold,
No weeping eyes are there;
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
And God hath stilled all care:
The sunlight of the Presence,
The bright Shechinah-flame,
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of God and of the Lamb.

This hymn was written by Rev. Gerard Moultrie, and was published in *The Primer set forth at large for the use of the Faithful*, 1864. It is a most cheerful and exhilarating song of hope. The sentiment is designed to offset the horror of some people in view of the judgment. It argues a low state of piety for one to grow shocked and alarmed at the thought of Christ's second advent. It might clear an inquirer's experience to think of this coming of Jesus. Does one love to "watch" for him? In the autobiography of Frances Ridley Havergal we are told of the years during which she sought sadly for peace at the cross. At last one of her teachers put this question to her: "Why cannot you trust yourself to your Saviour at once? Supposing that now, at this moment, Christ were to come in the clouds of heaven, and take up his redeemed, could you not trust him? Would not his call, his promise, be enough for you? Could you not commit your soul to him, to your Saviour, Jesus?" This lifted the cloud; she tells the story herself: "Then came a flash of hope across me which made me feel literally breathless. I remember how my heart beat. 'I *could* surely,' was my response; and I left her suddenly and ran away up stairs to think it out. I flung myself on my knees in my room and strove to realize the sudden hope. I was very happy at last. I could commit my soul to Jesus. I did not, and need not, fear his coming. I could trust him with my all for eternity. It was so utterly new to have any bright thoughts about religion that I could hardly believe it could be so, that I had really gained such a step. Then and there I committed my soul to the Saviour, I do not mean to say without *any* trembling or fear, but I did—and earth and heaven seemed bright from that moment—*I did trust the Lord Jesus.*"

510 *Isaiah* 21:11. 7s. D.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Perhaps no piece can be found which is more familiar to the American churches than this of Sir John Bowring, included in his *Hymns*, 1825. Every man seems to think he understands it, and gives a force to its challenge in the direction of missionary effort at once. The brief prediction in Isaiah 21: 11, 12, is, however, one of the most obscure in the Bible. The entire prophecy is contained in two verses of the chapter, and appears to bear no relation to what goes before it or what follows. But the image it presents is singularly dramatic and picturesque. The scene is laid in the midst of the Babylonish captivity. A lonely watchman is represented as standing on the ramparts of some tower along the defences of the citadel. He seems to be anxiously looking for the issues of the siege leveled against it. The time is midnight. Calamity is over the land. The people are afflicted. Their enemies are pressing them hard. That solitary sentinel sadly remains at his post, peering into the unlit gloom, trying to discern signs of deliverance. But the heavens are starless and the impenetrable clouds keep rolling on. Suddenly an unknown voice pierces the air. Whether in wailing sorrow or in bitter taunt, is not evident; but out from the stillness already grown oppressive breaks the question with repetitious pertinacity—"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" The sentinel waits through a moment of surprised meditation, and then tranquilly answers: "The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come." Then the dialogue lapses into silence again, and the night gathers its unbroken shadows deeper than ever.

511 *"The Lord God reigneth."* 7s. D.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'t is done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

The spirit in which James Montgomery wrote this piece is easily seen from the title he gave to it: "Hallelujah!" It is included in his *Original Hymns*, 1853, but it was first published in the *Evangelical Magazine*, July, 1818. The passages of Scripture to which allusion is made are I. Corinthians 15:24–28, and Revelation 11:15.

512 *The World's Conversion.* 7s. D.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain:
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

This is Miss Harriet Auber's version of the old foreign-mission song of the churches, Psalm 72. It was published in 1829.

513 *Day of Pentecost.* C. M.

WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom:
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

This is taken from the poem of eleven stanzas which, in the now familiar *Christian Year*, the Rev. John Keble has chosen to signal the advent of Whitsunday—the Sabbath that the English churches accept as the anniversary of the Day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles according to the previous promise of our Lord. A careful pruning of the verses has to be exercised in this case; for a number of the statements are questionable from any except the highest points of view taken by those with whom the author sympathized. But a hymn was needed for this particular service, and this answers comfortably as a commemoration of the season. The author has attached to it the reference to Acts 2:2–4, where the Bible story is to be found.

514 *Giver of grace.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine:
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

Almost every writer of any note has, first or last, been tempted to try his skill in producing a version of the old Latin hymn of Rabanus Maurus, "*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*" This one is by Nahum Tate, and it is found in his *New Version of the Psalms*, 1703.

515 *The Promise.* 8s, 6s, 4s.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Is his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

Another of Miss Harriet Auber's hymns, taken from *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. She has for once departed from her usual line of composition, and refreshed us with a song in a new meter.

516 *Assurance.* C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Dr. Isaac Watts made this No. 144 in Book I. of his *Hymns*, 1707, entitling it, "The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit." He annexed to it also two Scripture references; Romans 8: 14–16: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the Spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." And Ephesians 1: 13, 14: "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory."

517 *Sanctification.* C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

From Rev. Thomas Cotterill's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1810. He entitled it, "Assurance of Salvation desired." No compiler ever changed the hymns of other people with a cooler devastation than this author did year after year in his editions. And those who came after him seem to have felt free to follow his example by making changes in his own. This one has been altered, and in most instances helped, by unknown hands, till even the title has had to yield, and now stands, "For a well-grounded hope of Salvation."

518 *"Oh, Come To-day."* 6s, 4s.

COME, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene! and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend!
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless,
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Our old friend, Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield, believed to the day of his death that the ancient sequence, "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*," was composed by Hermannus Contractus, who died in 1054. He used to pride himself upon the clearness of his demonstration that this man deserved the credit of having given to the world a piece of poetry which Archbishop Trench pronounced to be "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry."

But the critics still hold the authorship unsettled. It was for ages given to Robert II., King of France, and so appeared in the American and English hymn-books of the earlier times. Pope Innocent III. also had some friends to claim for him so notable a literary honor. And Stephen Langton, for a while Archbishop of Canterbury in the thirteenth century, was named as the fortunate poet in an antiquated commentary. It is of no use for any one now to be dogmatic; it is likely the whole matter rests upon mere conjecture.

But there is no doubt as to the composer of the fine translation now before us. Dr. Ray Palmer wrote the piece for *The Sabbath Hymn-Book*, Andover, 1858. It is admirably done, and the stanzas, in their quaint meter, stand as a memorial of his genius and taste.

519 *"Let there be Light."* 6s, 4s.

THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
Oh, now to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity—
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide—
"Let there be light!"

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light," Genesis 1:3, is evidently the text upon which this hymn is based. The author, Rev. John Marriott, was born at Cottesbach, near Lutterworth, England, in 1780, and studied at Rugby and at Christ Church, Oxford. He graduated with honors, and then spent about two years as private tutor in the family of the Duke of Buccleuch, who afterwards secured to him the living of Church Lawford, Warwickshire. This he kept to the end of his life, although his wife's ill-health compelled him to relinquish his duties for a time, and necessitated his residence in Devonshire. Here he became successively curate of St. Lawrence, and of Broad Clyst, near Exeter, where he died, March 31, 1825. The hymn before us was written about 1813, and appeared in Dr. Raffles' *Collection* in 1816; but was afterwards reprinted from the author's manuscript in *Lyra Britannica*, 1867.

520 *Prayer for grace.* 7s. 6l.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear:
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it, when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

When the first volume of hymns by Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch appeared, it was the signal for a violent hymnological controversy. Rev. John Campbell attacked the author, as having made his poems the vehicle of what he called the "Negative Philosophy," and he replied spiritedly; and, moreover, was joined by a number of brother ministers. The volume was called *The Rivulet: a Contribution to Sacred Song*, and was published in London in 1855. The hymn quoted above was taken from this book, where it is to be found under the heading, "Holy Spirit's Presence Desired."

Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch was born at Dunmow, Essex, England, July 5, 1818, and received his education at Islington School and Highbury Independent College. He was pastor of a church at Highgate from 1847 to 1849, and for four years thereafter had charge of a congregation in Mortimer Street. A wearying illness of three years' duration followed; but in 1860 he resumed his work with his old people, to whom he ministered in the Mornington Church, Hampstead Road, London, until his death on May 9, 1871. All bitterness concerning this writer and his hymns has long since passed away, and critics now recognize his poetic merit at its true value.

521 *Invocation.* C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

In Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, this poem originally appeared with the title, "Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or Fervency of Devotion Desired;" and it has been republished by John Wesley in his collection with some alterations.

It never seems kind or charitable to charge insincerity upon any of the children of God as a wilful sin. But the fact stands—perhaps carelessness will account for it—that a vast majority of prayers are mere mechanical performances. Believers fall into platitudes, and run in ruts of expression. The most formal petition one hears is quite likely to be cast into this most preposterous utterance, "Oh, make us all wrestling Jacobs and prevailing Israels!" Travelers in Eastern lands tell us they find among some of the nations a custom of using praying-machines. Blocks of wood are constructed in the shape of wheels upon a spindle. On these petitions are inscribed; and then the pious devotee sits patiently beneath, whirling them with a string. We have no such contrivances in our times. But there are certain stiff formulas of vain repetition which would fit them. We certainly are too vague and diffusive in our devotions. Wisely has an ancient writer remarked, "Generalities are the death of prayer." And when we are rambling the world over, sometimes the providence of God says almost audibly in our ears, "Let me go!" Back on ourselves this is the signal for us to turn, and quicken our faith by concentrating its force and fervor, and arouse our zeal into the condition of being wide awake.

522 *The Comforter's love.* C. M.

O Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
How is thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

2 O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

3 Where should our feebleness find strength,
Our helplessness a stay,
Didst thou not bring us hope and help,
And comfort day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek thee, and would welcome thee,
How would they prize thy love!

The rather plaintive undertone one notices in Mrs. Jane Euphemia Saxby's compositions was perhaps due to the fact that they were written during a very long illness, when she believed herself to be, as she says, "in the 'Border Land.'" This piece was published in 1849 in *The Dove on the Cross*. Mrs. Saxby is the daughter of William Browne, of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, England. She was born January 27, 1811, and in 1862 married Rev. Stephen Henry Saxby, rector of East Clevedon, Somerset. A few of her pieces appeared in a compilation entitled *Hymns and Thoughts for the Sick and Lonely*, and she has also published a book for children.

The peculiarity of this poem is found in the implication it makes that the "love" of the Comforter is "despised" by thoughtless and wilful men. If the expression found in Romans 15:30, "the love of the Spirit," means the love which the Holy Spirit feels towards penitent believers, rather than the love which believers feel towards him, or the love which the Holy Spirit works in the hearts of believers towards each other, then it is indeed the only really disinterested love mentioned in the Bible. For the Father loves the creatures of his own hand, and enjoys the prospect of their redemption which will redound to his glory. And the Son loves sinners because he loves his Father, and always does what will please him. But if the Holy Spirit truly loves men he is not permitted to tell them so. He cannot make professions of his affection in his own behalf: he is not even to "speak of himself;" he is to "glorify" Jesus Christ, and bring to men's remembrance all that Jesus said; he is to "testify" of Jesus, and "witness" to Jesus; so he is not to bring himself forward at all in winning affectionate return. Hence his "love" is absolutely disinterested. This passage in Romans is very valuable and very welcome, if it means to tell us that the Holy Ghost loves us, but that he is too loyal to Jesus to try to win our hearts to himself away from Jesus. And surely, surely, such love as his should never be "despised" or "grieved." It cannot even be understood, much less "prized," until it is both "sought" and "welcomed."

523 *Heavenly Love.* 7s, 5s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love, than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

7 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth published this in his *Holy Year*, 1862. He gave it to Quinquagesima Sunday, and based it upon I. Corinthians 13:13: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

524 *"Comforter Divine!"* 7s, 5s.

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: thy strength afford;
Lost—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

Another hymn by George Rawson, originally published in the *Leeds Hymn-book*, 1853, where it appears with nine stanzas. This is one of the best enumerations of the various offices of the Paraclete, as Jesus promised he would pray the Father to send him, to be found in the English language. He illuminates and cleanses, strengthens and restores: he brings peace and guidance; he subdues our waywardness and opens the things of Jesus Christ to our understanding; he aids in our prayers with "groanings that cannot be uttered;" he is "the earnest of our inheritance" and the "seal of immortality" in our hearts, so that we cry "Abba, Father," just as Jesus Christ did; he brings all things to our remembrance, and searches for us the deep things of God.

525 *The Comforter.* S. M.

BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vail of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

This hymn Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney contributed to the *Village Hymns*, a collection of songs for prayer-meetings issued in 1824 by the revivalist Rev. Asahel Nettleton, and long very popular in New England. This remarkable woman is said to have been able to read intelligently in her third year, and to write in a sort of rhyme when she reached the age of seven. Her contributions to this collection were marked by the initial "H." only, and seem to have been her earliest efforts in

the direction of lyric poetry. She attained no very high rank in this class of literature, but her productions were useful on account of her choosing as her themes such subjects as met the real want of singing worshipers.

Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney was the daughter of Ezekiel Huntley, a soldier of the Revolution. She was born in Norwich, Conn., September, 1791. Educated at the best of schools, and endowed with fine powers of mind, she early gave promise of the great success she achieved as a teacher and writer. She had a class of young ladies under her charge in Hartford for five years, and in 1815 published her first book; this was entitled *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse.* Others followed on in course, and each secured a rapid sale, until the number of them reached forty-six distinct volumes in all, besides more than two thousand articles contributed to more than three hundred periodicals. Some of her work went across the sea, and was highly appreciated. She received from the queen of the French a handsome diamond bracelet as a token of that sovereign's esteem. In 1819 she became the wife of Charles Sigourney, a merchant in Hartford of literary and artistic tastes. In all the years of her industry and fame she never neglected home duties for the sake of her books. She was neither a strong thinker nor a vigorous writer generally; but she was true and good, pure and womanly always, clear and honest. Her whole life was one of active and earnest philanthropy; graceful and generous, thoughtful and kind, she was one of the decorous ladies of that olden time who gave New England a good measure of her glory. She died in Hartford, June 10, 1865. A memorial tablet has been placed in Christ Church, in that city, above the pew long occupied by her. It bears some lines by John Greenleaf Whittier, who says: "I knew Mrs. Sigourney well when, as a boy, I came to Hartford. Her kindness to the young rustic stranger I shall never forget." The lines are as follows:

"She sang alone, ere womanhood had known
The gift of song which fills the air to-day:
Tender and sweet, a music all her own
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray."

526 *"May we be sanctified."* S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery included this in his *Original Hymns*, 1853, entitling it, "The Descent of the Spirit." It is founded upon the story of Pentecost, Acts 2: 1–4.

527 *Grieving the Spirit.* S. M.

THE Comforter has come,
We feel his presence here,
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear

2 This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,
'T is heaven descending from above,
To fill this favored hour.

3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4 No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

This hymn was first published anonymously in Dr. Hastings' *Church Melodies*, 1858, and the authorship is still uncertain. Its title, "Grieving the Spirit," expresses the sentiment of the poem, a recognition of the divine power which attracts the heart and leads it to repentance. No man can be an inquirer except under the influence of the Holy Ghost. No man can come to Christ "except the Father draw him." If he comes asking, that proves that he comes drawn. Hence the folly of those who profess to be waiting for the Spirit in order to believe. They *have* the Spirit; they are *resisting* him, instead of waiting for him, at this very moment. And hence the correction, also, of all false views of those who deem it perilous to urge on every soul the duty of immediate and believing surrender to Christ: that is the Spirit's work, it is admitted; but this is the man's duty. *He is under the power of the Spirit from the moment he asks the way.* And we are bound to bid him believe and be saved. If he cannot understand it we must explain it.

528 *Giver of Grace.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love!

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

Rev. Joseph Hart, whose best and most familiar piece, taken from his *Hymns Composed on Various Subjects*, 1759, we have now before us, was frank enough and penitent enough, as he reviewed the discouraging record of his early years, to put in as a line in one of the poems he published this confession: "With swine a beastly life I led." Here in this touching prayer of his soul we discover the secret of his rescue. The homeward steps of a redeemed man are traced in one of these stanzas. The Holy Spirit first convinces of sin; then the same Divine Agent leads to Jesus' blood. The result is always revolutionary; the nature is changed utterly. The convert receives a new and vast surprise. For the mercies of our God are suddenly revealed to his view, and he looks up "wondering."

529 *Jesus' parting Gift.* S. M.

THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift—is near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty
As in his courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he the indwelling Lord;
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power,
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.

The Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the leader of the Nonconformist clergymen of England, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, England, on June 19, 1834. In a round-jacket and with a broad collar the "boy preacher" delivered his first sermon at sixteen years of age, and he was pastor at Waterbeach when

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

he was seventeen, and almost at once he was called to London, and began his life-work in Southwark. Of this famous man it is only an incident to speak as an author of hymns. In 1866 he published what he called *Our Own Hymn Book; a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Public, Social, and Private Worship*. In this volume he has of his own composition fourteen psalms and ten hymns, of which he himself was fondest of this one, and it has found its way over the sea into many American hymnals. His literary and ministerial work for all his later years was simply enormous. He was an editor and contributor, a controversialist and a preacher, of the highest class in the history of those who speak the English language. His health has in these few seasons back been precarious, and at times his sufferings were frightful. In a recent sermon Mr. Spurgeon intimated that his end might be near. He said: "My time is ended, although I had much more to say. I can only pray the Lord to give you to believe in him. If I should never again have the pleasure of speaking for my Lord upon the face of this earth, I should like to deliver as my last confession of faith this testimony—that nothing but faith can save in this nineteenth century; nothing but faith can save England; nothing but faith can save the present unbelieving Church; nothing but firm faith in the grand old doctrines of grace and

in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the Church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ; nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for his name's sake! Amen."

He died at Mentone, Italy, February 11, 1892. Funeral services were held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, where he had so industriously and faithfully ministered all his life. After the mourners had entered carriages, the procession started for Norwood Cemetery. On the coffin lay an open Bible. The sides of the hearse bore the text: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Places of business between Kensington and Clapham were closed, and many of the houses had their blinds drawn.

530 *The Light.* S. M.

LORD, bid thy light arise
On all thy people here,
And when we raise our longing eyes,
Oh, may we find thee near!

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
To quicken every soul;
And hearts, the most rebellious, bend
To thy divine control.

3 Let all that own thy name
Thy sacred image bear,
And light in every heart the flame
Of watchfulness and prayer.

4 Since in thy love we see
Our only sure relief,
Oh, raise our earthly minds to thee,
And help our unbelief.

Rev. William Hiley Bathurst, the writer of this hymn, which is copied from his *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1831, was the son of an English Member of Parliament. He was born at Clevedale near Bristol, August 28, 1796, and received his education at Winchester and Oxford, graduating at Christ Church College as Bachelor of Arts, 1818. He took orders in the English Church in 1819, and in 1820 was appointed rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, near Leeds, where he remained until 1852, when he resigned his living because of conscientious scruples about the use of certain portions of the Baptismal and Burial Services. In 1863, on the death of an elder brother, he succeeded to the family estate, Lydney Park in Gloucestershire; he died there November 25, 1877. Mr. Bathurst published several books, one of them a translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil, also about two hundred hymns, thirty of which remain in common use. His style is characterized by simplicity and directness; but his didactic passages are sometimes lacking in poetic fervor.

531 *Teaching Truth.* S. M.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

The original form of this hymn, written by Rev. Benjamin Beddome, was in long meter, "Come, blesséd Spirit! source of light." It is undated, but appeared in his *Sermons*, 1816, and in his posthumous *Hymns*, 1817; and has been extensively used. It teaches that in God's Word, made plain to us by the Holy Spirit, we are to find our guide through life.

Really it is a wonderfully fine thing for us that so much of God's Word is biography. Thus we learn how principles, good and bad, can sway a human life, and be wrought into its very bone and sinew. When Hannah More and her sister moved to Cowslip Green, and began to work there, they found but one Bible in the parish, and that was used to prop up a flower-pot. Such destitution seems astonishing in a Christian land; but how is this any worse than neglecting the Bibles which we have? Are there no young men, strangers in great cities, whose Bibles are serving even poorer purposes? Into your trunk, when you left home, your mother's hands, perhaps, put the sacred volume with all care. It may be possible you read it for a little while; but where is it lying in its dust now?

532 *The heart melted.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

This small, but significant, hymn for "Whitsuntide," written by Rev. Benjamin Beddome, seems to have seen the light first in Rippon's *Selection*, tenth edition, 1800.

533 *He works in us.* S. M.

'T is God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

Another of the familiar songs of Rev. Benjamin Beddome, contained in his *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship*, 1817, where it begins with the line, "That we might walk with God." This was changed in Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*, 1833, to the present form, and in the modern collections the alteration has been accepted. The original title was "Leadings of the Spirit," and evidently allusion is made to the passage in Paul's epistle, Philippians 2:12, 13.

534 *All-divine.* 7s.

Holy Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D., is best known, and will be most gratefully remembered by the world, as founder of five benevolent institutions, all situated in London, the result of his energy and wide charity, and designed for orphans, idiots, and incurables. He was born in London, November 27, 1787, and studied for the Congregational ministry at Hackney College. His first charge was the New Road Chapel, St. George's-in-the-East; from there the congregation went to Wycliffe Chapel, which was built in 1830 through his exertions. He continued in this pastorate for fifty years, the only interruption of his labors being a visit to America in 1834. This was at the time of a great religious revival, and immediately after his return a similar experience occurred in his own church. He published several works on the subject of revivals which were of great service to churches in general: *Narrative of the Revival of Religion in Wycliffe Chapel; Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches;* and *Advancement of Religion the Claim of the Times.* Dr. Reed also made a compilation, entitled, *The Hymn-Book, prepared from Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns and Other Authors, with some Originals*, 1842. This included the one now before us with twenty more of his own compositions. This is still in use by some churches in England and the colonies. He died February 25, 1862.

535 *"The Things of Christ."* 7s.

Holy Spirit! gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move!
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Through his well-beloved Son.

Rev. William Hammond wrote this piece for his *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745. It is included in the *Dictionary of Hymnology* among the translations of the "*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*" But it is surely more like a paraphrase than like a version. Allusion is made at the close to John 14:26; and 16:15.

536 *The Gifts bestowed.* 7s.

Holy Spirit, in my breast
Grant that lively faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what thou hast taught.

2 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter, descend from thee;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
These thy gifts to us impart—

3 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
Love return to dwell with thee,
In the threefold Deity!

This is one of the poems included in Bishop Richard Mant's *Ancient Hymns*, 1837. It is entitled, "Hymn to the Comforter for 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.'" Some of the lines have been altered.

537 *"Keep me, Lord!"* 7s.

Gracious Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

Very little is known concerning John Stocker, the author of this hymn, beyond the bare facts of his life as found in an article of the *Herzog Encyclopædia*. From this we learn that he was born in Honiton, Devonshire, England; that most likely he was an acquaintance, possibly an intimate friend, of Toplady, whose home was for several seasons not far away from Honiton. This man, with the scant biography, during the years before and after 1777, contributed to the *Gospel Magazine* nine hymns; these were issued again by Daniel Sedgwick in 1861. Among this early group the present hymn was included; it has been in many of the hymnals since, and has enjoyed great favor with the churches.

538 *"Inward Teachings."* L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

Dr. Isaac Watts gives this as No. 133 of his Book II. He entitles it very simply, "The Operations of the Holy Spirit." The theme appears uninviting because of the tameness of a mere enumeration; but the hymn has always been popular in the United States for use in conference-meetings.

539 *"Veni, Creator!"* L. M.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace, and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

The favor with which the ancient Latin hymn, "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*," has been received into the hearts of God's people all through the ages, is evidenced, if by nothing else, by the eagerness with which the singers of sacred song have hastened to translate it into convenient meter for modern use. Edward Caswall is the author of the version here before us; it was printed in *Lyra Catholica*, 1849.

540 *"The book unfold."* L. M.

COME, blessèd Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined.
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

We find the piece here quoted in Rev. Benjamin Beddome's *Sermons*, 1816; and also in his *Hymns*, which were published posthumously in 1817. There it has four stanzas of four lines each. In some of our hymn-books the first line is given as "Come, Spirit! source of light;" but in the version before us it appears as it was originally.

541 *Spirit of Grace.* L. M.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple-gate
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

In the original hymn, which Dr. Philip Doddridge wrote in 1740, two other stanzas appear, but neither of them helps in common use. The piece commences, "Hear, gracious Sovereign, from above." As it now stands, it fitly represents the words of our Lord: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Really, it would appear from this that it is not at all worth while to consider any question whatever concerning a place of prayer. Jeremiah could be heard from the dungeon, Daniel from the lions' den; Paul gained an answer on shipboard, and Jonah sent an excellent petition from under the waves of the sea; Nathanael was

not unheeded standing beneath the fig-tree, nor was Israel turned away when he wrestled in the mountain of Gilead. Each prayer, fervent in spirit and effectual in reward, encouraged the saint which lifted it to say, no matter where he happened to be at the time, "This place is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"

542 *Invocation.* L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

Before his delusion appeared Rev. Simon Browne had published a volume of *Sermons*, 1722, and a book containing 200 religious poems, entitled *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1720. He was fond of Watts as a friend and as a leader in hymnody, and many would think he imitated him too, and always to his own benefit, for his own work was never very poetical, but the rather stately and somewhat solid. His best hymn is the one before us; it has been popular with all the churches, and appears almost invariably in the modern hymnals. He felt the power of the Holy Spirit of God with him through all the vagaries of his feeble reason. Indeed, his case has been one of those which have been often instanced in the medical and philosophical books as very peculiar. At the time when his mind first began to wander he lost his wife and his son, both of whom he tenderly loved. But the explanation of his deepest distress has generally been found in the result of an attack made upon him by a highway robber. As the villain, according to the custom in all ages, presented the pistol and demanded his money, this muscular Congregationalist, being of a large and sinewy build, seized him suddenly by the throat, disarmed him, and flung him down, while he sent a friend opportunely with him for assistance. When help came it was evident at the first look that the clergyman's grip had strangled his antagonist to death. This incident wrought painfully upon the good man's mind. He often wished to destroy himself; sometimes his conscience upbraided him as if he had been a second Lamech, and ought to cry out: "I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt." Such experiences give a pathetic meaning to his longing to be led by the Holy Spirit into complete sanctification and to the heaven of rest.

543 *Veni, Creator.* L. M.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.

2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete—
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee!

4 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

JOHN DRYDEN.

"O happy youth, who had Homer to be the herald of your virtues!" So cried Alexander the Great as he stood upon the tomb of Achilles and thought of the fame of the *Iliad*. It really makes a mighty difference how even the best of men are advertised. Here is Rabanus Maurus done into English verse from the Latin by no less a person than John Dryden: *laudatus a laudato*, "a great man praised by a great praised man." Concerning the *Veni, Creator* a mysterious monk of Salzburg once said: "Whoever repeats this hymn, by day or by night, him shall no enemy, visible or invisible, assail." Popular feeling seems to have caught a portion of the nameless priest's enthusiasm; for this song of praise to

the Holy Ghost has been translated by many of the highest of poets, rivaling each other in their efforts to do him honor, and sung over the whole world.

The author of the ancient Latin hymn, Rabanus Maurus, was Abbot of Fulda and Archbishop of Mayence in the eighth century; he was commonly called "the foremost German of his time." It is fair to say that his claim to this composition is not admitted by all critics. John Dryden, who wrote this translation into English, was the famous poet, whose biography can be found in every class-book. He was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631, and died May 1, 1700.

544 *The Spirit near.* L. M.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Miss Anne Steele began, in the *Poems* by *Theodosia*, 1760, a piece consisting of eight stanzas, with the line, "Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest," and entitled it, "The Influences of the Spirit of God in the Heart." Out of this the stanzas chosen here have been taken. The Scriptural reference is to John 14:16, 17. This hymn has been familiar in all the history of New England, to Christian hearts especially during periods of revival in the churches.

545 *"Come and shine."* 7s, 3l. D.

HOLY Spirit, come and shine
Sweetly in this heart of mine,
With thy heavenly love and light;
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, thou Giver, great and sure;
Come, and make my spirit bright!

2 Best of all my helpers, thou!
Dearest guest that I can know,
Freshest draught that I can find:
In my labor thou art peace,
Thou dost bid my fever cease,
To my sorrows thou art kind.

3 O thou blessèd Light of Light,
Fill thou every secret height
In thy servant's waiting soul!
Save for this, thy heavenly aid,
Man would be for nothing made;
Not a sin could he control.

4 Cleanse thou every sordid place,
Soften harshness by thy grace,
Heal the wounds I feel within;
Bend the stubborn will to thine,
Cheer the thoughts that droop and pine—
Rule whatever turns to sin!

5 Give to them that faithful be
Everlasting trust in thee,
All thy sevenfold gifts bestow;
Give to virtue her reward,
Give us safety in our Lord,
Give what joy immortals know!

SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD.

This piece was translated by Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield from the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, which was written by Hermannus Contractus, the crippled monk of Reichenau, in the eleventh century. "There is no stranger series of events than that which now brings this hymn into connection with the name of Hermannus, instead of the usual ascription to Robert II., King of France. See, for the full account, 'The Latin Hymn-Writers and their hymns.' The present translation first appeared in *Laudes Domini*, 1884."

This is the modest inscription which the author of *English Hymns* placed upon his own piece now before us. So enthusiastic was he concerning the authorship of the ancient Latin composition, which he really believed he had established, that one feels a little sad to have to record that he did not after all fully succeed in convincing some of his critics.

Rev. Samuel Augustus Willoughby Duffield came of a line of Presbyterian ministers as illustrious as any in that great denomination of Christians in America. His grandfather, Rev Dr. George Duffield, and his father, Rev. Dr. George Duffield, Jr., were among the most worthily prominent clergymen of their day. If our friend and fellow-worker — *Nulli flebilior quam mihi*—had lived to his completed strength and promise, he would have filled

out the fame of the family and left it undiminished.

He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 24, 1843, and graduated at Yale College, 1863. Ordained in 1867, he served several churches successively—in Bergen, N. J., in Ann Arbor, Mich., in Chicago, Ill., in Altoona, Pa.; and then in 1881 became pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Bloomfield, N. J., in which position he remained until his death, May 12, 1887. Everywhere he left his mark as an industrious worker, a brilliant preacher, an influential and public-spirited citizen. He wrote constantly for the press, contributing both in poetry and prose. The five hymns he gave to *Laudes Domini*, 1884, were among the most welcome and excellent it contained.

His main works were *English Hymns: their Authors and History*, 1886; and *Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns* (edited posthumously by Dr. R. E. Thompson), 1889. The first of these was the best of all the books of annotations up to the time of its issue, showing great research, brilliancy, and accurate scholarship. The other one was more to his taste, and was full of erudition and quaint discourse concerning the ancient treasures of the church.

His people loved him tenderly, and on the silver plate of his coffin placed the word, "*Dilectissimus.*"

546 *Lord of Light.* 7s, 3l. D.

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear, celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure;
Come, thou Light of all that live.

2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light immortal, Light Divine,
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill.
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away.
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

This is one of Rev. Edward Caswall's fine translations from the Latin, "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus,*" found in *Lyra Catholica*, 1849. In mediæval times the original hymn was so much admired that it was often called the "Golden Sequence." It is a fervent prayer for the indwelling of the Spirit, from whom alone can come a new growth. Mere external efforts at self-reform do not amount to much. The heart needs warming by the Holy Ghost that the life may throw the worldliness off.

Go forth in the winter morning, and mark a little cottage half buried in the snow. Great ranks of icicles are pendent from its eaves. Smokeless, the chimney stands crowned with a snowy tuft on its summit, like the white plume of a hussar. The trees in the yard arch the roof, and burden it, as they bend under the load of sleet and drift. How cold and cheerless—you wonder if any one ever lived in it—you shiver as you look at it—what will you do? Of course you would never do any good by mounting the gable and toiling away with the shovel. No: dig in to the door if you can. Once inside, kindle a roaring fire on the hearth, pile on the wood, send the brisk hot flames wreathing up the frosty chimney. And ere long you will see the shingles steaming at the ridge, the window-panes clearing up, the icicles dropping off one by one; and at last, with one great plunge, that rights up the trees and shakes the burdened building free, the cataract of snow slides off the roof, and home begins again where winter was enthroned.

547 *The Solace in all Woes.* C. P. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

2 O thou, of comforters the best,
O thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

3 Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruisèd reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that goodness need.

It would seem as if these multiplied translations of the "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*" would be needless for the uses of a congregation. But they represent different meters, and are presented therefore with new music; and they are memorials of men who have won highest favor in the churches. Here, for example, we have the work of Dean Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, published first in *Macmillan's Magazine*,

June, 1873; who would be willing to be without his fresh song? It affords a keen critical interest to compare the various versions of this old hymn as they invite our admiration, like so many flowers in an anthology, or like so many high-born maidens in the drawing-room of a queen.

548 *Giver of Truth.* C. P. M.

O Holy Ghost, thou Fount of light,
Thy blessèd radiance puts to flight
The darkness of the mind;
The pure are only pure through thee;
And thou the prisoner dost set free,
And cheer with light the blind.

2 Thy grace eternal truth instills,
The ignorant with knowledge fills,
Awakens those who sleep,
Inspires the tongue, informs the eye,
Expands the heart with charity,
And comforts all who weep.

3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,
And for its glory to despise
The world and all below;
Cleanse us from sin, direct us right,
Illume us with thy heavenly light,
Thy peace on us bestow.

4 Lord of all sanctity and might,
Eternal thou and infinite,
The life of earth and heaven;
To thee the High and Holy One,
To thee, with Father, and with Son,
Be praise and glory given.

The hymn of Adam of St. Victor, "*Qui procedis ab utroque,*" is found in the *Limoges Sequentiary* of the twelfth century. Of this Edward Caswall has offered the present translation; it was published in his *Hymns and Poems*, 1873. It so happens that we are just now in the midst of a series of "sequences," and the versions are multiplied. A *sequence*, as the old monks phrased it, was a peculiar sort of strain with long notes to it, which "followed" the *Alleluia* that came between the Epistle and the Gospel in the regular service of the Roman Church. The deacon who officiated had some little space to traverse in crossing to the reading-desk, and the choir used to prolong the last syllable—*ia*—to cover the break. They slurred it, and rolled it, and kept it up droningly till everybody grew tired. Mabillon defines a *sequence* as "a rhythmical prayer." It was invented in order to cover this awkward interminableness of the close of the *Alleluia*, and bridge over the slow procession of the minister, and give him a breathing-space before he began to read again. For a while the novelty made poor substitution, for it so clung to the long notes of music that it was compared to the wailing and droning of a slow mill-wheel doing its work under a lack of oil at the axle. But the matter advanced into perfection. And we have to be glad that the "*Sancti Spiritus adsit,*" and the grand old "*Veni, Creator Spiritus,*" and the "*Rex omnipotens,*" and the inimitable "*Chorus Novæ Hierusalem*" were all "sequences" that came out of the dire necessity of stopping a mill-wheel droning in church.

549 *The Valley of dry Bones.* C. P. M.

Descend from heaven, celestial Dove,
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravished breasts inspire.
O Fount of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds:
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest Guide, thy sinner-train
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain,
And with us there abide.
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his piercèd hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.

Rev. Joseph Hart composed this hymn; it would strike some close critics that he had designated it for his version of the same old "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus,*" in his *Hymns*, 1759. It has touches of resemblance, but it is no proper translation. The piece is useful, if for nothing else, because of its allusion to the figure of the ancient seer in Ezekiel 37: 1–10.

550 *"Shed thine influence."* 10s.

Hail, Holy Spirit, bright immortal Dove!
Great spring of light, of purity and love:
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
Distinct from both, and yet with both but one.

2 O Lord, from thee one kind and quickening ray
Will pierce the gloom and re-enkindle day;
Will warm the frozen heart with love divine,
And with its Maker's image make it shine.

3 Oh, shed thine influence, and thy power exert;
Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy heart;
Pour on my drowsy soul celestial day,
And heavenly life to all its powers convey.

This hymn by the half-insane preacher of Old Jewry, in London, the Rev. Simon Browne, appears with the others in his little book, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1720. It is compiled from a poem twelve stanzas long. It well illustrates the didactic character of this author's poetry. It is valuable as showing the ruggedly orthodox faith of the man who has sometimes been accused of being of a wavering confidence in the great doctrine of the Triune Nature of the Godhead. He here preaches as he prays, and professes his creed as he sings. The personality of the Spirit of divine grace is distinctly acknowledged; the poet warms his "frozen heart with love divine." Some religious people say "it" if they have occasion to speak of the Holy

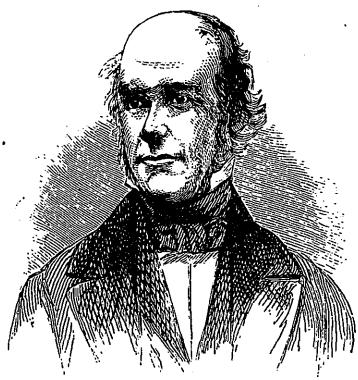
Ghost; the Bible invariably is sure to say "he" and "him" when it reveals his agency and divinity. Again in this hymn, as in the others of his we sing, we are reminded of the awful experiences of this godly man in the midst of his malady. A Christian heart alone can understand the aid there is in the thought of this Third Person of the adorable Trinity always close at hand, tender and compassionate; it makes one long to understand more perfectly the exact meaning of the expression, "the love of the Spirit." No one can doubt that this bewildered poet found comfort in such considerations. "Clear my dark mind," he prays; "pour on my soul celestial day!"

551 *Guidance into Truth.* 10s.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

2 We look to thee: thy Spirit gives the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.



THEODORE PARKER.

Most of those who sing this song of praise to our Lord Jesus Christ, the "Light, Life, and Way of heaven," would be surprised to be told for the first time that it was composed by Rev. Theodore Parker, M. A., one of the most prominent, pronounced, and extreme of all the ministers of the Unitarian Church in America. He was conspicuous for the length to which he suffered the expression of his individual opinions to go. He denied the Trinity of the Godhead and utterly rejected the Deity of the Saviour, and yet he here declares that Jesus is "the Way the holiest know." He asserts that the Spirit of Jesus, "who once appeared in humblest guise below," guides the nations. He says that "they who dearest hope and deepest pray" toil by the light, life, and way which he has given. Hence the hymn, which is in its structure a sonnet, possesses an unusual pathos as we remember the great generous-hearted man who wrote it. We are prepared to believe the statement that, during all his theological wanderings, "hoping ever for the perfect day," yet confessedly "stumbling and falling in disastrous night," like the rest of our lost race, he kept a bust of Jesus Christ constantly upon the desk where he studied.

Theodore Parker never came into notice specially as a poet. I know of no other hymn than this which has had circulation. This one appears in *Lyra Americana*, and I have seen it in two collections for church use besides *Laudes Domini*. It is printed also in his biography by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The facts of his career are easily accessible and measurably familiar. He was born in Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810, the youngest of eleven children in the same household. His native village is historic. In that first battle of the Revolution his grandfather commanded a company, and his ancestors fought all through the war of Independence. At the age of twenty he was examined and received into Harvard College. But he did not graduate; he only received the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1840. He taught school for a while, and was ordained to the ministry in 1837 at West Roxbury, Mass. A new society was formed for him in Boston, and to this he went as minister in 1846. From that time forward he was recognized as outside of every regular communion, with beliefs and disbeliefs of his own. He was a patriot, an intense antislavery champion, a prodigious worker, a well-read scholar. His health broke in 1859; he went abroad for relief, but died in Italy, May 10, 1860. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery in Florence. Just now we read in the papers that a new headstone has been erected over his grave, and unvailed in the presence of many American and English residents. The expense was paid by the subscriptions of a large number of friends and admirers of the Boston preacher.

552 *"Thy loving Spirit."* 10s.

TEACH me to do the thing that pleaseth thee;
Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;
Oh, let thy loving Spirit lead me forth
Into the land of righteousness and love.

2 Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer thee.

3 My highest hope to be where, Lord, thou art,
To lose myself in thee my richest gain,
To do thy will the habit of my heart,
To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from thence,
From self alone what could that peace destroy?
Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
My sorrow that I am not more thy joy.

This comes from Rev. Dr. John Samuel Bewley Monsell's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863, where it is entitled, "Divine Teaching," has four stanzas, and makes reference to Psalm 143:10: "Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness."

553 *The Fullness of Grace.* 10s.

O Holy Spirit! now descend on me
As showers of rain upon the thirsty ground:
Cause me to flourish as a spreading tree;
May all thy precious fruits in me be found.

2 Be thou my guide into all truth divine;
Give me increasing knowledge of my God;
Show me the glories that in Jesus shine,
And make my heart the place of his abode.

3 Be thou my quickener—in me revive
Each drooping grace so prone to fade and die;
Help me on Jesus day by day to live,
And loosen more and more each earthly tie.

4 Blest Spirit! I would yield myself to thee,
Do for me more than I can ask or think;
Let me thy holy habitation be,
And daily deeper from thy fullness drink.

Through long years of illness the brave patience and uncomplaining spirit of Miss Christina Forsyth rendered her peculiarly dear to her many friends, for whom she was always thoughtful and unselfish. She wrote a number of poems, most of which were published posthumously as *Hymns by C. F.*, 1861, and whence the piece quoted was taken; but her life was a more powerful influence for good than anything she has written. She was born at Liverpool, England, in 1825, and died at Hastings, March 16, 1859.

554 *The heart on the altar.* 10s.

Spirit of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love.

2 Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

3 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame!

"If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit," is the text appended to the original of this hymn, which had five stanzas, and was published in 1854 in a volume entitled, *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*. Its author was Rev. George Croly, LL. D., who has been successful in other departments of literature besides hymn-writing. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, August 17, 1780, and studied at Trinity College in that city, graduating in 1804. After his ordination as a minister of the Established Church he spent a few years in the north of Ireland, but in 1810 removed to London and applied himself to literary work. Finally he was appointed to the united livings of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, and St. Benet, Sherehog. These he retained until his death, which took place suddenly while he was walking in the street in Holborn, London, November 24, 1860.

555 *"No Other Name."* S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

Taken from Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, where it is No. 142 of Book II., and is entitled, "Faith in Christ our Sacrifice." For those who are so apt and swift in condemnation of hymns that attempt to "sing doctrine," it only remains for us to call attention to the fact that this one in particular has the whole Gospel of divine grace in a succession of stanzas, presented in a most remarkable way, and still the versification is graceful, flowing, and beautiful.

It begins with the lost state of man, utterly hopeless in his ruin, deeply in pain, guilty before the law, broken and sad: *verse 1*. The picture is melancholy and full of shame. Every attempt at self-justification is fruitless. Not only Jewish sacrifices on the altar, but Hindoo self-tortures in personal mutilation; Luther's creeping up Pilate's Staircase on his bare knees; Madame Guyon's foolish expedient of putting peas in her shoes for a pen-

ance; hermits' poverty, devotees' flagellation with whips—all are of no use; they cannot cleanse the pollution, nor allay the suffering, nor stay the doom of the fallen soul of man. "But Christ the heavenly Lamb takes all our sins away:" *verse 2*. When Henry Obookiah, the heathen boy, who was brought across from the Sandwich Islands to be educated, asked how it could be that Jesus, being only one person, could make an atonement for every one—men, women, and children, being so many—his teacher informs us that she bowed her head in silent prayer for aid in an attempt to answer his question; then she loosed from the fringe of her dress some small worthless beads in the trimming—quite a quantity, a little pile—and laid these in one of his hands; then she suddenly drew off her jeweled wedding-ring and placed it in the palm of the other, and bade him decide which was most valuable. The bright lad caught the illustration in an instant of delight; Jesus was "nobler" than a whole race of sinful men; for atonement does not go by measure of numbers, but by measure of worth; Christ was a prince of the "blood," in the kingdom of heaven. So, when he died, his death was sufficient for all of us, for all who ever lived on the earth, if they would believe on him and lovingly serve him. Only we must receive the advantage of it by faith, and on condition of immediate repentance: *verse 3*. Under the laws of Moses, most of us will remember, the guilty or "unclean" man must bring his lamb to be slain at the altar; but as he passed it to the priest he must lay his hand on the head of the animal to show that it was his own offering, and that he wished to transfer his sins to it as his sacrifice. So, when it was slain, it was as if he himself had been slain. Thus Jesus is the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." A penitent sinner seems to lay his hand upon Christ's head. It is in this way that he is "crucified with Christ" when Christ dies: *verse 4*.

Often we close our eyes as if in meditation; and, recalling the sorrowful scene at Calvary, we seem to see the Saviour dying on the cross; we remember the verse in Isaiah's prophecy which declares that "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" and we trust that the sin for which he is making atonement includes ours—our own—all of the sins we ever committed. Then when he says, "It is finished," we know we are justified; there is no more curse; the "handwriting against us" is for ever taken away; it was "nailed to his cross" to show it was completely atoned for and paid; and, oh, how full our souls are with joy! *verse 5*.

556 *Deut.* 30:19. S. M.

OH, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery published this in 1819, but corrected and changed some expressions in it before he included it in its finished form in *Original Hymns*, 1853. It was entitled, "The Issues of Life and Death," and reference was made to Hebrews 4:9–11. He composed the piece for the anniversary of the Red Hill Wesleyan Sunday-School in Sheffield; it was printed for use on a broad sheet in six stanzas of four lines.

557 *A Physician wanted.* S. M.

AND wilt thou hear, O Lord,
Thy suppliant people's cry?
And pardon, though thy book record
Our crimes of crimson dye?

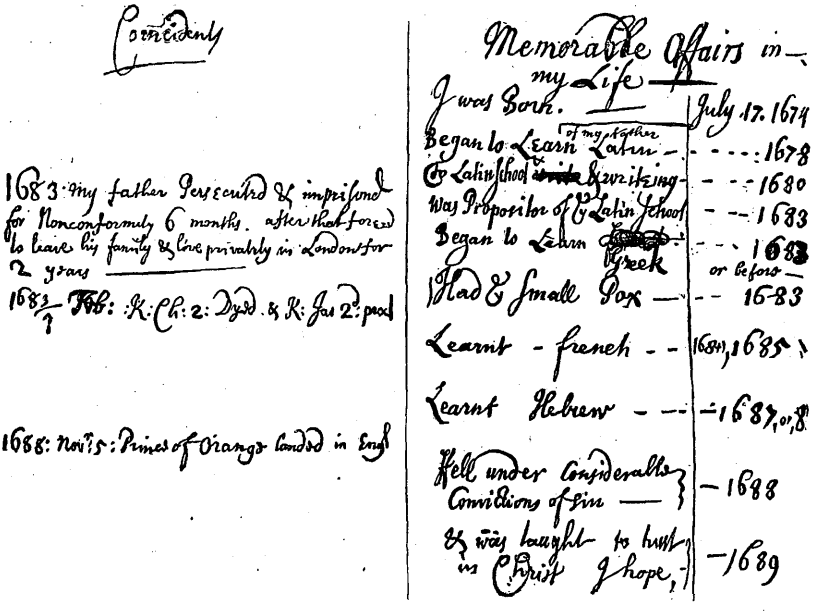
2 So deep are they engraved,
So terrible their fear:
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall we appear?

3 Let us make all things known
To him who all things sees:
That so his blood may yet atone
For our iniquities.

4 O thou, Physician blest,
Make clean the guilty soul;
And us, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep us whole!

The author of *English Hymns* with a mere touch of sly pleasantry for which he was occasionally noted, quotes, a sentence from the translator's comment on his own work: "'These stanzas,' says Dr. John Mason Neale, 'are a Cento from the Canon for the Monday of the First Tone in the Paracletice'—a remark which will commend itself to those who have some knowledge of the extreme intricacy of Ritualism."

The hymn is from the Greek of St. Joseph the Hymnographer. This old poet of the ninth century was a Sicilian by birth, and a monk



A PORTION OF DR. WATTS' DIARY.

by profession. His history was romantic, but his poems were good. He was one of the most gifted, as well as one of the most voluminous, of the Greek hymn-makers in the early Greek Church. He died A. D. 883. The version offered us here is very free, to say the least of it; to all intents it is a new hymn.

558 *Pardon and Purity.* S. M.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

This was originally entitled, "The Unrighteous excluded from Heaven," and published in the *Hymns adapted to Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1817, of Rev. Benjamin Beddome. It is a type of the "revival melodies" of former years in New England, when singing expostulations to sinners was much more in vogue than it is now. The allusion in the closing stanza is to Matthew 5:8.

559 *"All downward."* S. M.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God—
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

In Book I. of Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns* this is numbered as 142; it consists of six stanzas, and was composed to be sung after a sermon upon Isaiah 53:6–12. It is entitled, "The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ." It is interesting to ask and answer the question, in the serene light of such a hymn, whether this great poet of the Church merited the accusation of having cherished Socinian sentiments secretly in the later years of his life. No testimony could be more complete than this concerning his faith in the divinity and atoning power of the Saviour who died for the sins of

men, and rose into glory everlasting thereafter.

It so happens that a diary kept by this remarkable man has been found since his death, from which we have actually photographed a portion in his own hand. The artlessness of the commonplace record is in every particular more striking because it so mingles the material with the spiritual facts of his experience. This book is now in the hands of a gentleman in England, whose grandfather was chaplain and finally one of the executors of Elizabeth Abney, the daughter of Sir Thomas Abney, with whose family and under whose roof the poet found his home for thirty-six years. It tells the story of his first finding the Lord.

560 *"Jesus only."* S. M.

Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

In the form of a poem of twelve stanzas having four lines each, this piece first appeared in Dr. Horatius Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1864. It is not used in its original shape, but has been much abbreviated, and the most popular cento is probably the one here given. It is a recognition of the impossibility of man's atoning for his own sins, and of the necessity of Christ's personal interposition as the Redeemer, in order to effect a permanent reconciliation between the Creator and his rebellious creatures.

A reach so extensive as this flings over the whole transaction a spirit of profound solemnity. The parties to the covenant are not man and man, but man and God. The witnesses who stand around are the world, the church, angels—and devils. The thing cannot be done in a corner. The ratification of the contract has been already provided. It is brought to us, engrossed, as it were, on stamped paper. The Jews used to consider the oath—"by Abel's blood"—the most unutterably solemn and irrevocable human lips could ever repeat. Our parchment comes to us for the contract, so to speak, sprinkled with the blood of the only-begotten Son of God, "which speaketh better things than that of Abel." The sanctions of the covenant are inexpressibly sacred and awful. All the good and evil of this life, all the blessings and the curses of the life to come, hang upon the question of our fidelity in keeping the faith we have pledged.

561 *Probation.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

This is a well-known and favorite hymn of Rev. Charles Wesley's composition, and was first published in *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It was founded upon Leviticus 8:35. Thomas Carlyle left behind him these thoughtful words, written in his old age: "The older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy him for ever.'"

562 *Utter Helplessness.* C. M.

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

This hymn is found in Dr. Isaac Watts' Book I, No. 95. It bears the title "Regeneration," and has four stanzas. The sermon he preached and with which it is connected was based upon John 1:13. George MacDonald's words will be recalled just here, and the quotation he gives: "The world, my friends, is full of resurrections, and it is not always of the same resurrection that St. Paul speaks. Every night that folds us up in darkness is a death; and those of you that have been out early and have seen the first of the dawn will know it—the

day rises out of the night like a being that has burst its tomb and escaped into life. That you may feel that the sunrise is a resurrection —the word resurrection just means a rising again—I will read you a little description of it from a sermon by a great writer and great preacher called Jeremy Taylor. Listen:

"'But as when the sun approaching toward the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brow of Moses, when he was forced to wear a vail because himself had seen the face of God; and still while a man tells the story the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly; so is a man's reason and his life.'"

563 *The Soul Ruined.* C. M.

How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

Taken from Book II. of Dr. Isaac Watts, where it is No. 90 and has six stanzas; it is entitled, "Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification." It is interesting to notice how saints and sinners do at the last come to the same conclusion; how all theologies, deep or simple, agree at the foot of the cross. As the late Professor Charles Hodge, of Princeton, was lying on his dying bed, he said, quietly, "My work is done; the pins of the tabernacle are taken out." Then he began to repeat the lines:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;"

but his powers of utterance seemed to fail there. His sorrow-stricken wife, who sat beside the couch, finished the stanza for him:

"Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All."

The dying husband looked up and spoke, "Say, *Jesus*," and then breathed his last.

Now, on the other hand, far away from this, there once was found an instance of similar choice. Rev. Charles Wesley took deep interest in seeking the salvation of poor criminals. Within three months after his conversion he was spending days and nights with condemned malefactors in Newgate, several of whom were soundly converted. In his Journal, July 19, 1738, he records accompanying them to Tyburn for execution. After he prayed with them on the scaffold they sang several hymns. They were all happy together. "I never saw such calm triumph, such incredible indifference to dying; so we concluded with a hymn on 'Faith in Christ,' and closed with—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.'"

564 *The Load of Sin.* C. M.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Dr. Caleb Evans published a new and enlarged edition of the *Poems* of Miss Anne Steele in three volumes, 1780. This contains the hymn now before us, but it is not found in "Theodosia's" two volumes of twenty years previous. This is a type, like the preceding, of the doctrinal matter put into meter and sung by most of the Christian denominations in what were called "protracted meetings" forty or fifty years ago. The doctrine of the hymn is this: "The covenant being made with Adam not only for himself but for his posterity, all mankind, descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression. The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery. The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called Original Sin, together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it."

565 *The seeking love of God.* P. M.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
REF.—Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.—REF.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.—REF.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—REF.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.—REF.

Mrs. Martha Matilda (Brustar) Stockton, who wrote the hymn before us in 1871, was the wife of Rev. W. C. Stockton, of Ocean City, Cape May County, New Jersey. She was born June 11, 1821, and died October 18, 1885. Nothing further can be learned of her personal history; but the poem which bears her name is a general favorite both in the churches and in the Sunday-Schools, and owing to its adoption by many compilers of hymn-books in Great Britain, has become widely known and loved by English singers as well as by those on this side of the sea.

566 *The Canceled Bond.* S. M.

HE gave me back the bond;
It was a heavy debt;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
"Thou wilt not me forget."

2 He gave me back the bond;
The seal was torn away;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
"Think thou of me alway."

3 That bond I still will keep,
Although it canceled be,
It tells me of the love of him
Who paid the debt for me.

4 I look on it and smile;
I look again and weep;
That record of his love for me
I will for ever keep.

5 It is a bond no more;
But it shall ever tell
All that I owed was fully paid
By my Immanuel.

This hymn was copied for *Laudes Domini* from the *Hymnal Companion*, where it stood with only the name "Sabine" attached to it. It was associated with the Scripture reference to Luke 7:42. But of late it has been announced that Charles Stanley, a merchant in Sheffield, England, was the author of the composition. He was one of the Plymouth Brethren, born about 1821. He published a volume called *Wild Thyme*, and in this the hymn we have here is found. This information comes from the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1892, and we have nothing beyond it. The legal or commercial phase of the sentiment has not altogether pleased the American churches, and in the *New Laudes Domini*, 1892, it has been dropped.

NEWTON'S CHURCH AT OLNEY.

567 *"Amazing Grace."* C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

The keynote of Rev. John Newton's whole life is sounded in this hymn—his profound conviction of his own unworthiness. He never sought to go beyond this utterance. In his sermons as well as in all his hymns he keeps this fact before his own mind. His theology is not at all somber, but the rather bright and cheerful; for it never sinks below the foundation on which it rests. It is satisfied with the abounding mercy of God shown toward the chief of sinners. The piece is found in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, entitled, "Faith's Review, and Expectation."

There can hardly be found in human biography a more startling contrast than our imagination furnishes the moment we think of those awful experiences of this man as a slaver and a pirate, and then think of the sixteen years of the ministry he spent in the little town of Olney, quiet, zealous, useful, with Cowper for his comrade and the Christian world for his friend. The tourist who in modern times visits this spot, sacred to the memory of our two poets, will pass out into Cowper's garden, and a little way beyond look across the Ouse, and see shining white among the beautiful elms the steeple of the church where Newton preached. The landscape is lovely, but the suggestion of the life that was passed there is full of spiritual wonderment. The song to be sung beside that stream is that now before us, "Amazing grace! how sweet the sound."

568 *Zech.* 13:1. C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

This is one of the contributions of William Cowper to the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It seems likely that it was composed eight years before. The heading of it is, "Praises for the fountain opened," and it has for a text, Zechariah 13:1: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." The incidents which might be related concerning the usefulness of these five simple stanzas would make us think of the Evangelist's affectionate extravagance: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Biographies are full of them; tracts are made out of them; every minister of the gospel has his memory crowded with them. Literary critics find great fault with some of its expressions, and declare that people of taste do not know what they are singing about when they speak of a "fountain filled," and filled with "blood," the blood drawn from the veins of one man that another man might be "washed" in it. Still the spiritually-taught children of God go on singing the lines undisturbed. They know what the hymn means; they may not be able to tell others exactly; but they go on singing, and they expect to go on singing this, and "Rock of Ages" with it, till their tongues lie silent in the grave.

569 *"Salvation."* C. M.

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

In Book II., of Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns* this is No. 88. It is entitled, "Salvation," and appears with only three stanzas. The fourth, which for many years has been added in most of the compilations, is said to be the work of Rev. Walter Shirley in 1774.

Cæsar Malan used to say that his conversion to the Lord Jesus might with propriety be compared to a mother rousing an infant with a kiss. He was spared the doubts, terrors, and perplexities through which so many souls have passed ere they tasted the joy and peace in believing. His own account of his experience is given in these words: "One afternoon, while I was reading the New Testament at my desk, while my pupils were preparing their next lesson, I turned to the second chapter of Ephesians; when I came to

the words, 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God,' the passage seemed to shine out before my eyes. I was so deeply moved by it that I was compelled to leave the room and take a turn in the court-yard, where I walked up and down exclaiming with intense feeling, 'I am saved, I am saved, I am saved!'" The passage of Captain H. Vicars through the door was equally an act of simple faith without any terrifying experience. This is what Miss Marsh tells us: "It was in the month of November, 1851, that while awaiting the return of a brother officer to his room he idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on his table. The words caught his eye, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Closing the book, he said: 'If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ.' That night he scarcely slept, pondering in his heart whether it were presumptuous or not to claim an interest in these words. During those wakeful hours he was watched, we cannot doubt, with deep and loving interest by One who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, and it was said of him in heaven, 'Behold, he prayeth.'" In answer to those prayers he was enabled to believe, as he rose in the morning, that the message of peace "was for him." The past, then, he said, is blotted out. "What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood." From this time forth Hedley Vicars was known as a soldier of the Heavenly King.

570 *"Jesus died for Me."* C. M.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see,
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

This is found in the *Psalms and Hymns* of Rev. William Hiley Bathurst, 1831. It is entitled very simply, "Redemption." The refrain with which each verse closes has a characteristic attractiveness for the American mind, and so this hymn is very popular. The story is told of a merchant whose life was saved at the price of another man's once in case of a shipwreck. He was aided, as the waves tossed him helpless and exhausted up against a cliff, by the outstretched hand of a longshoreman; but, even while he sank down on the rock where he was saved, he had the unspeakable horror of beholding his rescuer swept off the foothold and instantly drowned before his eyes. He could never get over the shock; he was not crazed, he was as strong and bright as ever. But whenever he had finished his business errand, he would go up to the salesman of whom he bought his goods, and, taking his hand, would say gently, "A man died for me!" He never omitted this act; some thought him queer, but he always came back to remove his hat, put out his hand, and almost whisper, "A man died for me." His eyes would be moist, his tones would be tremulous, but he was not crazy—only reverent and grateful—as he said his quiet little sentence, "A man died for me!"

571 *Divine compassion.* C. M.

JESUS—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

In the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, Miss Anne Steele included one of nine stanzas, commencing, "Jesus, in thy transporting name," from which this hymn was compiled.

572 *Loving-kindness.* L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

The hymns of that faithful Baptist pastor, Rev. Samuel Medley, were originally printed

on what in those times were called "broadsheets" or "broadsides," such as we call "slips" now; this was for easy and cheap distribution among large audiences. By and by some of these were gathered together and put in a book. This one appeared earliest in the *Collection of Hymns* for use in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, in Cumberland St., Shoreditch, 1782. The popularity it has in America is owing much to the refrain which closes every stanza, and the odd old melody to which it has been sung in a thousand camp-meetings, East and West, over the land for unreckoned years.

573 *Our Surety.* H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

The *Hymns and Sacred Poems* of Rev. Charles Wesley, published in 1739, contain this piece in its original form of five stanzas. It has since been included in many hymnals of various denominations, and has been translated into several languages. The poem expresses the confidence in God's willingness to pardon sin, which a repentant believer has a right to feel in view of the atonement Christ has made for us.

"I have blotted out as a cloud thy transgressions, and as a thick cloud thy sins." (Isaiah 44:22). When God accuses his people, he says, "But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you." Here the cloud is between the Lord and his children, hiding his face and bringing darkness upon them, clouding their hearts and glooming their minds. But in forgiveness the sky is swept of clouds, the sun shines once more undimmed; God's hand sweeping through the heavens has cleared it and in so doing has cleared the soul of its gloom.

574 *Year of Jubilee.* H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

In Rev. Charles Wesley's *Hymns for New Year's Day*, 1750, this poem first appeared. It was suggested by the passage in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, describing the proclamation of the jubilee every fiftieth year by a sound of trumpets throughout the land. As that message was carried on the winds every man returned to his own family to celebrate the feast, and liberty was proclaimed to all who were in bondage. We have no feast of jubilee, as such, in our time, but there is a jubilee of the heart and of the nation and of the church and of the world. Peace blows trumpets of joy. A tragedy of the old Greek poet Æschylus relates that when Agamemnon sailed for Troy with the other Greeks, he arranged to convey quick intelligence of the capture of the city to his wife, Clytemnestra, by means of a chain of signal-fires. Ten long years passed, during all which Clytemnestra's watchman had kept vigil on her palace roof—learning the nightly assemblies of the stars, and their risings and settings. At last Troy fell, and the beacon-light flashed from mountain-top to mountain-top, with the good news to all Greeks, which should waken many an assembly and dance in Argos. The enemy had been vanquished, and the victors could return to their homes in peace.

When the first settlers at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, were reduced to considerable straits, and had sent out small expeditions in search of such sustenance and support as might be had, and when great doubt was entertained as to the feeling of the savage tribes towards themselves, the camp was one day surprised by the approach of a savage who addressed them in English with the words, "Welcome, Englishmen!" Peace and good-will was the burden of that glad message of good news.

575 *"The Cross alone."* H. M.

YE saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound,
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, who received his degree from Yale College, while he was pastor in London, published this hymn of his own composition in a *Supplement* to Watts' *Psalms and Hymns*, 1817. It was entitled, "Praise of the Cross."

576 *The sacrifice offered.* H. M.

THE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkled with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

This poem by Rev. Thomas Kelly was first published in his *Hymns*, 1806, and has been widely used in its present form. It is a paraphrase of the passage, Hebrews 10:10–14, in which Christ is represented as the High Priest who has made complete atonement for the sins of the people, and satisfied the demands of the law. And this, likewise, is just the engagement of the old Psalm: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Wonderful promise this! For who can tell how far the east is from the west? The sailor that navigates the globe says that he never finds the west—that it is always before him, but never found. He sails to one point which lies west, and when he is there he hears them telling of the west still as farther on. So God's forgiveness puts our sins into a far-off land which we can never find, as well as into a deep which we can never fathom.

577 *Christ the Surety.* H. M.

JESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His precious blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My great and glorious Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

This poem by Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts is made up of portions of two longer ones which first appeared in his *Hymns and Sacred Songs*, 1709. It has been much altered and abbreviated, but is regarded as one of its author's finest works, and is extensively used. The leading idea of the hymn is the absolute sufficiency of Christ's sacrifice as an atonement for mankind. "For thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back" (Isaiah 38:17). David, in his penitence, cried out, "Thou hast set my iniquities before thee, my secret sins in the light of thy countenance." We see, at once, what a change forgiveness effects. Our sins are behind God now, instead of before him. He is between us and our sins, instead of our sins being between us and him. He thus hides us from our transgressions, instead of our transgressions hiding us from him.

578 *Thine, not mine.* H. M.

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away,
And turned this night of mine
Into the blessèd day:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruisèd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Talk about the "folly of singing didactic theology in hymns!" When did Dr. Horatius Bonar ever sing anything else? This piece

before us is one of the best, the most singable, the most popular, he ever wrote; and yet it is the embodiment of the grand old doctrine of substitution of God's only-begotten Son for the sinner in the process of redemption. And the refrain at the end of each stanza is what the churches in America especially like. It is found in the First Series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857, entitled, "The Sinbearer," and associated with the text, Isaiah 53:5: "But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

579 *The Father.* C. M. 5l.

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on thee!

2 The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

4 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

The pastor of the "King's Weigh-House Chapel" in London, Rev. Thomas Binney, D. D., LL. D., was a conspicuous figure in British history for more than forty years of honest service as a preacher, a controversialist, and a writer at the very center of influence and power. A man of splendid natural gifts, thorough independence of character, accepted at once into leadership as a pattern of grace and courage, the model of unselfish consideration of others and yet the gentlest of men in his almost obstinate resistance to what he considered error, he had the testimony of all who knew him to his spirituality and force. What the ordinary annals of his time have to say any one can read; the life he lived was all open. He was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in April, 1798. Seven years of his youth were spent in his native town in the employ of a bookseller, and there he began his literary career by the publishing of a poem in one of the local journals. His academic education was received in the north of England, and he was prepared for the ministry at Wymondley College in Herts. His first conspicuous pastoral charge was in St. James' Church, or Chapel as some called it,

THOMAS BINNEY, D. D.

of the Congregational order, in Newport, on the Isle of Wight.

Here, the story runs, he composed the hymn now before us, having been thrown into a mood of poetic reflection by the contemplation of a night brilliant with stars shining like the eyes of God overhead. The poem lay for a long time in the obscurity of a lady's album. This was in 1826; he went to Newport in 1824, and five years afterward he moved to London to assume his life-work in one of the oldest of the Nonconformist congregations in Britain. He made the Weigh-House Chapel one of the sources of strength of all those who did not favor the Church of England. He wrote books upon such themes as these: "Dissent not Schism;" "The Christian Ministry not a Priesthood;" "Are Dissenters to have a Liturgy?" and "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity." The hymn was finally published in the English Baptist *Psalms and Hymns*, 1858, and swiftly afterwards taken into all the collections.

Thus his long life was passed in the midst of solid and enduring work. He was most popular with young men. His loveliness of spirit, his gentlemanly manners as one of the old school of natural courtliness, his very look of benignity combined with the majesty of his prodigious frame, made him the marked

man in whatever presence he stood. He traveled much, visiting the United States and Canada in 1845, and Australia in 1857. Yet he came home to die; so infirm at the last as to be compelled to preach sitting in the pulpit. He closed his labors and went home to his rest, February 24, 1874. The University of Aberdeen gave him his degree of D. D., and that of LL. D. he received from America. His honors, like his fame, were cosmopolitan.

580 *The Son.* C. M. 5l.

O Saviour, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
And thine the victory.

2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of life, to die?
Why didst thou meet the tempter's power,
Why, Jesus, in thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

3 To save us by thy precious blood,
To make us one in thee,
That ours might be thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, thy cross, thy strife,
And ours the victory.

4 Oh, make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all thy love to be;
To thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be thine,
And ever live in thee.

It is from Dr. P. Maurice's *Choral Hymn-Book*, published in London, in 1861, that this piece is taken. But it is very difficult to place "C. E. May," whose name is there appended to it. It is probable that the contributor to Dr. Maurice's volume of lyrics was the wife of Rev. George May, M. A., who was the vicar of Liddington, Wilts, England, in 1861.

581 *The Holy Ghost.* C. M. 5l.

Come, thou who dost the soul endue
With sevenfold gifts of grace;
Come, thou who dost the world renew,
Author of peace, consoler true,
Spirit of holiness.

2 Thou didst the gospel-trumpet sound
O'er all the world afar;
And summon from their sleep profound
The dead, who lay in darkness round,
To hail the Morning Star.

3 Thine be all praise for evermore,
From all salvation's heirs;
Thy goodness, truth, and love, and power,
Let all created worlds adore
In holy hymns and prayers.

4 O thou, who teachest us to place
In thee our hope and trust,
The stains of former guilt efface,
Confirm the innocent in grace,
And glorify the just.

This hymn, which has been rendered from the Latin "*Almum flamen vita mundi*," by Rev. Edward Caswall, is of unknown origin. It appeared in a small collection published in Cologne in 1806, in a form which was not adapted to use in the churches, being in seven stanzas of nine lines each. This translation, given in the *Masque of Mary, and other Poems*, 1858, altered its meter and sanctioned the present form, which begins with the second verse of the original. The central idea of the poem is that of many of the old Latin hymns, the necessity of the teaching of the Holy Spirit to prepare the human heart to receive divine truth.

There was no profit in opening a way to man, though it was a way of restoration. He would not walk in it. The fault was never in God's truth when human beings rejected it. Pilate did indeed once ask petulantly: What is truth? But Pilate had no more complaint to make, as he gave Jesus over to crucifixion, than had Saul of Tarsus when he fell blinded before him on the road to Damascus. Truth is the same. It was the same sermon exactly, which men would not heed and hear from Isaiah, that the Ethiopian eunuch, out in the desert seven hundred years later, did hear; and he was saved. The difference in success with the truth always is owing to the presence in it, or the absence from it, of the Holy Ghost. Paul may plant, Apollos may water, in vain. It is God the Spirit who giveth the increase. Personal holiness is distasteful to most men. They need God himself to give them a liking for it and a disposition to strive after it.

582 *"A Saviour's Blood."* C. M. 5l.

Go, tune thy voice to sacred song,
Exert thy noblest powers;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.

2 Oh! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heavenly birth?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.

3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near the eternal throne,
Oh, sing the praise of God!

4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven!

This hymn was written by Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., known to us by his compositions of both music and song. It was published first in the *Christian Psalmist*, 1836, and entitled, "Praise."

583 *"Eternal life."* C. M. 5l.

Wouldst thou eternal life obtain?
Now to the cross repair;
There stand and gaze and weep and pray
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
Eternal life is there!

2 Go—'t is the Son of God expires!
Approach the shameful tree:
See quivering there the mortal dart,
In the Redeemer's loving heart,
O sinful soul, for thee!

3 Go—there from every streaming wound
Flows rich atoning blood:
That blood can cleanse thy deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.

4 Go—at that cross thy heart subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life from Christ to thee
A vital stream shall flow!

The hymns which have been inspired by the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ are among the noblest of the church's songs. From the early Greek and Latin writers until the time in which we live that theme has called out the poet's highest powers. Among the many valuable hymns by Dr. Ray Palmer is the one quoted here, which was written in 1864, and entitled "Good Friday." It appeared first in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865.

When Munkacsy's famous painting was on exhibition in Hamilton, Canada, there came walking up a rough rude man, evidently a sailor from one of the lake boats. "Is Christ in here?" he asked roughly. The attendant was so taken back by the rude, blunt question that she was speechless for a moment. "How much to see Christ?" he demanded. She told him that the admission fee was a quarter. "Well, I guess I 'll have to pay it," he growled, and putting down a piece of silver, he brushed past her. He sat down in front of the great picture and studied it for a moment or two; then, by and by, off came his hat. He studied it a little longer, and then, leaning down, he picked up the descriptive catalogue which he had let fall as he took his seat. He read it over, studied the painting anew, dropping his face in his hands at intervals. And so he stayed there for a full hour. When he came out there were tears in his eyes, and in a voice full of sobs he said to the attendant, "Madam, I came to see Christ because my mother asked me to. I am a rough man sailing on the lakes, and before I went on this cruise my mother wanted me to see this picture, and I came in to please her. I never believed in any such thing, but the man who could paint a picture like that, he must have believed in it. There is something in it that makes me believe it, too. Madam, God helping me, I am a changed man from to-day." Herein is the fulfilment of one of our Lord's best promises: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32.

584 *"O holy Lamb!"* C. M. 5l.

O Saviour, lend a listening ear,
And answer my request!
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear,
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.

2 I mourn the hidings of thy face;
The absence of that smile
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my soul a resting-place
From earthly care and toil.

3 'T is sin that separates from thee
This poor benighted soul:
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee
I yield to thy control.

4 Up to the place of thine abode
I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God!
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
I raise my ardent cry.

Another of Dr. Thomas Hastings' excellent hymns in the same meter as the other just before, and equally welcome among the churches. This first appeared in the *Additional Hymns* of the Reformed Dutch *Collection*, 1846.

Pious Wickliffe used to pray: "O good Lord, save me *gratis!*" And Christ does save *gratis*, if he saves at all. Sinners must be content to owe everything they receive to the recognized grace which shines on Jesus' forehead and warms in his heart.

585 *"Lamb of God!"* 8s, 7s, 7s.

Let us love and sing and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame.
He has washed us in his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Called us by his grace, and taught us,
Healed the blindness of our eyes:
He has washed us in his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He, who washed us in his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high:
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast washed us in thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

Rev. John Newton published this piece in his *Twenty-six Letters on Religious Subjects, by Omicron*, 1774. There it was entitled, "Praise for Redeeming Love." It was printed also, the same year, in the *Gospel Magazine* for May; and by and by it was included in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is one of the most joyous anthems of exhilaration and hope

known to our language. The law is hushed, Sinai is quenched, Satan is defeated, heaven is opened, the crown is shining, home is near, "Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

586 *The Atonement.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

He, who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With his own most precious blood;
Coming from his throne on high,
On the painful cross to die.

2 Oh, the wisdom of the Eternal!
Oh, the depth of love divine!
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
For the guilty, doomed to die,
Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the judge we tremble,
Conscious of his broken laws,
May the blood of his atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
Bid our guilty terrors cease;
Be our pardon and our peace.

In the *Lyra Catholica*, 1849, this translation by Rev. Edward Caswall first appeared. The original, "*Ira justa Conditoris*," is a Latin hymn which commemorates the saving power of Christ's blood and its sufficiency as an atonement. Our sins and iniquities are to be remembered no more. Forgetfulness is the greatest boon to a sinner. The ancients dreamed of Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, into which the soul should plunge at death. There is but one such stream—the fountain that cleanses us blots our sins from memory. *God can forget*—blessed assurance to the sin-ridden, conscience-stung soul! "The true penitent," says Newman, "never forgives himself." God forgives, we say, and God forgets, and he invites us to lose the very memory of our sins in the sweet oblivion of his grace.

587 "*Mercy and truth are met!*" 8s, 7s, 7s.

Come, behold a great expedient,
God revealed in flesh appears;
God himself becomes obedient,
And the curse for sinners bears;
'T is a great, a gracious plan,
Wounding sin, yet sparing man.

2 Oh, the wisdom of contrivance,
Oh, the grace that shines therein,
God forgives without connivance,
He forgives, yet spares not sin;
Justice sees the victim bleed,
Nothing more can justice need.

3 Whither should we go, oh, whither,
Whither from the glorious sight?
Truth and mercy meet together,
Righteousness and peace unite:
'T is the cross that gives us rest,
Makes us safe, and makes us blest.

Some people have written to the compiler of *Laudes Domini* that this hymn of Rev. Thomas Kelly was not as acceptable as some others of his, and was possessed of an apparently incommensurate popularity. It is found in the author's *Hymns*, 1809, beginning with the line, "Death is sin's tremendous wages." On the whole, the words "contrivance" and "expedient" may be unfortunate, but the hymn is certainly orthodox—unusually so. Just now, within a little while, some one has said—and it surely is the more wisely said because he who said it spent some invaluable years in denying it beforehand: "Unless the apostolic language does transgress not only every rule of literal construction, but all parallels in the latitude of metaphor, it certainly declares Jesus to be a Redeemer in some sense which no notion of instruction, or of exemplary character, satisfies." To be sure it does: and that sense is very clear to one who is willing just to receive it. Jesus Christ is our Redeemer not by setting examples of human greatness before our eyes, but by bearing our sins upon the cross, and becoming our substitute before the divine law.

588 "*Here Speaks the Comforter.*" IIs, IOs.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth hath no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and educated at Trinity College in that city. He read for the Bar, afterwards held a Government post in Bermuda for a short time, and died February 26, 1852. His poetical works are of great merit, but his connection with hymnody is limited to his *Sacred Songs*, published in 1816. These were thirty-two in number, written to popular airs of different nations, and many of them have been republished in various church collections. The well-known one quoted here is entitled "Relief in Prayer." It has proved a message of consolation to many a despairing soul, which has found at the mercy-seat help in time of trouble.

In the southern waters of the Atlantic was sailing a ship, wearing heavy signals of uttermost distress. The mariners upon another vessel hurried nearer for immediate help, and shouted, "What do you need?" "*Water, water*," came back the hail; "we are dying

for water!" Quick, indeed, was the answer which went flying over the crests, in a tone of half-vexed surprise, "Dip it up, then, in the first bucket you can find!" For the fact was they were at the very moment in the mouth of the Amazon River, where the stream ran fresh water a hundred and fifty miles wide all around them! It does seem a folly that men would grow maniac with thirst when tossed on an ocean of relief. Alas! there are men who will die of soul-thirst when salvation rolls full and free beneath them!

589 *A Fountain Opened.* 8s, 7s, 7s.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

This is found in James Montgomery's *Original Hymns*. It appeared in Cotterill's *Selection* in 1819, bearing the title, "A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness." Reference seems to be made to Zechariah 13:1. The fountain was opened when Jesus died on Calvary. All our need now is to wash and be clean. It is very striking, and often pathetic, to notice how the views of the common people seize upon and really enjoy the forms of speech in which this personal Saviour of ours preached the gospel. The English critic, Ruskin, tells us in the *Modern Painters*, that once, when he was coming down from the rocks in the neighborhood of Montreux in Switzerland, both weary and thirsty, he found at the turn of the path a spring, conducted as usual by the herdsmen into a hollowed pine-trunk. He stooped to it, and drank deeply; and then as he raised his head, drawing his breath heavily with a sigh of full satisfaction, some one behind him, unseen hitherto, spoke in the words of the beautiful French version of John's Gospel: "*Celui qui boira de cette eau-ci, aura encore soif;*"—"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." He says that at first he did not comprehend the meaning of the singular sentence; he looked up, and saw the friendly countenance of a plain, frank mountaineer, who without the least embarrassment went on with the verse: "*Mais celui qui boira de l'eau que je lui donnerai, n'aura jamais soif;*"—"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

590 *"Return, return!"* C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come,"
Oh, now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.

Dr. Thomas Hastings' account of the origin of this hymn is singularly interesting. He said that he wrote it just after listening to a stirring sermon delivered in a Presbyterian Church in Utica in 1830. The theme of the preacher was found in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Two hundred converts were present; and, at the close of the discourse, at the very height of his peroration, the minister exclaimed, "Sinner, come home! come home! come home!" Under the inspiration of such an appeal he wrote the stanzas, and published them in his *Spiritual Songs*, 1831.

591 *Ezekiel* 33:11. 7s, D.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Rev. Charles Wesley published in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741, a long poem of sixteen stanzas. From this the lines for these years in common use have been chosen. It is entitled, "Why will ye die?" and reference is made to Ezekiel 18:31. This hymn

was a great favorite with Rev. Dr. N. S. S. Beman; he continually gave it out during his whole ministry, reading the verses most impressively before the singing. It has done a great deal of good in its day, but it belongs to the era of church progress and growth when Christians sang at the unconverted more than they do now.

592 *The Accepted Time.* S. M.

Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings
And bear the news above.

The volume which is quoted usually as *Dobell's Collection* has a somewhat extensive title: *A New Selection of seven hundred Evangelical Hymns for Private, Family, and Public Worship, (many original,) from more than two hundred of the best authors in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America; arranged in alphabetical order, intended as a Supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns.* It was published in 1806. The second edition was enlarged, and more original pieces were added. This volume is valuable from the fact that it is the earliest, perhaps the very first, book of the kind to give the names of the authors in connection with their work. Three American editions have appeared, published at Morristown, N. J., in 1810, 1815, and 1822, and then another was issued in Philadelphia, 1825. John Dobell was born in Poole, Dorsetshire, England, in 1757. He was for some time kept in the position as port-gauger under the Board of Excise; and the duties of his office not being very severe, he enjoyed considerable leisure which he employed in literary work. Among the books of which he was the author there was one entitled *Baptism*, and another which was entitled *Humanity*. His labor as a contributor to the hymnology of the period was suggested by the remark of an invalid in Cornwall whom he visited, who said to him: "I wish I could see before I die a hymn-book full of Christ and his Gospel, and without any mixture of freewill or merit." How deeply into his mind this sentence fell can be seen in the titles he affixed to his volumes of poetry; the first he called *The Christian's Golden Treasure; or, Gospel Comfort for Doubting Minds;* and the second, *The Christian's Companion in his Journey to Heaven.* He has been reckoned as a Congregationalist, and for years he was a regular attendant upon the services of the Skinner Street Chapel in Poole; there he died in his eighty-fourth year, and was buried June 1, 1840. There is no record of his having been a member of the communion, though his wife was on the roll; he was quaint and eccentric, tall and conspicuous in figure, much respected and affectionately beloved.

593 *"Sinner, Come!"* S. M.

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

Rev. Henry Ustic Onderdonk, D. D., was born in New York, March 16, 1789, and studied at Columbia College. After taking holy orders he was for some time rector of St. Ann's Church in Brooklyn, until in 1827 he was consecrated at Philadelphia, and became Assistant Bishop of that diocese. On the death of Bishop White in 1836 he entered upon the full charge. He died in Philadelphia, December 6, 1858. His services to the hymnody of the church were great, and many of his poems are in general use. The one quoted here was suggested by the passage in the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, where the Spirit and the Bride are represented as inviting the sinner to come to Christ; it is found in the Episcopal *Prayer Book Selection*, 1826. The work of regeneration is wrought by the Holy Spirit; and no mortal can tell how he does it, nor even precisely what he does. There is sovereignty in the act; but it is exercised in answer to the simplicity of prayer. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Prometheus brought fire from heaven to earth. Socrates brought philosophy from heaven to earth. But God himself had to send this gift of his grace, by a new revelation. And he has given us to un-

derstand that there shall never be a lack, even till the last son of his love shall be brought into glory. You may light a taper with a lens, concentrating sunshine on it. And taper after taper may thus shine to illumine human darkness, without the sun's ever feeling wearied or growing in the slightest measure exhausted. So of the Sun of Righteousness; there is an absolutely inexhaustible fullness in the Light of the World.

594 *Weeping for Sinners.* S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

This little hymn has been singularly useful in the American churches for scores of years. It was written by Rev. Benjamin Beddome for the first edition of Dr. Rippon's *Selection*, 1787. It was, according to the author's title, to be sung "Before Sermon." The Scripture reference may have been to Luke 19:41.

595 *The Call of Love.* S. M.

AND canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

Mrs. Abby Bradley Hyde was born at Stockbridge, Mass., September 28, 1799, and married to Rev. Lavius Hyde, of Salisbury, Mass., in 1818. Her death occurred at Andover, April 7, 1872. She wrote about fifty hymns, some of which are in use both in Great Britain and America. The one given here is perhaps the favorite. It appeared first in Nettleton's *Village Hymns*, 1824, with the title, "Grieve not the Spirit," and contained an additional stanza. Mrs. Hyde's writings are simple and unaffected in style, and some of her hymns for children are very touching.

596 *"At the door."* L. M.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

The genius of Rev. Joseph Grigg manifested itself at an early age, one of his best-known poems having been written while he was still a mere child. He was born about the year 1728, though the date cannot be fixed positively. He began life as a mechanic; but his natural inclination being towards the ministry, he abandoned his trade, and in 1743 became assistant pastor with Rev. Thomas Bures, of the Presbyterian Church, Silver Street, London. In this field he labored until the death of his associate, 1747, when he retired from the ministry. About this time he married the widow of Col. Drew, a lady who possessed considerable property, and went to live in St. Albans. Here he took up his literary work and wrote a number of hymns. He died at Walthamstow, Essex, October 29, 1768. The poem we quote was first published in a pamphlet in 1765, with others, "on divine subjects."

597 *"God Calling Yet."* L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet? shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Another of the pieces taken from *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, issued by the Scotch sisters in the year 1854. This one is understood to have been translated by Mrs. Findlater from Gerhard Tersteegen's "*Gott rufet noch; sollt ich nicht endlich hören?*" The author was born at Mörs, in Westphalia, November 25, 1697. His religious experience is one of the stories that belong to the history of mysticism. It began with a spasmodic fit, at the end of which, frightened and subdued, he solemnly dedicated himself to God's service. At the age of twenty-seven he wrote out a

covenant between the Saviour and his soul, using his own blood for the transcription and the signature. He was a member of no sect, joined no church, lived a celibate and an ascetic. He died on April 3, 1769. He wrote 111 hymns of varying merit, but many of them have been translated into English and are good.

"In one of the public inclosures of Philadelphia the fountain was recently left to play all night. During the hours of darkness a sharp frost set in; and those who passed by next morning found the water, still playing indeed, but playing over a mass of gleaming icicles. But that was not all. The wind had been blowing steadily in one direction through all these hours, and the spray had been carried on airy wings to the grass which fringed the pool in which the fountain stood. On each blade of grass the spray had fallen so gently as hardly to bend it, descending softly and silently the whole night long. By slow and almost imperceptible processes each blade became coated with a thin layer of ice: by the same noiseless processes each layer grew thicker, until in the morning, what before had been a little patch of swaying grass, was a miniature battle-ground of upright, crystal spears, each holding within it, as its nucleus, a single blade of grass, now cold, rigid, and dead.

"In human life, in like manner, it may seem a light thing to leave a young heart outside of Christ's fold, and exposed to the 'cold winds of the world's great unbelief.' There is no violent transformation of the character in such a case. Yet silently and surely the world's frost settles upon the flowers of the heart, covering them with the chill spray of doubt, binding them with soft bonds which harden into chains of ice, incasing them in a coat of crystal mail, polished, cold, and impenetrable. You have met persons in whose heart this freezing process has been accomplished. You have seen beneath the icy surface the nucleus of good which might have grown to so fair a harvest, just as you have seen the dead blade of grass preserved at the core of the icicle. You can do little now for either the person or the plant; nothing but heaven's sunshine can melt the ice which holds them in its deadly thrall. But you can take care that none of those for whom you are responsible will be left out in the world's cold, to suffer so deadly a change. You can bring them within the warm influences of Christian life, where no frost will gather upon them, and where the soul's highest powers will be gently wooed to their best growth. Among all the things which you cannot do, this at least you *can* do; and unless you do this, you are certainly responsible for whatever of chilling and deadening change the coming years may bring to those whom you are set of God to cherish and protect."—*S. S. Times.*

598 *One Thing Needful.* L. M.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

This poem by Dr. Philip Doddridge was published in a posthumous edition of his *Hymns*, 1755, but is supposed to have been written twenty years earlier. It is an earnest plea addressed to unbelievers who urge that the pleasures of the Christian life are few, its prohibitions innumerable and fixed. In opposition to all this petulance and mistake is the truth, that the system of faith and practice which Jesus Christ came to proclaim admits no such moroseness or severity. It offers restoration and indulgence to all the powers of man, on the simple condition of penitence, trust, and love; and then, in addition, it proposes to bring in as its own free gift a new and increased experience of every kind that renders life valuable and worthy. Hence, when—in reply to the persistent call of divine grace, urging a Saviour's claim upon each individual's conscience, pressing him to come for salvation to the cross—any one says, "Oh, I want to see more of life first!" the Gospel, as if anticipating the impatient cavil, or remonstrating with one who utters it, answers kindly, "Very well; the Redeemer came that you might have life, and that you might have it yet more abundantly." In other words, this is the doctrine of the New Testament: the true Christian life is a fuller, freer life, brighter, more welcome, more joyous, than any other life whatsoever.

599 *"Why not To-night?"* L. M.

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

The wife of a clergyman, and the mother of seven children, it is safe to conclude that the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Reed was far from being an idle one. Household worries, however, do not seem to have so engrossed her time and attention that she could not sympathize with and aid her husband in his work. She is said to have taken a deep interest in his wide charities. Besides this, when his *Wycliffe Chapel Supplement* was republished in 1872, twenty of her poems appeared in it, among which is to be found the hymn we quote, bearing date, 1825. She wrote also a book of tales for children, and a manual to aid their mothers. Mrs. Reed was born in London, March 4, 1794; became the wife of Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D., in 1816, and died July 4, 1867.

600 *"Why will ye die?"* 11s.

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

This hymn has six stanzas in Dr. Leavitt's *Christian Lyre*, Vol. I., 1830, whence it is taken. Allusion is made to Ezekiel 33:11. Its author was Rev. Josiah Hopkins, D. D., who was born at Pittsford, Vermont, April 18, 1786. He studied at Middlebury College and at Auburn Theological Seminary. His first charge was that of a Congregational Church at New Haven, Vermont, where he remained until 1830; then he became the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Auburn, New York. He published the *Christian Instructor* in 1847, and while in Auburn edited a volume of *Conference Hymns*. He died at Geneva, New York, July 27, 1862.

601 *Procrastination.* 11s.

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

3 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

Under the title "Exhortation to Repentance," this hymn by Dr. Thomas Hastings appeared in his *Spiritual Songs*, 1831, and has since been republished in many important collections. It urges the immediate necessity of accepting the offer of atonement. Over the unrecorded death and grave of one of Franklin's arctic explorers, found on the ice-bound shore of Beechy Island, were found these words: "Choose you this day whom you will serve." They told of one who, in the Polar zone of death and night, had found the entrance to an eternal summer in the Paradise of God. Looking over an endless sea of ice, the dying man saw that his eternity would be according to the choice which he had made. There can be no intermediate choice; for if one neither loves nor hates the service of his Creator, he has never chosen him, and there should be no halting between two opinions.

602 *Job* 22:21. 11s.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

The spirit of poetry running through the nature of William Knox seems to have developed itself only after adversity. The story of his life is briefly this: He was born at Firth, Lilliesleaf, Roxburgh, Scotland, August 17, 1789; and studied at the grammar school at Musselburgh. He tried farming at Wrae; but irregular living soon began to make inroads upon his fortune; things went from bad to worse, and finally his venture ended in bankruptcy. It was just at this time that he began to write for the Edinburgh journals, following his efforts in prose composition by several volumes of poetry, notably *The Lonely Hearth*, 1818; *Songs of Israel*, 1824; *The Harp of Zion*, 1825. He died in Edinburgh, November 12, 1825.

The hymn we quote is from the *Harp of Zion*, where it is entitled "Heavenly Wis-

dom," and annexed to it is the reference Job 22:21, 27–28.

603 *The Penitent's Plea.* P. M.

JESUS, heed me, lost and dying,
Unto thee for shelter flying,
Hear, oh, hear, my heart's sore crying:
Heed me, or I die!

2 All my sin and sorrow feeling,
Come I, as the leper, kneeling:
Come to thee for help and healing,
Heal me, or I die!

3 Naught have I to plead of merit,
Naught but curse do I inherit;
By thy gracious, quickening Spirit
Save me, or I die!

4 Not my tears of deep contrition
Can secure one sin's remission,
Helpless, hopeless my condition:
Help me, or I die!

5 Far away my dead works flinging,
Nothing owning, nothing bringing,
Only to thy mercy clinging:
Bless me, or I die!

6 By thy cross, where hope is beaming,
By its crimson fountain streaming,
Flowing for the world's redeeming:
Cleanse me, or I die!

7 So my soul shall praise thee ever
For the love which changes never,
From which not ev'n death can sever:
Saved no more to die.

This hymn appeared in the *New York Observer*, January 25, 1883. It is the work of Rev. Robert M. Offord, a member of the editorial staff of that paper. It has been slightly altered and abridged for use in *Laudes Domini*.

Mr. Offord was born at St. Austell, Cornwall, England, September 17, 1846, and came to America in 1870. He joined the Methodist Church at first; but afterwards he associated himself with the Reformed Dutch Church in 1878. For six years he labored as the pastor of a congregation in Lodi, N. J.; but his literary work occupied so much of his time that eventually he was obliged to resign his charge, and devote himself entirely to his duties as an editor. He has contributed a number of excellent poems to the *Observer;* but not many of them have come into use in our hymnals as yet.

604 *"The footsteps of the flock."* 7s, 5s.

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by thee.

2 In thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at thy command
We will follow thee.

3 By thy blood our souls were bought,
By thy life salvation wrought,
By thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow thee.

4 Father, draw us to thy Son;
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free—

5 We in robes of glory dressed,
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with thee.

The biography of this scholarly man, who was very efficient in stamping out Arianism from the Presbyterian churches and colleges of Ireland, has been ably written by Dr. Porter, and it needs but few words to call to mind the service he rendered to his country at the time of a great religious peril.

Rev. Henry Cooke, D. D., LL. D., was born at Grillagh, near Maghera, County Londonderry, Ireland, May 11, 1788, and was a descendant of an English family who had come from Devonshire. He received his education at Glasgow University, and in 1808, after his ordination, became pastor of Duncane Presbyterian Church. After two years of work in this field, he removed to Donegore in 1811; and went thence to Killyleagh in 1818, and to Belfast in 1829, where he remained until his death, December 13, 1868.

The times in which Dr. Cooke lived and labored were irreligious and lax. Men were inclined towards infidelity, and there was urgent need of just such piety, tact, earnestness, and eloquence as characterized this reformer's work. For years he fought untiringly the heresy which had invaded Ireland's colleges, synods, and congregations; conquering finally without a single defeat to mar the glory of his victory, and lifting the church to a higher and more God-like plane of thought and action. He was three times elected Moderator of the General Assembly; degrees were conferred upon him by universities at home and abroad, and he was offered the professorship of Sacred Rhetoric in the Assembly's College at Belfast. Yet with all these honors showered upon him, he retained his simple, gentle manners, and died thoroughly beloved and revered. His hymn is found in the *Canadian Presbyterian Hymnal*, 1881.

605 *"Take Me."* 8s, 7s. D.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son:
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin:
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.

Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

We have always been proud and glad that this hymn of Dr. Ray Palmer's composition, which has proved so welcome and useful since, was given to the public in *Songs for the Sanctuary* in 1865. It was based upon the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and both in sentiment and versification it has proved its force and value. Dr. Palmer often used to hear messages of gratitude and cheer from those who were comforted and helped by these verses.

606 *Clinging to Christ.* 8s, 6s.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense, be this,
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Another of Miss Charlotte Elliott's excellent hymns, found lately in most of the hymnals, with the date affixed, 1834. As her father died in 1833, it is likely that the mourning experience of that trying season found its way into her compositions. Through that period it is known that she derived much comfort by the constant use of her pen; it is evidenced by the wonderful spirituality of her communion with Jesus Christ. She published her pieces without her name in various periodicals. Most of these appear in the *Invalid's Hymn-Book*, and many of them are recognized by the unusual meter she seems to have preferred. There comes a time in the history of most suffering believers when the best comfort is derived from a mere resting upon God, as he has been pleased to manifest himself in the Saviour. Simple clinging to Christ is the exercise: "So safe, so calm, so satisfied," is the result.

607 *"Pleads for me."* 8s, 6s.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

This hymn, by Miss Charlotte Elliott, is so like the preceding one that we might almost think it was fashioned by the same experience and meant to be its mate. It takes up the counterpart of the other in its refrain. The believer clings and the Saviour intercedes. The poem was given to the public in a collection issued by Rev. Henry Venn, and bears the date 1835, showing that it represents the same period of depression and sorrow. Whether it was the intention to break through her custom of anonymous composition or not, we have no means of knowing; but the singular fact remains that, by a printer's mistake, the piece was attributed to Wesley. Under that error it took its chances with a world that never takes care to be accurate, and for years went its way as an Epworth foundling. Only lately has it been restored.

608 *"A will resigned."* 8s, 6s.

I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

The Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, wrote in 1848 a piece entitled "The Wish of To-day," from which the verses constituting this

hymn are chosen. His wishes were moderate then, so it appears, and that was a great while ago. There comes a time to every true man when the world has very insignificant honors to offer; he is perfectly content to rest; he "has done enough," as Schumann said of Schubert when he retired from life. Whittier died September 7, 1892. The wish has been granted and the rest has come. He knows far more now concerning such things than he ever did before. Some notion of this poet's religious convictions can be gained from what he once said to a minister whom he knew: "I think every child should cling to the faith of its parents until it learns of something better. The heathen until they know something better should cling to the faith of their parents. I can conceive of their being in such a state of mind that they would gladly receive the truth of Christ if it came to them, and God will give them credit for that. In fact, I do n't know but that the Hindus swinging on their flesh hooks, and others like them, are doing the best they know. They know that they have done wrong and they want to atone for it some way, and this is the only way they know anything about. I do n't know but God will give them credit for their good intentions. They want to get rid of their sins in some way."

609 *"Lamb of God."* 8s, 6s.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

The story has been told over and over, and yet it will never appear old, of the way in which this hymn of Miss Charlotte Elliott came to be written. In 1822 Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, was visiting at the house of this young woman's father. One evening, as they sat conversing, he asked her if she thought herself to be an experimental Christian. Her health was failing then rapidly, and she was harassed often with pain; the question made her petulant for the moment. She resented his searching, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Dr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject then if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for him." Several days afterward the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her. "But I do not know how to find Christ," she said; "I want you to help me." "Come to him *just as you are*," said Dr. Malan. He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world. Further advice resulted in opening the young lady's mind to spiritual light, and her life of devout activity and faith began. She possessed literary gifts, and having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer* on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of the poems was "Just as I am," 1836. The words of pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were, of course, the writer's inspiration. Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending religious magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel to troubled minds, found its way into devout persons' scrap-books, then into religious circles and chapel assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the "Church universal." Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, struck by its beauty and spiritual value, had it printed on a leaflet and sent for circulation through the cities and towns of the kingdom, and in connection with this an incident at an English watering-place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the world. Miss Elliott, being in feeble health, was staying at Torquay, in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. One day the doctor, who was an earnest Christian man, placed one of those floating leaflets in his patient's hands, saying he felt sure she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognized her own hymn and he discovered that she was its author.

610 *"Be merciful, O God."* L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

Miss Havergal once wrote to a friend, "I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way." It was in this way, by inspiration, almost, that this hymn "came" to Rev. Cornelius Elven, during a revival service held in the Baptist Church, at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, in January, 1852. It is the only poem he is known to have written during the fifty years of his ministry: it became popular, and has found a place in the collections in Great Britain and America. Its author was born in 1797, and died in July, 1873. He was a close friend of Mr. Spurgeon, whose pulpit he occasionally occupied. After his death, Mr. Spurgeon wrote a sketch of his life, full of kindly appreciation of his friend's many virtues.

611 *Psalm* 51. L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord! should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

In Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts' *Psalms of David*, 1719, this version of the fifty-first Psalm appears with an additional stanza. It bears the title, "A Penitent pleading for Pardon." The author of the twenty-fifth Psalm in his prayer for forgiveness brings forward an argument which is startling in its originality: "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great." He does not say: Forgive me, for I have done much good in my day, and am going to do more. He does not say: Restore me to thy favor, for I have not done much evil, when my poor chances are fairly considered. He takes his stand like one most anxiously candid; he blurts out the whole truth and urges it without an extenuation or apology. He says: Pardon me, for I am a *great* sinner. He plants himself on his unworthiness; he argues from demerit. Now this is so contrary to all human notions of pleading that it awakes curiosity. We say to our fellow-men on slightest occasion—Pardon me, I did not mean to. This penitent says—Pardon me, I did mean to. And as a final result, we know this prayer was answered perfectly. We are constrained on the instant to recognize a virtue, unmistakable and unparalleled, in superabounding grace, as a principle of the gospel.

"Man's plea to man is that he nevermore
Will beg, and that he never begged before
Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore comes again.
How good a God we serve, who, when we sue,
Makes his old gifts the examples of the new!"

It seems, therefore, to be the unusual rule for our repentance that excuses are excluded and aggravations become pleas; extenuations only hinder, self-renunciations prevail.

612 *"The Voice of Jesus."* 10s.

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'T was he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

Rev. Samuel John Stone, the author of this hymn, was born April 25, 1839, at Whitmore, Staffordshire, England. It has been remarked as a somewhat singular circumstance that this same festival, St. Mark's day, was that upon which John Keble first saw the light nearly half a century before; the mantle of this earlier poet has apparently fallen upon a worthy successor, who has yet many years of usefulness and promise. He was graduated at Pembroke College in Oxford, 1862, and in September of the same year was ordained to the curacy of Windsor, in which he abode

REV. SAMUEL JOHN STONE.

eight years, winning the esteem and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. He then removed to Haggerston, a suburb of London, where he became his father's curate. Afterwards, when the growing infirmities of his father necessitated a removal to a less laborious incumbency, he was made Vicar of St. Paul's in Haggerston. Here he yet remains, preferring the charge he has among grateful and middle-class parishioners to any of the better benefices which have been proposed for his acceptance. He is a "High Churchman," though it is said he is not a ritualist; still, some of his stanzas have had to be altered in order to fit them to the taste and use of the churches at large. This one now before us is taken from *Lyra Fidelium*, 1865. It was based upon the Article in the Creed of the Church of England entitled, "The Forgiveness of Sins," and was originally composed to be sung at the services of a parochial mission. Joined to the tune "Langran," with which it is usually sung, it becomes one of the tenderest and most effective of penitential hymns.

613 *"Thine all the merit."* 10s.

O JESUS CHRIST the righteous! live in me,
That, when in glory I thy face shall see,
Within the Father's house, my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

2 Then thou wilt welcome me, O righteous Lord,
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down,
Thine the thorn-plaited, mine the righteous crown.

3 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

This is the latter part of the previous hymn by Rev. Samuel John Stone, altered slightly in order to fit it more appropriately for independent use. The whole piece appears with eight stanzas in most of the English hymnals. It is one of the finest in our language, as an eager and wistful imploration of pardon for one's iniquities in the sight of a merciful God. The imagery is exquisite and pathetically simple and Scriptural; and the tune "Langran" carries the sentiment well.

614 *"Jesus died."* 10s.

LORD, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh!
But thou hast called the burdened soul to thee,
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

3 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmoved, I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge, with—"Jesus died."

This group of three stanzas in the meter of tens seems to have a mysterious history as to its belonging and recognition in the minds of some. It is found in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, where it is credited to Rev. John Newton. Somehow it is associated with the other familiar hymn, "Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat." Indeed, these two pieces are connected under a common title, "The Effort;" the first of which begins, "Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat." In the present form this opening verse is left off. The similarity in sentiment between the two poems, with the difference in meter, has apparently created an impression in the minds of a few critics that some unknown compiler has made a new composition out of the original, and liked it so much that he credited the whole to the real author. But there, in all the editions of *Olney Hymns* from the very first, stand the two pieces quite unconscious of any oddity.

615 *The dying thief.* 10s.

"LORD, when thy kingdom comes, remember me;"
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
Oh, faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

2 No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
Oh, words of love to answer words of faith!
Oh, words of hope for those who live to pray!

REV. W. D. MACLAGAN, D. D.

The Rev. William Dalrymple Maclagan, D. D., has just lately, 1891, been elevated to the Archbishopric of York. He was born in Edinburgh, June 18, 1826, was graduated at St. Peter's College in Cambridge, 1856, was ordained to the ministry in 1856, becoming the curate of St. Saviour's, Paddington, and afterward of St. Stephen's, Marylebone, both in London. In 1869 he was placed as rector of St. Mary's, Newington. In 1878 he was made the Bishop of Lichfield, and in the beginning of 1891 was chosen to the station he now occupies. He has published some few sermons and written some hymns, but no very conspicuous mark has been made by him in the line of literary achievement. The piece now before us was contributed to the edition of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, issued in 1875. One of the late newspapers has given us these interesting particulars of his history: "Archbishop Maclagan is affectionately remembered at Newington Butts, where he found a deserted church and a parish overrun with and dominated by the outposts of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and left behind him one of the largest congregations in London. Dr. Maclagan always maintained the most amicable relations with Mr. Spurgeon, who has now become a consistent Unionist; and the new Archbishop of York would find as much pleasure as the Archbishop of Canterbury in taking tea with the most eminent member of the Baptist persuasion. The only complaints alleged against him are that he has overorganized his diocese and is too much of a gentleman for the Black Country. It is impossible to consider the elevation of the Bishop of Lichfield without considering what a helpmate he has in Mrs. Maclagan, the sister of Lord Barrington, who is practically a suffragan. She has exceptional intellectual endowments, while she is an excellent speaker, never forgetting that she is a woman, and an admirable organizer."

616 "*Remember me.*" 10s.

LORD, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith thy kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on thy cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

2 Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

3 Remember me; yet how canst thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to thee,
The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow thou didst bear for me?

4 Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make thy promise to my heart, "To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with me."

This is a part of the same poem as the one just before it, and of course by the same author. Both are founded upon the story of the thief upon the cross, as related in Luke 23:42, 43: "And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

617 "*Lord, I believe.*" 10s.

YES, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy—myself, mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine—
"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;
Yet, oh, forgive! I doubt not, though I fear;
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

3 True, I am weak, ah! very weak; but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again—
"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

4 Oh, draw me nearer; for, too far away,
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief;
While faith, though fainting, still has strength to pray—
"Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief."

This is selected from Rev. Dr. John Samuel Bewley Monsell's *Hymns and Miscellaneous Poems*, Dublin, 1837. It is entitled, "Assurance." And yet there is conflict mingled with the strong expressions of confidence. The refrain at the close of each stanza endears this composition to the American heart. Reference is made, of course, to Mark 9:24; the

story in the passage is an excellent illustration of the sentiment of the hymn.

618 *"Jesus, our Salvation."* 7s, 6s. D.

O Jesus, our salvation,
Low at thy cross we lie;
Lord, in thy great compassion,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to thee with mourning,
We come to thee in woe;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the vail,
Plead for each lost transgressor
The blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before thee,
We tell them one by one;
Oh, for thy name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

3 Oh, by thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering,
Endured by thee alone;
O Priest, O spotless offering,
Plead for us, and atone!

4 And in these hearts now broken,
Re-enter thou and reign,
And say, by that dear token,
We are absolved again.
And build us up, and guide us,
And guard us day by day;
And in thy presence hide us,
And take our sins away.

Rev. James Hamilton, M. A., author of the hymn quoted, was born at Glendollar, Scotland, April 18, 1819. He received his education at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; was ordained in 1845, and had charge of a succession of churches until 1866, when he became incumbent of St. Barnabas', Bristol. A year afterward he was appointed vicar of Doulting, Somersetshire, in the diocese of Bath and Wells, and according to our present information he still holds that position. Of the hymns he has written, only three are in general use; one of these is the piece before us. It was contributed to the *People's Hymnal*, in 1867, and the first line originally read, "O Jesu! Lord most merciful."

619 *Hope at the Cross.* 7s, 6s. D.

When human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make:
Though sorely thou mayst chasten,
Thou never canst forsake;
Thou on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head!
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

Very welcome to us all the appearance of Miss Charlotte Elliott's name once more as the author of the hymn before us. It is not one of her conspicuous compositions, for we fail to find a mention of it in either *English Hymns*, or *Dictionary of Hymnology;* but we have been printing it and using it as a very evangelical and comforting help for many years. It was published in *The Invalid's Hymn-Book* in 1834. The simplicity with which this devoted woman, herself racked and tried with pain, urged her way straight towards the cross of her suffering Redeemer, there to find her rest, is remarkable.

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O Jesus, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
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"I died for you, my children,
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O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
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Bishop William Walsham How first published this, the most popular and perhaps the most useful of all his excellent compositions, in the *Supplement to Psalms and Hymns* issued 1867. It refers to Revelation 3:20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." One of the best paintings of our time has been given to the world of art by Holman Hunt, entitled "The Light of the World." It represents the scene which the hymn portrays with a fidelity as pathetic as it is forceful. Some of the incidental forms of Oriental imagery seem likewise to have been taken by the artist from the similar scene suggested by the Bride's words concerning her Lord in Canticles 5:2: "I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." The Figure stands as if in the act of waiting and listening. He is in the garden,

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WE stand in deep repentance
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

2 Oh, shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
For ever we should wander
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bearest the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Dr. Ray Palmer said once concerning this hymn that he wrote it a long while ago, so far back as in 1834 some time; and that he was under the impression of having made it as a translation of a German piece, the name and place of which he had forgotten. He was not a fluent scholar in that language then, and the volume he was reading did not otherwise attract his attention. The curiosity of some hymnologists, familiar with the religious poetry of the Fatherland, has been exercised in the matter; but the work of Dr. Palmer is too thoroughly original to represent any poem they can find. It was first published in the *Presbyterian Parish Hymns*, 1843.

622 *The Contrite heart.* 8s, 4s.

THERE is a holy sacrifice,
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in his eyes—
The contrite heart.

2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own—
The contrite heart.

3 The holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as his abode
The contrite heart.

4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
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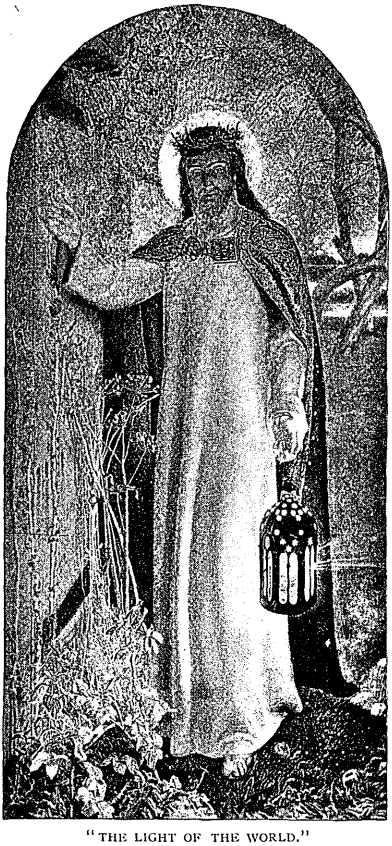

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The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own—
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ishment due to our guilt (that the schools call attrition) but likewise of the infinite goodness of God, against which we have offended." Hence comes the old answer in the Catechism: "Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth, with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience."

623 *The Heart Surrendered.* 8s, 4s.

GOD of my life! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
I come to thee.

The *Invalid's Hymn-Book*, published in 1841, contained among many other poems by Miss Charlotte Elliott the one quoted here. It is based upon the fifth verse of the thirty-first Psalm, "Into thy hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." The poem emphasizes the fact that all the steps in the process of redemption are the direct result of God's mercy which chooses, pardons, and adopts us. Not from ourselves, but from above, comes the saving impulse. (See Isaiah 6:6.) Isaiah, crying there, in all the abasement and abandonment of his shame, had no need to thank even the seraph with the coal of fire in his hands. The coal came from the King. The altar was the King's. The seraphim were only the King's messengers. Every step in the scheme of human salvation, from its earliest beginning at the new birth, to its latest triumph in the new song, is God's. "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord." When the redeemed in heaven sing their highest songs of ascription, they can say no more, no less, than this. John tells us in the Revelation what he heard behind the vail: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

624 *"O Lamb of God."* 8s, 4s.

O LAMB of God! that tak'st away
Our sin, and bid'st our sorrow cease,
Turn thou, oh, turn this night to day,
Grant us thy peace!

2 The troubled world hath war without;
The restless, wayward heart within
Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin.

3 And there are needs that none can know,
And tears no eye but thine can see;
Hopes naught can satisfy below;
We look to thee.

4 'T is not the calm, deceitful dream
That earth calls peace, we ask for now:
No dropping down the fatal stream
With careless prow.

5 Probe deep the wound if so thou wilt,
If pain must wake us. Purge our dross:
Help us to lay our load of guilt
Beneath thy cross.

The author of the hymn before us is Mrs. Alessie Bond Faussett. She was born at Ballee Rectory, County Down, Ireland, January 8, 1841; and was married to the Rev. Henry Faussett, curate of Edenderry, Omagh, in 1875. She has contributed a few songs to *Lyra Hibernica* and to the *Church Hymnal*, which was issued in Dublin in 1881. The piece here given was written in 1865, but was not published until 1870, when it appeared in a volume entitled *The Triumph of Faith*.

625 *"Thou art my all."* 8s, 4s.

JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee;
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee: my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Ev'n to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

For many years this hymn has been credited, on the highest authority, to Rev. John Ross Macduff, D. D., with the date of "1853" attached to it. Thus it appears in *The Evangelical Hymnal*, and thus it appears in others with the annotation of Rev. F. M. Bird. But we learn at last from the *Dictionary of Hym-*

nology, 1892, that it is found in Miss Charlotte Elliott's *Thoughts in Verse on Sacred Subjects*, 1869. She entitled it, "Christ, All in All." This modest lady kept her reserve so very closely at times that her religious writings were difficult to recognize.

626 *Leaning on Christ.* 8s, 4s.

LEANING on thee, my guide and friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:
Though weary thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat:
Thy will has now become my own—
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Once more we choose our song of trust from Miss Charlotte Elliott's hymns. It is taken from her *Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted*, 1836. It bears a title that might suggest a renewed season of illness in her fragile life, "Death Anticipated." She uses again that pleasing meter in her verse which has become to us now almost her characteristic sign. The great theologian, Tholuck, once said to an American tourist: "Your people in the United States have in your language one expression which we do not have in the German. You speak of 'a subdued spirit.' It is very beautiful."

627 *Help from above.* 8s, 4s.

My heart lies dead; and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
Oh, let thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above.

2 Thy dew doth every morning fall:
And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove?
The dew for which earth cannot call,
Drop from above!

3 The world is tempting still my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let heavenly grace, to cross its art,
Drop from above!

4 Oh, come; for thou dost know the way!
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
"Drop from above!"

Rev. George Herbert, M. A., was born at his father's home, Montgomery Castle, April 3, 1593, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1611. His prospects in life seemed brilliant, as he was an intimate friend of Lord Bacon, Bishop Andrewes, and other influential men, and was favored by James the First; but the death of the king and of the Duke of Richmond destroyed his hopes of Court preferment. He withdrew to Kent, where he decided to enter the Church; and in 1626 he was appointed to the living of Leighton Bromswold, Hunts. He remained there only three years when his health gave way, and he removed to Dantsey in Wiltshire, after a short stay at his brother's house at Woodford, Essex. In 1630 he was appointed rector at Bemerton, but his work there was brief, his death occurring in February, 1632. Mr. Herbert published a number of works both in prose and poetry, and many of the latter have become endeared to Christians everywhere; but the quaintness of his lyrics and the peculiarity of their meters have rendered most of them unavailable for congregational uses. The poem here quoted appeared in his posthumous work, *The Temple*, 1633, and is full of sweetness and pathos. It is a fervent prayer for divine grace to renew and inspire a heart which is sore tried by the coldness and worldliness which threaten to overwhelm it.

628 *"Even me!"* 8s, 7s, 3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free:
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father;
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor,
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

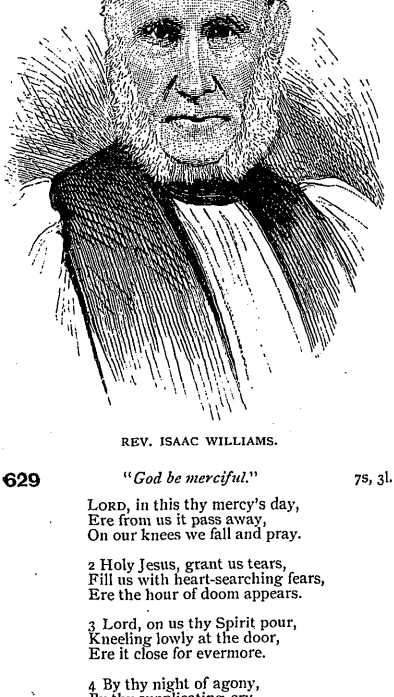
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me—Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

Brought into being by the news of a great revival in Ireland in 1860–61, this hymn has always been connected with seasons of religious awakening. Its author, Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, published it as a leaflet in 1861, and it has been in constant use ever since. She is the wife of a clergyman of Islington, London, and has been identified with the Mildmay Mission in that city for a number of years. It

is known that she has published two volumes —*The Bible in the Kitchen*, and *The Missionary Ship;* but very few facts concerning her personal history can be obtained. Regarding the poem itself, its author says that it was written for the benefit of a few of her young friends who had been deeply interested in the account of a great revival. She says: "I longed to press upon them an earnest individual appeal. Without effort words seemed to be given me, and they took the form of a hymn. I had no thought of sending it beyond the limit of my own circle; but, passing it on to one and another, it became a word of power, and I then published it."



REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.

629 *"God be merciful."* 7s, 3l.

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die—

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see thy face,
With thy ransomed ones a place.

In 1844 Rev. Isaac Williams, the tractarian preacher and writer, published a volume which he called *The Baptistery; or, the Way of Eternal Life.* In this book there is one poem, consisting of a hundred and five stanzas of three lines each, and bearing the title, "The Day of Days; or, The Great Manifestation." Of one portion of this, called "Image the Twentieth," our present hymn is a part; it is entitled, "Lent:—a Metrical Litany." It is really a good penitential prayer in musical dress, when we get at it under its mystical dress of verbiage, plain and useful for Christian service in conference-meeting or in the sanctuary; and it has had wide introduction into the hymnals at home and abroad.

630 *Lux Mundi.* 6s, 6l.

THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for thee?

4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for thee?

5 And thou hast brought to me
Down from thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love;
Great gifts thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to thee?

6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gavest thyself for me,
I give myself to thee.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's composition, printed on a leaflet in 1859, and in *Good Words*, February, 1860. The structure of these stanzas has been changed in the English collections. As Miss Havergal composed it it began—as if the Saviour in person were speaking—"I gave my life for thee. No Christian congregation could sing back t

Jesus Christ his own words in so unseemly a way as that.

The author was at school in Dusseldorf; she must have often seen the *Ecce Homo* picture in the famous gallery. Count von Zinzendorf, the Moravian, saw it there, read its motto, and was converted by the sight. It was a Christ crowned with thorns, and the words were set above it, "All this have I done for thee. What doest thou for me?" Miss Havergal surely would hear the story. Indeed, she records that she was moved by such a painting with such a legend. The poem represents a fresh phase of her experience, therefore. She becomes a true child of God under the vivid conception of Jesus dying on the cross for her.

In 1873 a little book, entitled *All for Jesus*, by Rev. J. T. Renford, Newport, Mon., came under Miss Havergal's notice, telling of a fullness of blessing beyond anything she had yet attained. It met a felt need, and soon she herself could say, "I have the blessing," the Spirit powerfully applying this word to her soul: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." From this time her life was full of sunshine; some expression of it is found in the beautiful hymns, "Without Carefulness," and "From Glory unto Glory."

631 *The true Physician.* 7s, 3l.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Rev. Godfrey Thring published this in his *Hymns Congregational and Others*, 1866. It is a tender and useful hymn in times of sickness or debility. It fits discourses upon Christ as a Physician of Souls: Jeremiah 8:22: "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" One of the brightest predictions of the Lord Jesus Christ is found in the promise that "the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." Malachi 4:2. The Israelites have a saying which has almost become a proverb: "As the sun arises, infirmities decrease." One of the most ancient names of God recorded in the Bible is *Jehovah-rophi;* and this is said to mean in English words, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Exodus 15:26. The best things in all this world for health and vigor, for exhilaration and comfort, are plenty of warm bright sunshine and the refreshment of clear pure air driving away fog. Flowers open when the day-star comes up over the hills. Invalids wake with new hope when the night is gone and the birds begin their matins. It was Simon Peter, an old fisherman on the Sea of Galilee, who understood very well what he was talking about when he said: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." Every morning, all over Judæa, even to this time, there blows a sweet fresh wind at sunrise, which the natives call "the doctor;" for it purifies the infected air and clears away the mists; and then from the tops of the hills, oh, how far away one sees! It makes one think of the prophet's promise: "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."

632 *"Come and welcome."* 7s, 6l.

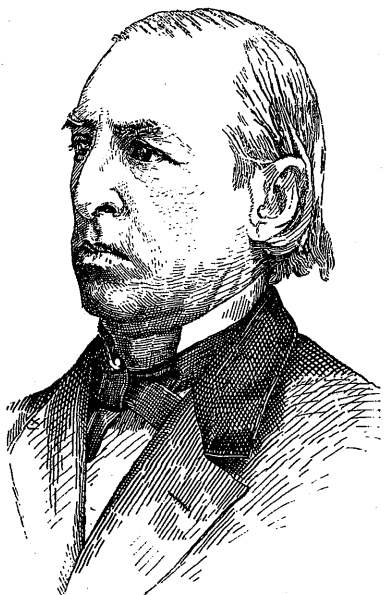
FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

This hymn by Rev. Thomas Haweis was first published in his *Carmina Christo*, 1792, and contained an additional stanza. Its refrain suggests the fullness of Christ's atoning sacrifice, which was great enough to include all mankind, although it was the death of only one person. It is a significant fact that none among all the disciples of our Lord, not one of all the adherents who followed him, was permitted to die with him. He was condemned as a rebel; yet not a single man or woman who succored him or sustained him in that so-called insurrection suffered for it. A few of his friends talked about it; one of them said outright on a conspicuous occasion, "Let us go and die with him;" but none

of them ever did. The meaning of this is very plain. It was an infinitely wise precaution against mistake. It would, without a doubt, have misled some feeble minds, if by any accidental confusion another name had been coupled with his in the dying hour on the cross. It was just as well that all those disciples forsook him and fled. One Priest, one Lamb, was all that was needed.



DR. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

633 *"Only thee."* 7s, 6l.

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside;
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away—
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee.

This hymn was written by Rev. George Duffield, Jr., D. D., the son of Rev. George Duffield, D. D., for so many useful years a pastor in Detroit, Mich., and the father of Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, author of *English Hymns*. This family seems likely to become as famous in hymnology as the Stennett family of old. The hymn now before us was contributed to the *Temple Melodies*, issued by Rev. D. E. Jones in 1851. Dr. Duffield, the author of it, lived a varied, forceful, and useful life. He was born at Carlisle, Pa., September 12, 1818, graduated at Yale College, and studied for the ministry in Union Theological Seminary, New York. He began his ministrations as a pastor in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1840, and was there for seven years; then he removed to the village of Bloomfield, N. J., and at that point the history of the family connection with that town commences. Three generations in turn have aided in making the parishes conspicuous. After a while, Dr. Duffield took up other work elsewhere, at Philadelphia, Adrian, Mich., Galesburg, Ill., and in 1869 was pastor at Ann Arbor, Mich. There he remained till the infirmities of age warned him to retire from so serious a field of labor. While his son, Samuel W. Duffield, was in the pastorate in Bloomfield, the father returned to his old home, and the beautiful years began in which the father and son walked together in Christian faith and love and hope. The reverence on the one side and the pride upon the other were worthy of the Land of Beulah in which the old man waited for his summons to go over the river. As a matter of fact, the son went swiftly across first; the father followed him fourteen months after. He died in Bloomfield, July 6, 1888, and was borne away to be buried in Detroit in the family cemetery.

634 *"I am thine."* 7s, 6l.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer,
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
Oh, be thou my All in all.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal wrote this hymn for her nephew, J. H. Shaw, in December, 1865, and it was printed as a leaflet for distribution. She never included it in her

published hymnals for promiscuous singing, but it appears in her *Ministry of Song*, 1869. It was entitled, "Servant of Christ," and was meant to be suitable for public or private consecration of one's self to God. Reference is made to Paul's words in Acts 27 : 23 : "Whose I am, and whom I serve."

635 *"Hearer of prayer."* 7s, 6l.

O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need:
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
Oh, remember I am dust;
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

3 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within:
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

We have to thank what men would call an accident for this hymn, dated 1820, and printed in the *Star in the East*, 1824. Josiah Conder fell from his horse in riding, and was compelled to take his bed for a serious season. He was not only suffering from pain, but there was peril in his prospect. He feared becoming a permanent cripple. And just then his affairs were in a condition that required his utmost activity of effort and vigilance in watching. The confinement summoned all his fortitude and led him to constant supplication. One who reads the wrestling and plaintive lines now seems to see the brave-hearted preacher at his best, bold, earnest, importunate. And yet Conder is the man who has been quoted as insisting that histories of sacred songs have little or no value in awaking interest: "On reading a hymn nobody inquires why it was written, or attributes the feelings it depicts to the poet's actual, or, at any rate, present, experience." His own hymn proves how much he was mistaken.

636 *Look and live.* 7s, 6l.

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There thy every sin he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice:
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

Everything that was ever written by the man who composed what is now admitted to be the first hymn of the first rank in our language is of serious interest. Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady wrote "Rock of Ages," and he also wrote the excellent hymn in the same meter now before us. He was born at Farnham, in Surrey, England, November 4, 1740. His father, Major Richard Toplady, died at the siege of Carthagena, while the child was yet an infant. But his mother seems to have been a good and thrifty woman of character and force. The young lad grew up bright and promising, and we soon hear of his conversion. He attended a meeting at Codymain, Ireland, an assemblage held in a barn; a layman named James Morris preached the sermon from the text he found in Ephesians 2 : 13. Toplady, some years subsequent to this, wrote an account of the incident. "By the grace of God," says he, "under the ministry of that dear messenger and under that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756. Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means

of grace in England, should be brought near to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people, met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man."

The youth of the poet passed tamely. He is reported to have composed some fugitive poems when he was still in his teens, and these were printed at Dublin in *Poems on Sacred Subjects*, 1759. Among them the one here given is found. Deciding to enter the ministry, he received orders in the Church of England, June 6, 1762. Soon after this he became vicar of Broadhembury, Devonshire. There are different accounts of his work as a preacher of the gospel. Some say he was harsh and bigoted, and even rough to scurrility in his attacks upon the Wesleys. Others insist that his heart was warm and his zeal was unquenchable. His health was never robust; he died in London, August 11, 1778, and was buried beneath the gallery opposite the pulpit in Tottenham Court Chapel.

637 *"Chief of sinners."* 7s, 6l.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

The author of the hymn before us, William McComb, was a bookseller in Belfast for many years. He was born in Coleraine, County Londonderry, Ireland, in 1793. We have no further information concerning him, save that he retired from business in 1867, and that three years previous thereto his poetical works were collected and issued in one large volume.

638 *Ingratitude lamented.* C. M. D.

O JESUS CHRIST, if sin there be,
In all our former years,
That wrings the soul with agony,
And chokes the heart with tears;
It is the deep ingratitude
Which we to thee have shown,
Who didst for us in tears and blood
Upon the cross atone.

2 Alas, how with our actions all
Has this defect entwined;
And poisoned with its bitter gall
The spirit, heart, and mind!
Alas, through this, how many gems
Have we not cast away
That might have formed our diadems
In everlasting day!

3 Yet though the time be past and gone;
Though little more remains;
Though naught is all that can be done,
Ev'n with our utmost pains:
Still, Jesus, in thy grace we try
To do what in us lies;
For never did thy loving eye
The contrite heart despise.

This hymn is found in the volume of *Hymns and Poems* published in 1873 by Rev. Edward Caswall. It bears the title "Ingratitude," and has six four-line stanzas. It had been published before in his *Masque of Mary*, 1851. It would be easy to say the author succeeds better as a translator than as a composer of original lyrics for singing. But we venture to raise the question whether any one can ever hope to be supremely poetical when he is unfortunate enough to select a special sin, or possibly a notable immorality, for his theme. There is likewise something of mysticism in the manner of this author, perceptible particularly in his work done after the death of his amiable wife by cholera in 1849. She had been received with him into the Roman Church, and he fell, after his irreparable loss into deep despondency; as was natural in the circumstances, he became more and more intensely a devotee under the priestly system to which he had committed himself. The hymn and tune (the latter bearing his name) are quite popular in Great Britain; but some would be likely to think he did better work elsewhere.

639 *Prayer for mercy.* C. M. D.

O LORD, turn not thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry;
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh, shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well;
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
Oh, let thy mercy come!

This hymn, which is known as "The Lamentation of a Sinner," appeared first in *Stern-*

hold and Hopkins, 1560–61, with no signature attached to it. In the edition of 1565 it is ascribed to John Marckant, of whom almost nothing is known, except that he was incumbent of Clacton Magna in 1559, and of Shopland from 1563–8. He wrote but few poems apparently, and this is the only one in common use. It has been considerably altered in the hymnals of various churches, the version here given being the one made by Bishop Heber.

640 *"Return."* C. M.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return"?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

The memories of a thousand revivals are in this dear old hymn of the past. Sometimes with "Balerma" for a time, more often with "Avon," it has filled the heart and swayed the will of the penitent sinner and the returning prodigal alike. It is found among the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, written by Miss Anne Steele. It has there six stanzas, and is entitled, "Absence from God."

641 *"Remember Me."* C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

Rev. Thomas Haweis, the preacher and physician, published in 1792 his *Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour; designed for the Use and Comfort of Those who worship the Lamb that was slain.* In this small volume, containing only a hundred and thirty-nine pieces, this one is found. It has six stanzas, and with it has been associated a reference to Nehemiah 13:31: "Remember me, O my God, for good." The popularity of this song of praise and prayer illustrates once more the fondness of the American mind for the refrain in public worship: "O Lord, remember me!"

642 *Deep Penitence.* C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence;
Oh, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive,
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

This hymn by Rev. Dr. Samuel Stennett was first published in the Baptist *Selection*, 1787, which was compiled by Dr. Rippon, a friend of the author. The spirit of the poem is one of humble penitence and avowal of guilt towards God. Sometimes in their confession men are not sincere. We profess all horror at wickedness; but we seem to mean wickedness in general, not anything we have really done in particular or in person. It is sin we deplore, not sins. Our words of self-abasement must not be pressed nor misunderstood. In the old legend it was no less than a cardinal that once went to confession. "Oh, I am the very chief of sinners," he murmured in the ear of the priest. "Too true, too true; God have mercy," were the words that came back through the grating. "Surely I have been guilty of every kind of wrong," he continued. "Alas, my son, it is a solemn fact—have mercy upon him, O Lord." Thinking that great enormities admitted would force at least a deprecation, he went on: "I have indulged in pride, malice, revenge, and ambition." This he sighed in mournful tones; and in tones as mournful the honest monk answered: "Yes, alas, some of this I had heard of before; the Lord have mercy." The exasperated cardinal could stand it no longer. "Why, you fool," he burst out sharply, "do you imagine I *mean* all this to the letter?" "Alas, alas, the good Lord have mercy," said the pitiful priest; "for it seems his eminence is a hypocrite likewise!"

643 *Psalm* 51. L. M.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

This is a portion of one of Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts' paraphrases of the fifty-first Psalm, and was published in his *Psalms of David*, 1719. It consisted originally of eight stanzas, entitled "The backslider restored; or Repentance, and Faith in the Blood of Christ." This celebrated Psalm has inspired some of the noblest and most impressive music ever heard on this earth, the "*Miserere*," which is sung with such solemn ceremonies in St. Peter's at Rome in Holy Week. It has always been acknowledged to be a full and perfect expression of deep contrition, which says with David in an unmistakable confession: "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest."

It will serve our purpose exactly to trace out this experience of a royal sinner, whose sin was so conspicuous, and whose repentance was so much to our edification. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned." Now some would say, perhaps carelessly, here was an unauthorized discrimination; David had sinned against Uriah, and against Bathsheba, and against his own manhood, and against that whole realm he ruled, by complicated crimes of murder, falsehood, adultery, and impious presumption. Not against God, and against God "only," had he done his great wrong. But true penitence erects a true standard; it is intelligent as well as self-abasing. David knew whom he had offended. Through and through the concentric circles of his lofty responsibility his conscience led the way to the innermost one of all. He had broken God's law. Full before the undefiled glory of a holy Jehovah, he seemed quite to forget, for the time being, everything else except what God must think of him. "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom."

644 *"Thou hast died."* L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

3 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died!

The *Hymns and Sacred Poems* by Rev. Charles Wesley, published in 1739, contain this piece, which originally had thirteen stanzas. It was written with a forcibleness of expression which might seem shocking to some ears at the present time. Yet the central idea, the absolute unworthiness and sinfulness of man, is no less vital a truth now than it was in Wesley's day. There is something unutterably pathetic and solemn in the sense of admitted ownership in wrong! When any human being settles back on these fixed conclusions, and in his deepest reserves confesses that a great guilt claims him as its master; when, with no exculpation of self and no inculpation of others, a man simply says, "This is mine, unshared, solitary, direct violation of God's law," he feels he must go farther than the mere act; he must admit greater trouble still; he must say not only, "I have sinned," but also, "I am a sinner;" then he will cry out like David again: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

645 *"Look unto me."* L. M.

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look—and look again.

2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
Now to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look—and look again!

3 Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole:
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait and look—and look again!

Many hymns by the Rev. Samuel Medley are still in use, although they were written a century ago, and generally appeared first in leaflets or magazines. They owe much of their effectiveness to his habit of employing a refrain in the last line of each verse, as in the

hymn here quoted. This is a plea for courage on the part of the sinner, that he should seek boldly the throne of grace, remembering that Christ is pledged to help him in his desperate need. "No lukewarm seeker," said John Randolph of Roanoke, "ever became a real Christian; for from the days of John the Baptist until now 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;' a text which I read five hundred times before I had even the slightest conception of its application."

646 *Philippians* 3:7–10. L. M.

No MORE, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes—and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

This poem by Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts first appeared in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707–9, and has remained entirely unchanged, being exceedingly felicitous in expression. It is an entire renunciation of all claims to righteousness, except as the result of Christ's atonement.

For many years the Moravian missionaries labored among the inhabitants of Greenland with no apparent success. One preacher came and tried to prove to his simple-minded hearers that there must be a Supreme Being called God. They laughed at him for attempting to teach them what they knew as well as he. Then came another, urging morality, insisting that they should leave off drunkenness, and cease to thieve and lie. They sent him away in quickened impatience, bidding him go to his own people, who needed such counsel far more than Greenlanders did. Thus one messenger after another arrived and departed. Yet no good seemed settled in the hearts of men.

At last one meek and holy man determined to ask what most they wanted; and they answered that they wished for something that would cleanse them from the guilt and defilement of sin. He proceeded to preach the pure simple Gospel of redemption, the forgiveness of sin through the atonement made by the Lord Jesus Christ; he taught them the prayer, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," and showed them how they could be made clean. With one heart and voice the people cried out around the pulpit, "Oh, that is what we have been longing to know this many a day!" Then began the glorious work of divine grace, which soon filled the cold regions of the north with the warmth and lovelight of the Gospel and brought glory to God's name.

647 *"Come to Me."* L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

From *The Invalid's Hymn-Book*, issued by Miss Charlotte Elliott, 1834–41. She gave it the simple title, "The Invitation, 'Come unto me.'" This little volume is made up of what were fugitive compositions, and for a long time some of them went as anonymous. But the authorship of most of them now is quite settled. The piece as it was composed had seven stanzas, from which these four have been chosen. The invitation referred to is that in Matthew 11:28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." For many years these words were sung in this country to a chant, so as to give a due force to the refrain. But the experiment of an adaptation to them of the music in Rubinstein's "Song of the Children of Japhet," in *The Tower of Babel*, has proved a great and welcome success. This tune appeared in the first edition of *Laudes Domini*, 1884; the arrangement was made for the compiler by Charles Fitzsimmons, the organist of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

648 *God our Refuge.* L. M.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'t is death, 't is more;
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

From *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional, by Theodosia*, 1760, where it is entitled, "Life in Christ alone." It would be upon this basis, best of all, that the poetry of Miss Anne Steele might be compared to that of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, our modern writer of hymns. Miss Steele seems to us more objective, Miss Havergal more subjective. The one sees Jesus Christ with a more vivid sense of his physical and personal characteristics; she thinks of him as suffering and moving around forsaken of men, and tells her love for him in a pathetic and plaintive way. The other, just as much an invalid, and just as needy in every fiber of her existence, is more exhilarant and hopeful; her experience of communion with a living Redeemer, and of positive and happy-hearted help from him, is more pronounced. Miss Steele thinks more coolly and broadly, in theme and considerations; Miss Havergal is more poetical, more melodious, more delicate, and less commonplace.

649 *"Search me, O God."* L. M.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Dr. Philip Doddridge included this in his *Hymns*, 1755, entitling it, "Communing with our Hearts," and adding a reference to Psalm 4:4: "Stand in awe and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." It is amusing to find that the author commenced what is here the third stanza with the line, "Through all the mazes of my heart," and then led the attention of the reader from the unusual word "mazes" to a footnote, where he soberly defines it as "windings, perplexities." Some later compiler appears to have comprehended the position, saved space occupied by a useless footnote, substituted "windings" for "mazes" at once, and so bettered the hymn. And yet some critics there are who would pronounce this "tinkering," and cry out against it!

650 *Psalm* 91. 8s, 7s. D.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery is the author of this piece, and it appears in his *Songs of Zion*, 1822, entitled, "God's Merciful Guardianship of his People." It can hardly be called a version of Psalm 91, but it is so much of a paraphrase at least as that it follows the sentiment of that old temple-song with a very accurate closeness and a most musical rhythm. In the time of our war for the Union this hymn was a great favorite with the soldiers. It was printed upon a leaflet for distribution in the large meetings held in the army.

651 *"Finish Thy New Creation."* 8s, 7s. D.

LOVE divine, all love excelling—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver;
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

This is one of the noblest of all the compositions of Rev. Charles Wesley. It was first given to the public in his *Hymns for those that Seek, and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I

will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matthew 11:28, 29. What strikes us so strangely in reading over these verses is the discovery that Christ says in the beginning, "I will *give* you rest," and at the end says, "Ye shall *find* rest." With the one offer, rest seems to be free: with the other, it is evidently somewhat severely conditioned. Moreover, the figures employed appear paradoxical. To propose to relieve a man who labors by putting on him a yoke, or to help a man who is heavy-laden by imposing upon him a burden, gives chance for a cavil.

The explanation is found in assuming that in Christian experience there are *two* rests, and not just one only. The first of these is a gift, the other is an acquisition. These differ quite elementally. They do not arrive at the same moment. They are not precisely of the same character. They certainly do not come in anything like the same way. The second one is never attained till the first has preceded it. The first may be reached years before the other is made perfect, so that it might happen that the spiritual distance between them shall be sorrowfully wide.

In the second stanza of the hymn now before us is the line, "Let us find the promised rest." This is singularly unfortunate, for a fine allusion is lost. But singers insisted that they did not know what the original line meant. Charles Wesley wrote quite Scripturally, but we miss the point. For he said, "Let us find *that second* rest." He was singing of what this verse puts second. No one can appreciate accurately the significance of these figures who prefers to sing it, "Let us find *thy promised* rest." The yoke comes before the doctrine: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Therein lies our duty. The rest still waits. Yoke-bearing leads to it. Learning of Christ leads to it. Jesus offers his hand to you. Repent of all your sins; put your simple trust in him. Then comes a new endeavor. Submit at once to Christ's will. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The doing is ahead of even the doctrine. Make one simple resolve, in dependence on divine aid: "Here I give myself to thee! I put on the yoke, I go joyously under the burden!"

652 *"Keep me ever."* 8s, 7s. D.

HOLY FATHER, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.

When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well, I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

This appeared in 1842 in *Hymns for the Young*, by Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D. It had six stanzas of eight lines each, and commenced, "Blessed Saviour who hast taught me." The present altered and abbreviated form is what is used in most of the modern collections. It is a good illustration of the fact that children's hymns are often precisely what adult Christians need, and what they most enjoy when their hearts do the singing.

REV. JOSEPH DENHAM SMITH.

653 *The Branch and the Vine.* 10s.

ABIDE in thee, in that deep love of thine,
My Jesus, Lord, thou Lamb of God divine;
Down, closely down, as living branch with tree,
I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.

2 Abide in thee, my Saviour God, I know
How love of thine, so vast, in me may flow:
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
Now overflows to thee without alloy.

3 Abide in thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with thy blest life within;
Joined to thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows naught besides its motions to control.

4 Abide in thee, 't is thus alone I know
The secrets of thy mind ev'n while below;
All joy and peace, and knowledge of thy word,
All power and fruit, and service for the Lord.

This can be found in the *Hymns for General and Special Use, compiled by J. D. Smith;* published in London, but without date. Most of his work was scattered in leaflets for popular services.

Rev. Joseph Denham Smith was an English Congregational clergyman whose life was mostly spent in the useful work of an evangelist. Born at Romsey, Hants, in July, 1816, he preached first at the early age of sixteen. Then he was educated in a partial course at the theological institute in Dublin, and was received into the ministry in 1840. He was in Ireland at some sort of mission work for several years, but his more public ministerial labors began at Newry. In 1849 he became the pastor of an Independent church at Kingstown near Dublin, the Northumberland Avenue Church, where for a long time his success was admirable. Eventually a decided impression which his preaching produced in a series of evangelistic meetings in Dublin led him to resign his charge as a pastor and begin the work of an evangelist. In this he gained his recognition as a calm, judicious, devoted man of God; his career was one of prosperity from the commencement. But his health failed in 1886, to the sorrow and trouble of his many friends. He had never been rugged, and now his ailments assumed the form of disease. He closed his public ministry by a service at Merrion Memorial Hall in Dublin, July 26, 1887. Then the story began of travel and sickness, of gains and relapses, all borne patiently till the end came, March 5, 1889. He asked the physician once, near the last, "Can you give me the shadow of an idea how long it will be?" And the answer came frankly: "Not long; a little while only; not long now." And his answer was, as he dropped his tired head back on the pillow: "Oh, how sweet—how sweet!" Thus he passed away; but he kept on singing hymns—especially this stanza:

"I shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death;
I shall walk through the valley in peace;
For Jesus will himself be my leader,
I shall walk through the valley in peace."

Over and over again went that strain, "I shall walk through the valley in peace," till he died.

654 *"Roll the stone away."* 10s.

Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on thee;
Thy stripes have healed, thy bonds have set us free;
And now thy toil is o'er, thy grief and pain
Have passed away; the vail is rent in twain.

2 Ev'n now our place is with thee on the throne,
For thou abidest ever with thine own;
Yet in the tomb with thee, we watch for day;
Oh, let thine angel roll the stone away!

3 Oh, by thy life within us, set us free!
Reveal the glory that is hid with thee!
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

Of the personal history of Edward William Eddis, the author of the piece before us, little is known beyond the fact that he belonged to the peculiar society called the "Irvingites" or "Catholic Apostolic Church" in England. This organization at one time had seven churches in the city of London, and was also represented in other parts of Great Britain and in Germany. Its ritual was extremely elaborate, and great importance was attached by the members to spiritual phenomena, more especially to the "gift of tongues."

He compiled a volume of *Hymns for the Use of the Churches* in 1864, in which a number of his own compositions are to be found.

655 *Thinking of Jesus.* 10s.

I journey through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

2 Thoughts of his love—the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place,
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

3 Thoughts of his sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

4 Thoughts of his glory—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays:
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Mrs. Mary Jane Walker, sister of Rev. J. G. Deck, and wife of Dr. Walker, rector of an Episcopalian Church in Cheltenham, England, wrote this poem. It was included in the collection of *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Social Worship*, issued by her husband in 1855. It has won much popularity; her title was, "The Journey of Life." To many Christians there seems much that is mystic and dreamy in this walking closely with Christ, as if indeed the living Jesus were in person present in the companionship. But it is impressive, it is beautiful, when the experience is evidently sincere. The sainted McCheyne is recorded as having said that he thought he was better acquainted with his

Saviour than with any other of his dear friends.

656 *"Abide in me."* IOS.

WHY is thy faith, O child of God, so small?
Why doth thy heart shrink back at duty's call?
Art thou obeying this—"Abide in me,"
And doth the Master's word abide in thee?

2 Oh, blest assurance from our risen Lord!
Oh, precious comfort breathing from the Word!
How great the promise! could there greater be?
"Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done for thee!"

3 "Ask what thou wilt," but, oh, remember this—
We ask and have not, for we ask amiss
When, weak in faith, we only half believe
That what we ask we really shall receive.

4 Increase our faith, and clear our vision, Lord;
Help us to take thee at thy simple word,
No more with cold distrust to bring thee grief;
Lord, we believe! help thou our unbelief.

W. F. SHERWIN.

This hymn is fitly associated with the tune "Assurance," composed by the same individual, Professor William Fisk Sherwin. Together they will give an excellent suggestion of his unusual power in the field of Christian song. He was born in Buckland, Franklin Co., Mass., March 14, 1826, and died in Boston, Mass., April 14, 1888. This life of sixty-two years was one of marked purity and signal usefulness. Professor Sherwin's talent for music was early developed; his gift for composing hymns grew out of the natural necessities of the life he led, and came to notice later on. It is needless to say that each of these in turn was fully consecrated to God and the good of mankind.

It was often pathetic for those who knew him in the intimacies of daily existence to hear him rehearse the struggles he had to make in securing his education. Both his father and his mother were almost always invalids, and this son bore a large share of the labor necessary to their support. At ten years old he sang alto in the church; at twelve he played the violoncello; and at fifteen became the leader of the choir. At sixteen, having left the academy, he taught school in New York State, and during the first three months sent home to his parents all but three dollars of his earnings. From that time until two weeks before his death he was an effective and vigorous worker.

Between seventeen and twenty he was under the instruction of Dr. Lowell Mason and George J. Webb, and then he decided to make the teaching of music his profession. Before long, the Sunday-School conventions drew him out into the new field in which he became more widely known than ever before, and more useful too. For now he began to write hymns and compose tunes, both of rare excellence; and he was famous as a speaker, his so-called "Bible-readings" being excellent examples of what rich things patient study might be able to find in the Word of God.

At last this real servant of the Highest had found his mission. He recognized the paltry character of much of the poetry and music at that time in vogue—mere puerility, most of it, as furnished for children. Believing that a higher grade of both was possible in popular service, he accepted a self-imposed duty to give the rest of his life to the elevation of taste and acquisition in this department of sacred song. A mind as alert as his knew at once that this involved for him the sacrifice of a much-prized professional reputation; but he said once: "If I can be a bridge between the inferior music of the day and the higher classical music, I shall be satisfied." He went at once into the composition of tunes of the best construction, for choirs and for Sunday-Schools. He taught choruses, he made anthems; few of them were ever in a minor key; all were strong, full, bright, essentially masculine, thus reflecting the character of his own religious life. He became the publisher of many books, and was associated with the highest firms in New York; he made honorable friends everywhere. Before long, about the year 1881, he removed to Cincinnati, holding a high position there for three years; then he removed to Boston, and for four years was one of the Professors of the New England Conservatory of Music.

But his public life was greater outside of all this. At Chautauqua his figure was as familiar and constant as that of Dr. Vincent in person from 1874 to the summer before

his death. As an author, a composer, an evangelist, he was frequently in Canada, and all over the United States. It was his assiduity and his zeal that broke his strong constitution. But his faith was clear and his heart tender down to the last. He loved largely and truly; he was beloved by those worth having for friends. So he died in the brightness of a Christian faith, simply taking God at his word. When asked by his pastor at the last, just the day before he died, what message he would send to the church, he whispered: "Peace, peace that passeth understanding." And so God gave his belovéd sleep.

657 *"Thy love, not mine."* 10s.

Not what I am, O Lord, but what thou art!
That, that alone, can be my soul's true rest:
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

2 Thy name is love;—I hear it from yon cross,
Thy name is love;—I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

3 More of thyself, oh, show me hour by hour,
More of thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of thyself in all thy grace and power,
More of thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

From Dr. Horatius Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Second Series: 1864. It is entitled, "The Love of God." If a father were crossing a dangerous stream on a narrow bridge high over it; if he were at the moment clasping the hand of his little child, and the child were clasping his in a mutual affection; then if the child were to slip off the edge of the plank—would it be the hold he had on his father's hand, or his father's hold on his hand, that would save him from the fall? This hymn answers that question, and draws a lesson from it.

658 *"Lead us, O Father."* 10s.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night:
Only with thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

Rev. William Henry Burleigh, who wrote the poem we quote, was born February 12, 1812, at Woodstock, Connecticut. In his youth he was apprenticed to a printer, and in 1837 he published the *Christian Witness and Temperance Banner*. Later, in 1843, he became editor of an Abolition journal, *The Christian Freeman*, issued in Hartford, Conn. Subsequently he removed to Syracuse, where he was for six years agent of the New York State Temperance Society. In 1855, by appointment of his friend Governor Clark, he became Harbor Master of New York City, and in order to fulfil his duties effectually he went to live in Brooklyn, in which city he died, March 18, 1871.

Mr. Burleigh was always an ardent friend of reform, and was particularly active in the anti-slavery and temperance movements. The four stanzas of this hymn are to be found in *Lyra Sacra Americana*, 1868; together with ten other poems from the pen of the same "ready writer."

659 *"We would see Jesus."* 11s, 10s.

We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen,
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we 're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

We can obtain no data concerning this poem, except that it is to be found in Dr. Hastings' *Church Melodies*, 1858, and also in Bishop Huntington's *Elim, or Hymns of Holy Refreshment*, 1865. It has seven stanzas, and bears the title "A Death-bed Hymn." Professor F. M. Bird says it is usually credited to Ellen Ellis, a contributor to the *Golden Grain* series. It is quite a pity that a hymn of such real excellence should go so long without a name. Sung to the beautiful music of Mendelssohn's "Consolation," however, it has found favor with our congregations, and in its earnest sentences we find strength for living as well as for dying.

660 *"A Little While."* 11s, 10s.

Oh, for the peace which floweth like a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song!

3 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn!

4 And he who is himself the gift and giver—
The future glory and the present smile—
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while!"

It is small wonder that Mrs. Jane (Fox) Crewdson sighed for "the peace which floweth like a river," for her best hymns, and, in fact, all of her published verses, were written while she lay upon a bed of pain. She was born at Perraw, Cornwall, England, in October, 1809, was married to Thomas Crewdson, of Manchester, in 1836, and died at Summerlands, near Manchester, September 14, 1863.

From the preface to the book, *A Little While, and Other Poems*, published posthumously in 1864, whence the hymn before us is taken, we learn that she was of a richly sympathetic nature, always cheerful, and that she bore her sufferings with unfailing patience. Of her it may be said, as it was written of the faithful in Israel, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

661 *Prayer to the Trinity.* IIs, IOs.

FATHER! whose hand hath led me so securely,
Father, whose ear hath listened to my prayer,
Father, whose eye hath watched o'er me so surely,
Whose heart hath loved me with a love so rare;

2 Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct me
In the straight way wherein I ought to go,
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,
Through health and sickness, and through weal and woe.

3 O my Redeemer! who hast my redemption
Purchased and paid for by thy precious blood;
Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and punishment of God!

4 Thou who hast saved my soul from condemnation,
Redeem it also from the power of sin,
Be thou the Captain still of my salvation,
Through whom alone I can the victory win.

5 O Holy Ghost! who from the Father flowest—
And from the Son, oh, teach me how to pray!
Thou, who the love and peace of God bestowest,
With faith and hope inspire and cheer my way;

6 Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
Within my soul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion,
A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of thee!

This fine translation by Mr. Richard Massie is made from a German original, one of the most beautiful hymns of Dr. C. J. P. Spitta, which was published in 1833. The present version appeared in *Lyra Domestica*, 1860, and has become widely popular. It is a petition to the three Persons in the Godhead for wisdom, faith, and hope, to inspire the soul and give it confidence in its daily struggle with sin. It needs all Solomon's wisdom, backed by all his experience, to make us understand how there can be any sort of fear which renders one more trustworthy. Yet that is precisely what he says: "In the fear of the Lord there is strong confidence." This needs study; for it contradicts all our notions just to believe that a man must be actually afraid before we can begin to rely upon him.

It was a most touching felicity on the part of John Bunyan to call one of his most devoted pilgrims, "Mr. Fearing." Everybody recollects, pities, and admires the poor frightened man. The suggestion of Greatheart was not ill-founded, that perhaps he had a private Slough of Despond in his very soul. Yet how loving he was! We find him lying on the ground, embracing the sward, and in the exuberance of his affectionate heart fairly kissing the flowers which grew in the Valley of Humiliation. At times timid almost to painfulness, how finely resolute he always proved at the moment when the pinch came! How we would love to watch such a man over the dark river! The morning was chosen for him when the flood was the lowest, so that he reached the Celestial City hardly more than wet-shod. Quaint indeed, but forcible, was the quiet remark made of him, as his many trials and his many virtues were recounted, "He would have bit a firebrand, if it had stood in his way."

662 *"We are the Lord's."* IIs, IOs.

WE are the Lord's; his all-sufficient merit,
Sealed on the cross, to us this grace accords;
We are the Lord's, and all things shall inherit;
Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

2 We are the Lord's; then let us gladly tender
Our souls to him, in deeds, not empty words;
Let heart, and tongue, and life combine to render
No doubtful witness that we are the Lord's.

3 We are the Lord's; no darkness brooding o'er us
Can make us tremble, while this star affords
A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the Lord's.

4 We are the Lord's; no evil can befall us
In the dread hour of life's fast loosening cords;
No pangs of death shall even then appal us;
Death we shall vanquish, for we are the Lord's.

This poem was written in 1843, and published in Leipsic. It was founded on Romans 14:8, and the author was Rev. Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, D. D., a well-known German divine, who was born at Hanover, Germany, August 1, 1801, and who died at Burgdorf, September 28, 1859. The English version was given to the world by Rev. Charles Tam-

berlane Astley. This author was born at Cwmllecoediog, near Mallwyd, North Wales, May 12, 1825. It was published, 1860, in his *Songs in the Night.*

Mr. Astley studied at Jesus College, Oxford, from which he graduated in 1847. After his ordination in 1849, he became Evening Lecturer at Bideford, and subsequently incumbent of Holwell, Oxford, vicar of Margate, and rector of Brasted. Besides a few original hymns, he has made many translations from the German.

663 *Prayer for pardon.* 7s, 5s.

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek thy face,
Bend from heaven, thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

3 When thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

Mrs. Eliza Fanny (Goffe) Morris wrote this hymn, September 4, 1857, and named it "The Prayer in the Temple." The reference is to the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple, II. Chronicles 6, and almost his very words are used in the refrain at the end of each stanza. It was published in 1858 in *The Voice and the Reply*, Part II. This author was born in London, England, in 1821, and became the wife of Mr. Josiah Morris in 1849. She has written several good hymns, but the one before us is in more general use than the others.

664 *"Jesus, hear my cry!"* 7s, 5s.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
To thy cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

5 There on thee I cast my care;
There to thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be thou nigh.

This was written by the brave Scotch Presbyterian pastor and missionary, Rev. James Drummond Burns. It appeared in *The Evening Hymn*, 1857. There does not seem to have been any period of his life in which such poignant utterances of penitence and remorse for sin could have been personally appropriate to this author. He must have had a very keen sense of the "abominable thing" which God hated, even to write them. It is astonishing to find, however, after reading or singing the hymn through, that one's heart positively loves to go humbly to the throne of grace with such words of confession and prayer rushing up out of its deepest sensibilities. It is a wonderfully helpful strain of imploration and living trust for a tempted man to use in his singing.

665 *"Life for evermore."* 7s, 5s.

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
"Peace for evermore."

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours thy crown—
Life for evermore.

In 1870 a little book called *Sixteen Hymns with Tunes* was published by Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick. In this the hymn now before us was included. It was composed by Rev. John Ellerton in January of that same year, and was by him entitled, "Eternal Rest." The pensive mood, the spiritual life, the meditative flow of thought, the unfaltering faith, the exquisite rhythm of versification, so char-

acteristic of this writer, are all exemplified in these stanzas. They have rightfully become very popular.

666 *Vows renewed.* P. M.

Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspéd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On his altar laid we leave them.
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On thy holy altar pour them,
There in trembling faith to leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its prevailings—
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

4 Sinful thoughts and willful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

5 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them:
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

6 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

This popular hymn was written by Dr. John S. B. Monsell for the offertory at the opening of a church in Paddington, London, in 1867, and has since become endeared to Christians everywhere. It groups together a confession of many errors—sins of omission as well as of commission — and yet a distinct renewal of a vow to struggle against them. It is the searching, commonplace, unmistakable sincerity of the fourth stanza here that makes it so unusual and yet so valuable. Xavier has left on record a marvelous statement: "I have had many people resort to me for confession. The confession of every sin that I have ever known or heard of, and of sins so foul that I never dreamed of, has been poured into my ear; but no one person has ever confessed to me the sin of covetousness." Bishop Wilmer says: "One man only has ever expressed to me the fear lest he should become covetous; and it is a suggestive fact that he was the most generous man I have ever known, John Stewart, of Virginia. We used to talk this matter over frequently. He would say, 'I have noticed that covetousness is the prevailing disease of old people; I fear it for myself as I get older; and I know of but one remedy—giving, giving, giving!' The most liberal are the most fearful of selfishness. The most learned feel most their ignorance; the most humble their pride; the most pure their uncleanness; and, for the same reason, the most generous their selfishness."

667 *The Closer Walk.* C. M.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

This familiar hymn of William Cowper appeared earliest in the *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, issued by R. Conyers in 1772. Toplady republished it four years afterward, and then in 1779 it was given its place in *Olney Hymns*. It was entitled "Walking with God," with a reference to Genesis 5:24: "And Enoch walked with God." We love to think of the association of our beloved poet with his friend, the pastor of Olney Parish. Our vision of him seems full of peace and beauty, seated in the little garden house among the trees, his quaint cap on his head, his dressing-gown announcing the invalidhood which his companions pitied, his hares sporting in the grass, while the spire of the church shone white across the way. But of late some critics have taken occasion to intimate that Newton's theology was too stern for Cowper;

COWPER AT OLNEY.

that the associations of Olney were altogether unhelpful to the poet's malady. Even in Newton's biography it was thought necessary to make a lengthy deprecation. Cecil remarks: "There has gone forth an unfounded report, that the deplorable melancholy of Cowper was, in part, derived from his residence and connections in that place." Surely no one can read Cowper's letters through that period of his existence, and attribute such a result to Newton's love for his dear friend. What Cowper would have done without it, who can say?

668 *Greatness in Service.* C. M.

OH, not to fill the mouth of fame,
My longing soul is stirred:
Oh, give me a diviner name!
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;
Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee!

3 Thy servant—me thy servant choose;
Naught of thy claim abate!
Thy glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

Thomas Hornblower Gill is an English layman. He was born at Bristol Road, Birmingham, England, February 10, 1819. His parents were Presbyterians who became Unitarian in belief. Hence the young man could not make the subscription to the articles of faith of the Church of England, then demanded as the condition of entrance at Oxford. He did not go to college, but became a sort of recluse; so he has lived the life of a student and writer, choosing themes from history and theology. The number of hymns which he has given to the churches is estimated as two hundred at least. They are earnest, peculiarly original, unlike most other songs of experience and devotion, and deeply evangelical and religious. It is said that he became estranged from the faith of his parents by studying the hymns of Isaac Watts, and noticing how the Unitarian hymnals cut them up and tore away their meaning. The one here chosen seems to allude to Mark 10:44: "And whosoever of you will be chiefest shall be servant of all." He says of it: "Composed in 1849, and printed first in a small collection of poems entitled (I think) *The Violet*."

669 *"Trembleth at My Word."* C. M.

OH, for that tenderness of heart
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above—
Thyself to me reveal.

In the *Short Hymns* of Rev. Charles Wesley, published in 1762, this poem first was printed. It is a prayer for a truly contrite heart, awakened to a realization of sinfulness. It undoubtedly reflects the author's personal experience, as we know from his own words that he was inclined to be timid and desponding. The two brothers, Charles and John Wesley, were associated in all the early work of establishing the Methodist Church. On one of the great monuments in London their two profiles appear in a kind of medallion together. The likeness and the contrast of their characters can be seen in this very

MEDALLION ON THE LONDON MONUMENT.

plainly. In the biography written by Jackson the analysis of their differences is drawn out quite skillfully.

John Wesley, in talking of the new and difficult circumstances in which he and his brother Charles often found themselves placed in the days of their early ministry, said, "My brother Charles would say, 'Well, if the Lord would give me wings I would fly.' I used to say, 'Brother, if he bid me fly I would trust him for the wings.'" This account is highly illustrative of the character of the two brothers; John Wesley had more confidence, Charles more caution. It pleased the great Head of the Church to use both those dispositions to promote the knowledge of that salvation which myriads both in earth and heaven are now enjoying. Henry Moore describes the distinctive peculiarities of their preaching thus: "John's preaching was all principles; Charles's all aphorisms." Charles, in a private letter, thus states the difference between him and John: His brother's maxim was, "First the Methodists, then the Church;" whereas his was, "First the Church, then the Methodists;" and that this difference arose from the peculiarity of their natural temperament. "My brother," said he, "is all hope; I am all fear."

670 *Psalm* 42. C. M.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God—
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

After all the differences among critics, we are probably safe now in continuing the credit of this most musical version of Psalm 42 to Rev. Henry Francis Lyte; admitting, however, that many of the expressions are found in the old *New Version of the Psalms*, by Tate and Brady, 1696. This was given to the public in Lyte's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. We might say of it that it was re-written; and the additions which were made rendered the stanzas better for singing and reading at every point they touched.

671 *"I shall be with Him."* C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Rev. Richard Baxter was an English clergyman, curate of Kidderminster, and afterward a Nonconformist in London, where he died, December 8, 1691. He was born at Rowton, in Shropshire, England, November 12, 1615. For ten years he lived with his maternal grandfather, then he was taken home to his parents. His father had been converted only recently, and was then in some measure of trouble; the manner in which he faced and conquered his enemies with the force of gentleness and faith made a deep impression on the boy's mind, and he became a decided and devoted Christian at the age of fifteen. From this time forward there was never any repose or tameness to his life. At first he took orders in the Church of England and, after some

RICHARD BAXTER.

changes, in 1640 he assumed charge in Kidderminster. For a while, during the civil war, he was doing religious work in the army. But the triumph of his career was achieved in his parish as a godly and faithful pastor and preacher. It has been recorded of him that at the beginning of his ministry in Kidderminster there "was scarcely a house in a street where there was family worship;" but when he left the parish there "was scarcely a family in the side of a street where it was not; and whoever walked through the town on the Lord's day evening heard everywhere the delightful sound of reading the Scriptures and prayer and praise."

After the restoration Baxter was one of the chaplains of Charles II.; he was also offered the Bishopric of Hereford, but declined the honor. On Black Bartholomew's Day, 1662, he was ejected from his charge, with two thousand more Nonconformists, and went forth to suffer persecution for conscience' sake. He was once imprisoned for a year and a half. In times of forced retirement this wonderful man wrote *The Saint's Rest*, *Call to the Unconverted*, and other religious books. In his last illness he was asked how he was, and, with an upward look, he answered, "Almost well."

In those days there was not very much of portrait-taking, except among opulent people. Occasionally in an old book there will be discovered a wood-cut, out of which a likeness can be fashioned, but the work is not good. But there is a pen-picture given by his biographer worth quoting in full. Baxter's life was harassed with persecution and attacks of every sort, and, if we may judge from the tone of his remarks on parties at court, some of his heaviest trials from without must have come upon him in his intercourse with Cromwell. He had several interviews with the Protector, and speaks of being "wearied" with his speeches. He says:

"I told him a little of my judgment; and when two of his company had spun out a great deal more of the time in such tedious, but mere ignorant speeches, some four or five hours being spent, I told him that if he would be at the labor to read it I could tell him more of my mind in writing on two sheets than in that way of speaking in many days. He received my paper, but I scarce believe that he ever read it; for I saw that what he learned must be from himself, being more disposed to speak many hours than to hear one, and little heeding what another said when he had spoken himself."

Who would not like to have had the privilege of a quiet glance or two, first at one and then at the other of those two great antagonist faces, during the grave performance of this comical act? Who can pretend to a conception of the style in which the political chief kept up appearances? Baxter's visage would, of course, be true to its mission. A remarkable visage was that of his; never to be forgotten if once seen. Long it was, but decided. Hard, some would say, but telling with fearful eloquence how bravely his righteous soul maintained a life struggle against the acrid humors of a diseased body; how superhuman labors for the world's health had been continued amidst losses of blood and daily sweats, brought upon him, he tells us, by "the acrimonious medicaments" of stupid doctors, who thought to save him from the effects of a youthful taste for sour apples by overdoses of "scurvy-grass," wormwood-beer, horse-radish, and mustard! He looked, indeed, like one who, as a last remedy for a depressing affliction, had literally swallowed a "gold bullet of thirty shillings' weight," and, having taken it, "knew not how to be delivered of it again!"

With all of this the marks of a confessor were traceable on the good man's countenance. He had been driven from place to place. Now in prison for preaching at Acton; now kept out of his pulpit by a military guard; now seized again, and his goods and books sold to pay the fine for preaching five sermons—he being so ill that

he could not be imprisoned without danger of death, and now again in the king's bench under a warrant from the villainous Jeffreys for writing a paraphrase on the New Testament. His later life was often "in peril" for Christ's sake, and there must have been something deeply touching in that impress of dignified sorrow which brought tears into the eyes of Judge Hale when he saw the persecuted man standing before the bench. His presence must have been felt wherever he appeared. Everybody who knew him acknowledged his mental and moral grandeur.

Richard Baxter was one of the most prolific of religious writers. He issued at least sixty large volumes, and his treatises, if reckoned with them, would swell the number to a hundred and sixty-eight. It is plain from the history of his times that it was these books which kept getting him into trouble. That generation, so deficient in toleration, as well as in spirituality, refused to endure their pointedness and exhortational force. Every effort was put forth to check or suppress so perilous and pertinent a public censor. It is on record that once one of his friends bequeathed to the author twenty pounds for copies of his *Call to the Unconverted* to be distributed among the people. But North, then the Lord Keeper, decided that this legacy was for "superstitious uses," and therefore void. By this he meant, so interpreting an enigmatical expression in the statute, that the book was designed for the propagation of a faith not approved by the State, the Episcopal Church then being the establishment in England. Thus Baxter's friends were cheated and his enemies allowed to triumph, but his books still circulated.

It is possible that some generous critics would like this old Puritan's poetry as a whole; but stanza-making was not his strongest field of effort. Modern scholars praise the verses he composed in Latin. A collection of his was published in 1681, entitled *Poetical Fragments: Heart Imployment with God and Itself: The Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart: Sorrowing-rejoicing, Fearing-hoping, Dying-living*. But I do not know of even so much as one more hymn than this which has found a permanent place and a familiar use in the hymnals of the present day. This one appears in the volume mentioned above, bearing the title, "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith." To it there is appended this pathetic little annotation by the author: "This Covenant my dear Wife in her former Sickness subscribed with a Chearful will."

672 "*My repentings are kindled.*" 7s.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

This piece by Rev. Charles Wesley was first published in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, but it has been considerably altered and abbreviated to fit it for use at the present time. The hymn is remarkable for its dramatic presentation of Christ's aspect as he stands appealing to the sinner. A very suggestive comment was published some years ago in an English volume of *Teachers' Helps:*

"There are many portraits of our Lord, each more or less expressive of its painter's nationality, but all, nevertheless, bearing certain well-known lines which tradition has reserved for the Master. Rarely, however, is there a person, other than the painter himself, that feels satisfied with any of these pictures. Each of us has painted in living colors on his heart the divine Brother, '*holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.*' Perhaps it is singular that Holy Writ is so mute regarding the personal appearance of Jesus, while it speaks with such fullness upon what he did and what he was; but the inference seems plain; outward appearance is a small matter compared with the man himself. And yet we cannot altogether help wondering how Jesus looked. We cannot think his face was unchangeable. We have all noted the marvelous changes in some human faces. Such a face will not give you a good photograph; that moment of rest, that single poise, was the dropped curtain between the acts on that beautiful face—the stage of the drama of life. You sit looking at the photograph, but see not your friend till you shut your eyes and turn the panorama of memory. It seems to us that in writing his gospel Mark was thus affected; he continually turned back in memory to see how Jesus looked when He said this or that. Matthew does not mention Jesus' looks, nor does the beloved disciple John; Luke does so only twice, but Mark, in his short book, speaks of them no less than seven times."

673 *The Ancient Litany.* 7s, D.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power—
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that vailed the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By thy sad-sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

This paraphrase of the ancient *Litany*, by Sir Robert Grant, was earliest printed in *The Christian Observer*, 1815. It was included with the rest of the illustrious author's compositions, that were gathered by his brother, Lord Glenelg, into a volume, *Sacred Poems*, in 1839. There were only twelve of these in all; but they are widely in use among the collections, and are of excellent merit. The *Litany* was compiled from various sources; parts of it are as ancient as the *Apostolical Constitutions*, 300; parts from services Roman and Anglo-Saxon; other parts from the liturgies of Bucer, 1543, and Cranmer, 1549. These were amended in 1661 and in 1798.

674 *"Jesus, visit me."* 7s.

JESUS, Jesus! visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend!
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'T is my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear;
Naught but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour thou,
To thy sovereign will I bow.

Johann Scheffler wrote this hymn in 1657, and it was published in that year in his *Heilige Seelenlust*. It had nine stanzas of four lines each, and was entitled "She (the Soul) longs after Jesus alone." The English version here given is the work of Rev. Prof. Robinson Porter Dunn, D. D., who was born at Newport, Rhode Island, May 31, 1825. He graduated with high honors from Brown University in 1843, but remained two years longer at his *Alma Mater* as librarian and instructor in French. Subsequently, he studied theology at Princeton, and November 1, 1848, was ordained, and became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Camden, N. J. He ministered in this field until 1851, when he accepted the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature at Brown University, where in 1864 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him. He died in Newport, August 28, 1867, after a brief illness. The American collections owe a number of fine hymns to the able pen of Dr. Dunn, who is to be remembered in that connection as well as for his scholarly attainments and his ability as an instructor.

675 *Christ, our all.* 7s, D.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Of all the poems written by Rev. Charles Wesley it is likely now that this one would be declared his noblest and best. It appears uniformly in the collections of the various Churches, whatever their name or creed. It was composed in 1740, and published the same year in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. One verse is usually omitted in singing, to save space. The title which the author gave to it is "In Temptation." Several accounts are given of its origin. Some say that a meeting

of the Wesley brothers was broken up by a mob. They took refuge in a spring-house. There the poem was written with a piece of lead hammered into a sort of pencil. So it is declared that it was an effusion of gratitude because of their providential escape. Others say that the poet was at one time sitting at an open casement when a little bird, pursued by a hawk, flew in and took refuge in the bosom of his garment. Caught by a suggestion so spiritual, the author gave the incident this memorial in sacred song. Biographers state that neither of these stories can find proof. The imagery found in the omitted verse would appear to show an allusion in its sentiment or language to the attempt of Simon Peter to walk on the Sea of Galilee. But most people would find enough in some well-known experiences of Wesley on the Atlantic for his suggestion.

We have the highest authority for saying that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house." It is rare to find an exception to this rule. So it will be of manifest interest to us now to quote the comments of *The Methodist Hymn-book*, used throughout the British Empire, as it enters upon its account of the wonderful song so dear to us all: "Charles Wesley wrote hymns for almost every scene and circumstance of life; but, like Watts, Cowper, and Toplady, he had his masterpiece. The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is 'Rock of Ages,' and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's 'God moves in a mysterious way,' and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther's 'God is our Refuge,' then it may be said that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

"Whatever may be said of Wesley's doctrine of perfect holiness, there is not much doubt that he attained 'unto perfection' when he wrote this hymn. It is happily married, also, to two exquisite tunes, 'Refuge' and 'Martyn,' both of which are worthy of the alliance. The first of these tunes is a gem. The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour.

"The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another line we see a timid, tearful child nestling in its mother's arms, with the words faltering on its tongue, 'Let me to thy bosom fly—hangs my helpless soul on thee!' Two lines of the hymn have been breathed fervently and often out of bleeding hearts. When we were once in the valley of the death-shade, with one beautiful child in its new-made grave and the other threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we uttered oftener than this, 'Leave, ah leave me not alone; still support and comfort me.' This hymn was written in 1739, and printed before the first Methodist society was six months old. We do not doubt that tens of thousands of other bereaved and wounded hearts have cried this piercing cry out of the depths, "Still support and comfort me.'"

To these incidents, perhaps, it may be allowed to add two more belonging to the American side of the sea: President Finney was walking about his grounds on the night just before his death. In the church where he had been preaching for almost forty years the evening service had begun, and he heard this hymn out in the air as it floated to him from the distance. He caught up so familiar a strain easily, and sang the verses with the choir clean on to its end. Before the next morning he was in heaven singing with the saints.

The venerable Dr. George Duffield (author of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus") once wrote to his son: "One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had long hung on the willows, that I could *sing* again; that a new song was put in my mouth; and when, ere ever I was aware, I was singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' If there is anything in Christian experience, of joy and sorrow, of affliction and prosperity, of life and death—that hymn is *the* hymn of the ages!"

676 *"Home at Last."* 6s, 4s.

We are but strangers here,
Heaven is our home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our Fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home:
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our home;
May we be glorified,
Heaven is our home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home;
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at thine own right hand,
Jesus, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our home!

The author of this familiar hymn, Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor, was the son of a Dissenting minister in England. He was born in Yorkshire, May 9, 1807, but his boyhood was spent in Bradford, near Leeds, and in Manchester. He was for a year a clerk in a counting-house, and then was apprenticed to a printer who was a man of deep piety. Three years later he began his studies for the ministry, and in 1830 he was ordained to the charge of a chapel in Sheffield. He soon developed disease of the lungs, and was compelled to resign his pastoral work. He returned to Bradford, where he attempted to assist his father in his clerical duties, and to teach the classics in Airedale College; but his strength failed rapidly, and he died March 7, 1835. This hymn was written during his illness, and published with a few others in his *Memoirs* the year after his death. The present version differs slightly from the original one, but in this form it has attained a wide popularity.

Now and then we find a great deal of instruction in a single word, when we actually know what it means. In the affecting reply of the patriarch Israel to King Pharaoh, when he asked him, "How old art thou?" there is this statement: "The days of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage." Twice in the same sentence he calls life a *pilgrimage*. And we cannot hope to catch the full significance of the impressive figure until we learn the exact meaning of the word. Now everybody thinks he can define it. A pilgrim is a traveler; a pilgrimage is a journey. Very well; but is that all? Does every one who takes a journey go on a pilgrimage? The Mussulman does, when he starts for Mecca. The Jew used to, when he went to Jerusalem. Let us look in the lexicon. A pilgrimage is "a journey for religious purposes, to a place esteemed holy." It is a journey over the hills of the years, for a purpose most hallowed, to a place where the inhabitants unceasingly cry, "Holy, holy, holy," to their King. "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Psalm 119: 54.

677 *Jesus is mine.* 6s, 4s.

Now I have found a Friend;
Jesus is mine;—
His love shall never end;
Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace:
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine:
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away—
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day—
Jesus is mine:
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless;
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus, as mine.

The poem before us was privately printed in 1852 by its author, Henry Joy McCracken Hope, who was born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1809. Few details in regard to his personal history can be obtained beyond the fact that he was a bookbinder, and was employed for many years by the Messrs. Chambers, in Dublin. His death occurred at Shanemagowston, Dunadry, County Antrim, Ireland, January 19, 1872.

678 *Close to God.* 6s, 4s.

NEARER, O God, to thee!
Hear thou our prayer;
Ev'n though a heavy cross
Fainting we bear,
Still all our prayer shall be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 If, where they led the Lord,
We too are borne,
Planting our steps in his,
Weary and worn;
There even let us be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 If thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not the trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by our woes to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights
Let us be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 And when thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling-place
In thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

This excellent piece was written for Morell and How's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1864. It bears the name of Bishop William Walsham How. In one of the British hymnals, into which it was copied, it is styled, "A paraphrase of Mrs. Adams' hymn, expressing more definitely Christian faith, and better adapted for congregational worship." The one weakness and fault of the hymn beginning, "Nearer, my God, to thee," is found in the continuing through the whole line of stanzas the figure of Jacob's vision at Bethel. The singular advantage of this one, which is better in every particular, is found in the fact that it never so much as mentions the figure; but traces the Christian experience in following the Lord Jesus in his earthly history of Calvary and Gethsemane trials, and in his triumphs of overcoming death, and sings out the hope of his coming to receive his disciples to himself in the Father's house he promised. How such a hymn can be called "a paraphrase" of the other passes understanding.

679 *The Walk with God.* 6s, 4s.

WALKING with thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine:
Jesus, in thee restored,
Brother and blessèd Lord,
Let it be mine.

2 Walking with thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his father's strength,
Crossing the wild;
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.

3 Walking in reverence
Humbly with thee,
Yet from all abject fear
Lovingly free:
Ev'n as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey's end,
Walking with thee.

This piece, composed by George Rawson, was first published in the *Supplemental Hymns*, which Dr. Allon compiled for the Congregational churches in England, 1868. From that book it was chosen for *Laudes Domini*. It makes no pretension in its humble way; but really it has a singular value, found in the need it meets as a representative of the text: "And Enoch walked with God." Genesis 5: 22.

680 *Genesis* 28: 10-22. 6s, 4s.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

The author of this justly celebrated hymn, Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, was the second daughter of Benjamin Flower, for a long time editor and proprietor of *The Cambridge Intelligencer*. She was born at Harlow, Essex, England, February 22, 1805. Her taste for literature as well as her fondness for composition, in both prose and verse, was evinced quite early in her life. In 1834 she was married to William Bridges Adams, an engineer by profession, and widely known as a man of scientific and literary attainments. Her life was a very happy one in this relation. The death of her sister, Eliza Flower, in 1847 sensibly affected her health and spirits, and she gradually sank under the strain of trial during the succeeding two years, and died August 14, 1848. She was buried in Foster Street Cemetery, near Harlow.

The pastor of this estimable lady was the Rev. William Johnston Fox, known as the founder of the *Westminster Review*. He was an Independent, usually classed among the Unitarians, and by some considered a Deist rather than a rationalist. This fact, and also the fact that her father was a very liberal writer, have availed to place this author among Unitarians; but in her later years she is said to have become a Baptist. Though her other writings are reported as having been much read, poems and art criticisms having been considered quite valuable, nothing has come across the sea into popular recognition except this piece, which is indeed more a poem than a hymn. It first appeared in the

volume published by her pastor, entitled *Hymns and Anthems*, 1841. To this Mrs. Adams contributed no less than thirteen poems, and her sister sixty-two tunes. This hymn is a descriptive and imaginative accommodation of the story of Jacob's dream at Bethel; it has too many verses to be sung at a time, and yet one finds the task exceedingly awkward to make a selection of stanzas without a break in the sentiment. The compilers of *The Baptist Hymn-Book*, published in England, did not relish so conspicuous an omission of all evangelical ascription or address to the Saviour, and caused that one more verse should be added by the Rev. A. T. Russell, commencing, "Christ alone beareth me."

681 "*More love.*" 6s, 4s.

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

When we look upon one of our favorite authors in the light only of a writer of religious poetry we are apt to give an illustration of what has sometimes been called "the love of investiture." We invest the hymn we are fond of with all the excellences of the author. Those who have read *Stepping Heavenward* and *The Flower of the Family* will not need to have been personally acquainted with the lady who wrote them in order to give her the highest and heartiest regard.

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss was the daughter of Rev. Dr. Edward Payson, whose biography is in all our homes and whose fame has gone over the world. She was born in Portland, Me., October 26, 1818. Those who knew her intimately are wont to speak of her exquisitely trained mind, her fine

MRS. ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

literary taste, and her intensely sympathetic religious feeling. She became the wife of Rev. George L. Prentiss, D. D., at the time he was a pastor, in 1845. He is now a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York city. This hymn was printed on a slip in 1869, and came prominently into notice the next year as a favorite in all the wonderful meetings of the revival which swept over the land and the world. Mrs. Prentiss was never very robust in health, and frequently an invalid. She died at her summer residence in Dorset, Vt., August 13, 1878.

682 "*A way they knew not.*" 6s, 4s.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;

Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

From Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography these data are obtained: Rev. Charles Seymour Robinson, D. D., LL. D., was born in Bennington, Vt., March 31, 1829. He was educated at Williams College, and studied theology for a year in New York city, finishing his course at Princeton, N. J. He was ordained to the ministry, April 19, 1855,

CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON.

and became pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church in Troy, N. Y. In 1860 he was called to the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, where he remained pastor until 1868. At that time he became the minister of the American Chapel in Paris, establishing the organic Church there by the union of the Christian denominations in the French capital. Coming home in 1870, he assumed the pastoral care of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York city; there he labored for seventeen years, resigning in 1887 to go into literary work. He was editor of *The Christian Weekly* in 1877, and of *Every Thursday* in 1890. He received the degree of D. D. from Hamilton College, 1867, and that of LL. D. from Lafayette, 1885. After some years of book-making and newspaper work, Dr. Robinson returned to the pastorate; he was engaged in the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, in New York city, resigning the charge in 1892. He is now the pastor of the New York Presbyterian Church in New York city.

In this annotation it is not worth while to mention the religious and literary volumes this writer has published. It can be of interest only that the somewhat unusual amount of his work in the line of hymnology should be stated. *Songs of the Church* was issued in 1862; *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865; *Psalms and Hymns*, now the official hymnal of the Southern Presbyterian Church, 1875; and that same year for the American Sunday-School Union, *Calvary Songs*. In 1878 appeared *Spiritual Songs for Church and Choir;* in 1884 *Laudes Domini*, and in 1892 *The New Laudes Domini*. Others for prayer-meeting and Sunday-school, ten or fifteen in all, have also been added to the list along the years, and several collections compiled for other denominations.

683 "*Something for Thee.*" 6s, 4s.

Saviour, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee:
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

In a note addressed to us, September 15, 1891, the author of the hymn before us desires that his name should be announced as Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, and that in all further use of the piece in hymnals of the churches the third line of the second stanza should be made to read, "Upward in faith I look," and the fourth line of the last verse should also be made to read, "My Lord, for thee." These changes have been suggested by his own taste, and it is evidently proper that they should be heeded. But they cannot now be introduced into the publications already in use, for they would destroy the uniformity in singing.

S. DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, D. D., was born at Suffield, Conn., May 15, 1816, graduated at Brown University in 1844, and soon afterward entered the ministry. His first charge was over the First Baptist Church, New Haven, Conn., where he remained twenty-eight years. In 1876 he became the pastor of the Jefferson Street Baptist Church in Providence, R. I., and also the editor of *The Christian Secretary*, published in Hartford.

This hymn was written in 1862, and was earliest published in *The Watchman and Reflector*. It has had a deservedly wide circulation in many lands, being really one of the best that ever found its way out of the Sunday-School collections into the more stately services of the house of God. It is known everywhere now, and has been helpful to all the children of the kingdom, having different names, but one heart.

684 *The Narrow Way.* 7s, 6l.

LORD, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees—
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest—
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Rev. William Walsham How, D. D., is the author of this piece. One wonders whether the composers of lyric poetry on the other side of the ocean, consciously or unconsciously, are gliding into the refrain in their forms of expression. Here we have a text," Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life," Matthew 7 : 14, thrown into the last line of each of these stanzas. The mind loves to be caught with the recurrence of a sentiment thus. The hymn is very popular wherever it is known; it was first published in Morell and How's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1854.

685 *Backsliding confessed.* 7s, 6l.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

In the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, there is one poem by Rev. John Newton beginning with the line, " Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul." From this have been chosen the verses which make up the familiar hymn before us. Like most of the heart-songs of this beloved singer in the church, this piece records a season of personal experience.

686 *Acknowledgment.* 7s, 6l.

CHOSEN not for good in me,
Waked from coming wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessèd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne is the author of this hymn. He published a poem entitled "I am Debtor," in the Scottish *Christian Herald*, May 20, 1837, the first line of which was, "When this passing world is done." From this the verses usually sung in the American churches were compiled.

The author was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, May 21, 1813, and educated at the University there. In July, 1835, he was licensed to preach, and, November 24, 1836, he was ordained as pastor over the congregation of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. In 1839 he went to Palestine as one of a deputation from the Presbyterian General Assembly on a "Mission of Inquiry to the Jews."

This beloved man was famous without suspecting the reach of his reputation; for he was famed for his spirituality and heavenly-mindedness beyond most of his generation. Many of those who knew him spoke of him affectionately as the "saintly" pastor at Dundee. He was converted early by the death of an older brother; this awakened him to a sense of his ruin as a sinner, and the awfulness of dying when one's peace had not been made with God. This brother found at the last the peace of a perfect trust in the Saviour; but for months of this sickness he suffered terrible agonies of penitence and remorse, of gloom and fear. The piety of that day in Scotland was of a low type. It was reported of the students in the Divinity Hall, though they had Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Welsh to be their teachers, that they "broke the Sabbath, danced, and played cards." But the young McCheyne kept on reading Legh Richmond's life, and reminiscences of Henry Martyn, praying often and subduing self, and so held on his way towards holiness. His biography has been a power for good over the whole world. He died at Dundee, not long after his return from the Holy Land, March 25, 1843. He was worn out with labors oft. His soul was so subdued with zeal that even his physical frame seemed burning away under the flame of it. He was glad at last to go; he cried out as he died, "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am escaped!"

687 *"It is well."* 7s, 6l.

WHAT our Father does is well;
Blesséd truth his children tell!
Though he send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the willful heart rebel?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

4 Therefore unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity!

This is presented to us as a translation by Sir Henry Williams Baker in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1861. The original German piece, "*Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan*," was composed by Benjamin Schmolck and published in his *Schmuck und Asche*, 1717, and subsequently in his *Freuden-Oel in Traurigkeit*, Breslau, 1720. It was entitled "The Contented Heart in a Scanty Harvest." The doxology is the work of the translator. Rev. Benjamin Schmolck was a Silesian, born December 21, 1672, and one of the most popular poets of Germany. He became pastor in Brauchitzchdorf, and died on the anniversary of his wedding, February 12, 1737. He wrote many excellent hymns, with a wide reach of subjects, and characterized by deep devotion and piety.

688 *"Give us thy peace."* 7s, 6l.

LORD of mercy and of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

2 Shed within our hearts, oh, shed
Thine own Spirit's living flame—
Love for all whom thou hast made,
Love for all who love thy name:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

3 Father, give to us thy peace:
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
May we enter into rest—
Rest within our home above,
Thee to praise, and thee to love.

This piece appears as No. 1199 in the *Supplement* to the *Congregational Hymn-Book*, published by the Congregational Union of England and Wales, 1868. It has there no name attached to it; only the reference to James 1:17: "Every good gift and every

perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." From this source it was copied for *Laudes Domini*, in 1884, and issued as anonymous. Subsequently we found it credited to Bishop Heber, and without much thought added his name in the edition of 1887. But Heber's hymn, commencing with the same line, is far different from this in theme, construction, and meter, and is included in another division of the book. Who wrote the one now before us we cannot tell. It is not so much as mentioned in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, nor in *English Hymns*.

689 *"Where is the blessedness."* C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my love drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

Once more we are let into the heart of Rev. John Newton's deepest experience. There must have been seasons in which this man, once a profligate, felt the rush over him of his old passions, bearing him down with an overwhelming power. Paul cried out under the same conflict (Romans 7:22-24), and longed for deliverance. The piece is found in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779; it is No. 43 in Book I. There it has eight stanzas, and refers to Job 29:2: "Oh, that I were as in months past!" There is no relief from the stress save in the importunate prayer: "Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail."

690 *"What hourly dangers!"* C. M.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

In Miss Anne Steele's book of *Poems*, published in 1760 under the name of "Theodosia," this piece appeared with the title "Watchfulness and Prayer." It was inspired by Christ's command, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation," and is a petition for divine help in the daily warfare against sin. An old picture represents the Christian in three attitudes. He is represented as a little child, and upon his lips are the words, "I learn," He is represented as a laborer, with spade in hand, and upon his lips are the words, "I work." He is represented as a soldier, clad in armor, and his motto is, "I fight." Such a life is to be that of each follower of Christ. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, he must seek divine instruction in Holy Scripture. With all diligence he must work the works of him that sent him. He must likewise be a soldier, and war a good warfare.

A story is told of an old man who lived long ago; forcible was the way in which he spoke of the struggles he had to carry on. A friend asked him the cause of his complaints, since in the evening he so often complained of great weariness and pain. "Alas," answered he, "I have every day so much to do; I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Why, this is only folly," said the friend; "no man has all these things to do at once." "Yet, indeed," he answered, "it is with me as I have said. The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard, lest something should please them which may be hurtful to my salvation; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back, lest they should run after evil objects and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work, in order that I may be able to provide for myself and for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight, in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my own body, which is ever

needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength." The friend listened with wonder, and then said: "Dear brother, if all men labored and struggled after this manner, the times would be better, and more according to the will of God."

691 *"Nearer to thee."* C. M.

OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

The authorship of this hymn was traced by S. Dryden Phelps, of Hartford, Conn., to Benjamin Cleveland, of whom very little is known. He is said to have been born in Windham, Conn., in 1733, but moved from Connecticut to Nova Scotia after the expulsion of the Acadians, and died there at Wolfville in 1811. This hymn originally had six stanzas, which were published in an altered form in the *Hartford Selection*, 1799. Mr. Cleveland is supposed to have been an American Baptist, and a small book of his hymns was issued in 1790 in Norwich, but this seems to be the only one which has remained in common use.

692 *God's plan for us.* C. M. 61.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

Familiar as this hymn is, we never tire of it. It is such a rest to feel that the planning of one's life is left to omnipotent direction, and that with God's guidance all the lions in the way may be overcome. Miss Anna Lætitia Waring, the author, was born at Neath, Glamorganshire, South Wales, in 1820, where, according to the only information obtainable, she is still living. She has written many beautiful songs, which are in general use on both sides of the sea, and it is from her *Hymns and Meditations*, 1850, that the present piece is taken. There it has eight stanzas of six lines each, and is entitled "My times are in thy hand." Though critics complain of the faultiness of the rhythm, yet in *Anglican Hymnology* it has been deemed worthy a place as a Third Rank hymn of the future.

693 *"A pierced Hand."* C. M.

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that 's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

We welcome here another of the *Hymns, Descriptive and Devotional*, which Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander published in 1858. It is a curious, but most effective, impression which is produced upon our minds by the thought that the hand which punishes our transgressions, and inflicts our disciplines, is the very hand that was pierced on the cross to secure our pardon, and to comfort us with sympathy and help. Christ is the only Saviour.

694 *All for Jesus.* 7s. D.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee,
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee,
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

2 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee,
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for thee!

It seems as if the whole American Church would bid a joyous welcome to this well-known and deeply-suggestive "Consecration hymn" of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, written at Areley House, February 4, 1874. It is a wonder that it has not found its way earlier into the collections. The title given to it here in America calls to mind the fact that it was through the reading of a volume entitled *All for Jesus*, this small book which was one of the swaying powers of her whole life, that she came to have the full realization of the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and gave her all in surrender to him: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

This piece was written in an outburst of joy that she had been made instrumental in the conversion of certain dear friends. It appears in her *Loyal Responses*, 1878. Her own account of the peculiar circumstances of its composition is given by her sister in an extract from one of her letters: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take my life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted, but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house.' And he just *did!* Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my consecration; and these little couplets formed themselves, and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with 'ever —*only*—ALL—for thee!'"

695 *A hard heart.* 7s. D.

OH, this soul, how dark and blind!
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still!
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise!
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine!

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro!
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness!

3 Giver of the heavenly peace!
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
Minister thy holy balm;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt.

In Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1864, this poem is found. It is the lament of an unsatisfied soul which is conscious of its own sinfulness, and hears the voice of God remonstrating with it in the midst of worldly pursuits. You sometimes enter a cabinet of curiosities and the attendant proffers you a large beautiful shell. He tells you that, if you put it to your ear, you can hear the moaning of the ocean. It amuses you to make the trial; sure enough, you seem listening to a roar of waves upon the rocks. Your curiosity, however, is most arrested by the fact that you hear the sound only when you grasp the shell yourself. Perhaps a child would imagine that it holds in its recesses memories of the beach it came from. But you inquire, and are now interested to be informed that the noise comes not out of any peculiarity in the shell, but only from the vibration of your own fingers around on the outside of the hollow convolutions, as the tension of the muscles grows tremulous under the pressure. So, really, what you hear is not the ocean at all, but only the beat and pulse of your own busy life.

Bear away with you a profitable thought from this. You hold up God's word close to your ear; somebody tells you it is full of warning; you perceive the dull roar of retribution yourself; you grow pettish if another man presses it harder. But all this while you hear the moaning of a solemn admonition more clearly if you are alone. For what you hear is just *your own heart* growing prophetic of evil when it listens to the voice of your own life telling its record to your soul. "The wicked man travaileth with pain all his days, and the number of years is hidden to the oppressor. A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him."

696 *Life's Sea.* 7s. Cl.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

The author of this hymn, Rev. Edward Hopper, D. D., was born in the city of New York in 1818, and was seventy years of age when he died on April 23, 1888. He was a graduate of New York University, 1839. A brief charge at Greenville, N. Y., commenced his ministry, after his theological studies were completed in Union Seminary and he had been licensed to preach by the Third Presbytery of New York. He was a child of this metropolis; after a second pastorate at Sag Harbor, on Long Island, eleven years long, he returned to his native city and became the successful and popular minister of the Church of the Sea and Land, the care of which he kept, through sunshine and shadow, faithfully for the rest of his life. In 1871 Lafayette College honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He had for some years been suffering from heart-disease, and his decease was very sudden. He was found dead in his study-chair; he had evidently just written some lines on "Heaven," and his pencil still lay on the page of the manuscript.

He composed many hymns, and some day, it is likely, these will be found in the hymnals. But he was very modest, and concealed poems of rare merit under quaint names. He wrote much for sailors, of which class he had always large numbers in his congregation. This piece was first published in the *Sailors' Magazine* in 1871. It found its way by its merit into a forgotten collection, and was copied as it stood anonymously into *Spiritual Songs*, 1878; he afterward acknowledged it.

697 *The Litany.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our Hope and Stay:
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

"A sweet and musical litany," this hymn has been called; and justly, too. Its author, John James Cummins, was the son of an Irish merchant, and was born in Cork, Ireland, May 5, 1795. After his removal to London in 1834, he became a Director of the Union Bank of Australia. Besides being an earnest student of Hebrew and theology, he wrote a number of poems, which he published in 1839 under the title *Seals of the Covenant Opened in the Sacraments.* The piece before us is from his *Hymns, Meditations and Other Poems*, which is better known, perhaps, as *Lyra Evangelica*, 1849. He died at Wildecroft, Buckland, Surrey, November 23, 1867.

698 *A look from Christ.* 6s, 5s.

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee;
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

The meager item of information which comes to us in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, concerning this poem, gives no small interest to its composition. We are told that James Montgomery composed it, and on his original manuscript the date is written, October 13, 1834, and also the names are added of twenty-two persons to whom he sent copies

in his own handwriting. Since the first issue of the hymn several alterations have at times been proposed, and so several versions of it are in the hymnals. The one before us is the best, without doubt. It is changed less than some of the rest, and the changes are all for the better. Mrs. Frances A. Hutton gave for Prebendary Henry Nollaston Hutton's *Supplement and Litanies* the form selected for *Laudes Domini;* but we have accepted the "plead for" from Thring's *Collection* in place of the "help thou" which Mrs. Hutton offered to relieve the unscriptural petition of Montgomery, "Jesus, pray for me."

699 *Earnest Longings.* 6s, 5s.

PURER yet, and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find:
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

The authorship of this poem has been ascribed to Goethe, the great German poet and philosopher, but no equivalent for the piece is to be found among his works. It has become endeared to many from its simplicity and sweetness of spirit, united with earnest desire for growth in Christian graces. In all processes of advancement in real piety there is something to be taken away and something to be attained. Spiritual egotism must be rooted out earliest, for only with self-renunciation can the divine life so much as begin. True grace thrives best after the last remnant of our conceit is gone. Then a Christian actually pities and prays for and loves his tormentors; like the woodman's sandal-tree accepting the axe, he pours forth the best odors of his heart even on the sharp edge of the accusation which wounds him. The devout Burkitt has left behind him the record in his private journal that there were certain persons whom he knew who, for the injuries they had done him, first found place in his prayers. Conflict makes men sober and thoughtful; then it makes them gentle and kind; then it makes them forbearing and charitable.

700 *All for Jesus.* 6s, 5s.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

3 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast.
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.

4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

This processional was written by Rev. Godfrey Thring for his *Hymns Congregational and Others*, 1866. It has the double stanzas, and is entitled "Pressing Onwards." Usually it is divided in our American collections, sometimes beginning with one stanza, sometimes with another.

701 *"Backward never looking."* 6s, 5s.

NEARER, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

This hymn is part of the piece from which also the one which precedes it is taken. It was written by Rev. Godfrey Thring.

702 *"A Clean Heart."* C. M.

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley made this song and prayer by entitling it with a petition: "Make me a clean Heart, O God." Psalm 51:10. It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is strange to some people to be obliged to find the best Christians striving with sin even in their most exalted moments. But the nineteenth Psalm of David makes the mystery clear. No human being is perfect; each is to labor, to strive, to pray, to grow, and by and by he will be with Jesus Christ, and like him, too. "Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."

No man can write human history without admitting and reckoning with the element of human depravity, exposure, and curse. The gospel has its place in the system of things as appropriately and as fixedly as a star. Thus, then, does such a matchless poem in the Psalter bear us up the heights of nature only to show us in a sudden tempest the fairer heights of grace. They say that shepherds in the Tyrol move forward up the mountains over sunny slopes in order to attain brilliant pastures for their flocks. But sometimes there falls suddenly over them a great storm of sleet and snow. Then it is that they leave the open fields and seek the worn tracks of the highway. For there at every turn stands the emblem of crucifixion, and the drifts never overtop the shrines. With one glad cry—"The cross! the cross!"—they know they are safe from any further perilous straying, and are close to a refuge secure and serene.

703 *Thanks for Victory.* C. M.

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

This particular hymn is more closely connected with Charles Wesley's personal life than any other he ever wrote. The piece consisted of eighteen stanzas, and was entitled by its author, "For the anniversary day of one's conversion." It undoubtedly recounts his own indescribable joy on receiving the testimony of his acceptance with God as a pardoned sinner saved by grace, for it was composed on the recurring date of his conversion, May 21, 1738, and was published soon after.

For all these years neither Charles nor John Wesley had been anything more in religious experience than mere legalists, striving with themselves after peace by observances and zealous endeavors of duty in their hard field among the savages of a foreign land. When he had returned to England Charles Wesley found himself still in the depths of the seventh chapter of Romans, without power to reach the eighth. The hand of God was laid upon him in sickness; he was confined with a perilous attack of pleurisy to his room in the house of Thomas Bray, brazier, in Little Britain; the house has lately been identified. The event has been described with much particularity in Wesley's own diary:

THE DAY OF PENTECOST—*Sunday, 21st May*, 1738—I waked in hope and expectation of his coming. At nine my brother and some friends came and sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost (probably that written by his brother Samuel). My comfort and hope were hereby increased. In about half an hour they went. I betook myself to prayer, the substance as follows: "O Jesus, thou hast said,

'I will come unto you;' thou hast said, 'I will send the Comforter unto you;' thou hast said, 'My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you.' Thou art God, who canst not lie; I wholly rely upon thy most true promise; accomplish it in thy time and manner." Having said this, I was composing myself to sleep in quietness and peace, when I heard one come in and say, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise, and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities." The words struck me to the heart. I lay musing and trembling. With a strange palpitation of heart I said, yet feared to say, "I believe, I believe!"

It is not to be understood that the poet ever claimed that a divine or even supernatural word was sent to him from heaven on this occasion. For he learned soon afterward that what he had heard was the counsel of a pious lady near him at the time. She declared that it was the prompting of the Holy Ghost in her heart which made her say it; it certainly was blessed to Wesley's immediate deliverance from spiritual gloom. He says that, looking into the Scriptures, he read this verse: "And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is even in thee." Further on he read: "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God;" and then he adds, "I now found myself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ." From this time on this eminently gifted Christian seemed full of grace and life, of love and song.

704 *Martyr-Faith.* C. M.

GLORY to God, whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord, if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Count Nicholas Ludwig von Zinzendorf, the author of the original poem from which this hymn is translated, was identified for many years with the Moravian brotherhood, of which he became bishop in 1737. He was a voluminous writer, having composed more than two thousand hymns, many of which attained a wide popularity in Europe, and are known in English by John Wesley's versions. The

COUNT VON ZINZENDORF.

one quoted here was written after the edict of 1727, by which Zinzendorf was forbidden to hold religious meetings in Dresden, and breathes a spirit of Christian heroism and endurance. The translation appeared in the *Supplement* of 1809 to the *Moravian Hymn-Book.*

Hymns have sometimes been curiously used in stirring times, especially about the Reformation period. More than once the Romish preachers have been compelled to abandon the pulpit by the vigorous singing of one of Luther's. They have also played their part in battle. At the famous battle of Leuthen, one of Heermann's hymns was raised by a regiment before going into the fight, and one after another took it up, until all the columns were singing it as they advanced. "Shall I silence them?" the general asked, as he rode up to stern, heroic King Fritz. "No; with such soldiers God will give me the victory;" and leaping down among the ranks and crying, "Now, children, in God's name," he led them into battle. When the battle was won, the field was strewn with dead and wounded. It was night and the soldiers were weary. Then one began to sing a hymn of thanksgiving, the bands joined in, and presently it rose from the army in a full and mighty chorus that reached and greatly moved the king, who turned round, exclaiming: "What a power there is in faith in God!"

705 *The Race.* C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I 'll lay my honors down.

Perhaps no composition of Dr. Philip Doddridge is more familiar over Christendom than this. It is No. 296 in his *Hymns*, 1755, and is entitled in his simple way, "Pressing on in the Christian Race." The sermon he preached, for which he designed this matchless challenge —ringing like a trumpeter's note to start the athletes—was founded upon Philippians 3: 12–14: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

706 *The Warfare.* C. M.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Dr. Isaac Watts wrote this, 1709, to follow a discourse on I. Corinthians 16: 13. It may be found in any edition of his *Sermons*, though it is not included in his *Hymns*. It is certainly appropriate to that text; but we should put it after another verse in the same epistle: I. Corinthians 9: 26, 27. God gives us trial tests. He puts life up before us as an antagonist face to face. Out of the buffeting of a serious conflict we are expected to grow strong. When Paul thought of this it brought the old athletic games to mind. He took his figures of speech from them. One word of his is pugilistic; if a speaker used it in the pulpit now, you would call it slang. He said: "I keep my body under." In the Greek that is: "I strike my body under the eye to knock it down!" He conceives himself as pitted in the arena against himself, against the world, against the devil; he strikes out, with all his vigor of soul and spirit; he means to force the fight, and to win in it.

Now it is admitted that this is not the sort of existence to take everybody's fancy, but it is the greatest kind of discipline for one's manhood or womanhood. God gives us a time in which to become true men and true women, out from whom he can choose guardsmen and ladies of honor for his throne when the kingdom comes we pray for. Men should be always young; women should never grow old. Everybody should keep sunshiny and happy-hearted, and work up to the very edge of life. It may be proper for feminine sorrows to be assuaged by tears. Old Tacitus, in his vigorous Latin, once said: "It is honest for women to weep, but for men—to remember." Let us have done with sighing for doves' pinions; let us mount up with wings as eagles; let us run, and not be weary; let us walk, and not faint; and so renew our strength evermore.

707 *"I'm Not Ashamed."* C. M.

I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Another of Dr. Isaac Watts' soldier songs. It stands as No. 103 of Book I. in his *Hymns*, and was written to follow a sermon on II. Timothy 1: 12. He gave to it the title, "Not ashamed of the Gospel." It will not do to try to be Christian out of sight. There is in the Bible a connection between logic and life. The Scriptures do not come before men as a mere collection of histories and poems, a mere code of morals, or a treasure-house of didactic proverbs. They are the chart of a system, the documents on which is based a

religious faith. Ours is just what infidels sneeringly call it, a "book religion." Chillingworth was right when he uttered that memorable exclamation, "The Bible, the Bible, the religion of Protestants!" There is no disposition on our part to evade the issue. If the Bible fails, our scheme of faith is a cheat and a sham. Hence the reception of the Scriptures as a revelation from God involves immediate acquiescence in their claims. Logic bears on life. This is clearly understood by all candid inquirers. God's Word offers itself, not as a pleasant and curious book to read, but in the place of everything else as a rule of daily conduct. It soberly proposes to the entire human race that they all adopt Christianity as the established religion among the nations. It deliberately says that every man ought to be a member of some church, have family prayers daily, and put his children under some sort of constant teaching.

Christianity does not believe in the give-and-take system among the religions of men. It assumes that it stands on higher ground than any other. It would seriously decline to attend a union council which issued a prospectus for combining the excellences of all systems into a new form of faith. It says to the Jew that he must admit Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah, no matter if it does seem to him a "stumbling-block." It bids the Greek relinquish his worship in the temple of Saturn and be a follower of Christ the Lord, no matter if it does seem to him "foolishness." So it strikes right and left. It stands steadily now where it stood many hundred years ago, in that sublime moment of temptation, when for the sake even of the patronage of the Roman Empire it would not consent that a statue of Jesus should be placed among the statues of emperors who claimed also to be gods. No compromise is proposed or accepted.

Readily, therefore, may it be seen that the real battle here is not so much an intellectual conflict, as a wilful recoil of the heart and conscience of men. Nobody can well dispute a demonstration in geometry; but you may be sure he will resist the process the longest, and will fight it most fiercely, whose farm will be diminished by the cut of the relentless triangles. He hates the proposition in proportion as he dreads the application of it.

708 *Our Salvation near.* S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

This is instantly recognized as one of the most familiar and valuable of all the hymns which Rev. Augustus Toplady left as his legacy to the Christian Churches. By its author it was entitled, "Weak Believers Encouraged." It was first printed in the *Gospel Magazine* for February, 1772. The verses we use constitute only a small portion of the poem; for it has eight double stanzas in all. Perhaps no lyric in our language has a finer history than this, when one thinks of the souls it has cheered on their way upward. It reminds us of one of John Bunyan's passages of help. In the *Pilgrim's Progress* Mr. Despondency and Miss Much Afraid, his daughter (could there be imagined a more pathetic little picture than that of those two creatures!), had arrived at the edge of the river. And then the old man took occasion to say gently for the benefit of those who might come along afterward: "My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no means ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever, for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For to be plain with you, they are ghosts which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after, and they will walk about, and seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but for our sakes, shut the door upon them."

709 *"Be of Good Courage."* S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt's hymn, "*Befiehl du deine Wege*," first printed in 1656, and founded upon the verse of David's Psalm, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass," has been the source for the compilation of several of our best hymns. In the *Epworth Singers* the sixteen stanzas of John Wesley's translation of the whole poem may be found. From this version have been chosen in the present hymn the verses most appropriate for use. Because of the enthusiastic regard in which the name of Rev. John Wesley, the translator, is held in the Methodist Church there has always been a great love in that body of Christians for this particular piece of his work. And romances without number have grown up around its history, detailing in Paul Gerhardt's career most singular incidents concerning its composition, and in Wesley's career incidents equally singular concerning its use. Many of these have been shown to be mere tales without authentic facts to give them credit. Gerhardt wrote 133 hymns. In appearance he is said to have been of medium height, of peculiarly cheerful bearing, quiet, courageous, gentle, and firm. (See page 157.) There is a portrait of him still in the church at Lübben, and it bears this singular inscription, "*Theologus in cribo Satanas versatus*" ("a theologian sifted in the sieve of Satan"), the allusion, of course, being to the words of our Lord to Simon Peter in Luke 22:31, 32.

710 "*Weigh Not Thy Life.*" S. M.

My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

It is from his friend, Prof. R. P. Dunn, of Brown University, that the decisive statement as to Rev. Leonard Swain's authorship of this hymn comes. It appeared anonymously in *The Sabbath Hymn-Book*, 1858. Dr. Swain was born at Concord, N. H., February 26, 1821, and received his education at Dartmouth and Andover. He entered upon the pastorate of a Congregational church at Nashua, N. H., in 1847, and five years later was called to be the minister of the Central Church of Providence, R. I. His death took place July 14, 1869.

The thought which the poem voices is the potency of the gospel armor; there are weapons in it for attack as well as for defence, for forceful endeavor as well as for secure protection. Indeed, old veterans in warfare are accustomed to say, "The best defence is a swift attack." So the exhortation to the soldier of Christ is to "fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life."

711 *Psalm* 25. S. M.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Lord, turn to thee my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

Says George Eliot: "It is only by a wide comparison made among common facts that even the wisest full-grown man can distinguish well-rolled barrels from more supernal thunder." Our times are crowded with exciting disclosures. We have many mock-heroes and as many mock-heroines, together with a few pseudo-martyrs. That grows out of a practice of self-seeking followed by an experience of self-pity. This small piece of suggestive poetry, if sung frequently with the spirit and understanding also, would cure much of such affectation. Dr. Isaac Watts published it as his rendering of Psalm 25, Third Part, S. M. He entitled it, "Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion." It counsels that a genuine believer needs nothing more than to have clean purposes—his eyes and desires ever to the Lord—then he is to plead the divine promises, and positively depend upon the Word. All great leaders in

the faith have been Scripture-grounded Christians. This is what so interests us in the private Bibles of experienced and old veterans of the cross. Marked and worn, bearing tokens of use, they fall into our hands; how reverently we look upon them! Anybody would touch Whitefield's Bible gently, and turn over its pages with tenderness. Then there is the old family Bible, and our mother's Bible. All these make us think of those days when Scandinavian heroes hung up their historic swords as symbols of prowess among the statues of the demi-gods in the halls of the Walhalla.

712 *Psalm* 60. S. M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly published this among his *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, third edition, 1809. The text associated with it gives the keynote of its sentiment: "He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms." The martial spirit of a true and dauntless faith is invoked; the hymn rings like a clarion. It is always wise to remember that the soldiers in the Bible appear well in a number of instances. It is suggestive to look up the word "Centurion" in the Concordance.

713 *Psalm* 31. S. M.

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte's poetry has been characterized for "its sadness, tenderness, and beauty." In his versions of the *Psalms*, 1834, he becomes more individual and natural whenever he approaches one which is pensive, pleading, wistful in its sentiment. In this rendering of Psalm 31 it is easy to recognize the author of "Abide with me," and "Jesus, I my cross have taken."

714 *"Fear Not."* IIS.

HOW FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I 'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

This was earliest given to the Christian churches in Rippon's *Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors*, published in 1787. There appeared only the letter "K——" to fix the authorship. In later editions of this book the sign was changed to "Kirkham;" but now most compilers have agreed in crediting the piece to George Keith, a publisher and bookseller in London. He was the son-in-law of Dr. Rippon, and as clerk led the singing in his congregation many years. The editor of the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1892, thinks that the author of the composition was an unknown poet by the name of "Keen."

I need to call your attention only to one peculiarity noticeable here—that in the last line of the closing stanza. A very singular repetitious grouping of words reminds us that a similar style of expression, so scholars inform us, is found in the passage of Scripture (Hebrews 13:5) upon which the hymn is in some measure constructed; there are in the Greek text five negatives grouped in a single sentence. In our language the rule says "two negatives are equal to an affirmative." Not so here; each adds its meaning with all the intensity of a cumulative force.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," as in the common version, is strengthened much in the New Revision, so that it stands: "I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee." Once in the Oratory at evening devotion, in Princeton Seminary, the elder Dr. Hodge, then venerable with years and piety, paused as he read this hymn, preparatory to the singing, and in the depth of his emotion was obliged to close his delivery of the final lines with a mere gesture of pathetic and adoring wonder at the matchless grace of God in Christ: "I 'll never—no never—no never—forsake!"

715 *"Looking unto Jesus."* IIS.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace,
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

Rev. John Nelson Darby, the founder of the organization called "Plymouth Brethren," may have written this hymn. It is admitted that he contributed five pieces to a collection once published in London; a generous inference makes it out from some exceedingly slender particulars that this was one of them, and it so appears credited in a few responsible hymnals. He was born in London, November 18, 1800; graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, 1819; took orders in the Church of England, and became a curate in Wicklow until 1827. These facts are clear to every one. At that period of his history things become confused in some particulars. He left the Episcopal communion, gathered together some adherents, and shortly afterward went to reside in Plymouth about 1830. The *Christian Witness* was started there, and the sect took its now familiar name from the central locality. Mr. Darby journeyed into Switzerland, propagating his opinions, and also visited the United States and Canada five times between 1859 and 1873. He died in Bournemouth, on the Isle of Wight, April 29, 1882. The organization he started still exists; some excellent men and gifted scholars have been connected with it; their views are extreme and different in many points from those of other denominations and sects; but they seem spiritually minded and devout, and much of their literature is to edification.

716 *Psalm 23.* IIS.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near,

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

This most musical rendering of Psalm 23 is by James Montgomery; it was first published in his *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

717 *"Faint, yet pursuing."* IIS.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way!
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

Once or twice, when I have been in the East, I have seen a line of men with staves picking their path along through the streets. They were all totally blind, and each placed his hand, with a sort of gentle and pathetic trust, upon the shoulder of the one that preceded him in the series. Occasionally a new recruit came on behind, and attached himself to the train—just as I did when I took up the name of "J. N. Darby," and joined the unending procession of compilers in adding it to the hymn, now before "our eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore," as the author to whom its composition ought to be credited. It is interesting to see that the string of blind compilers is still keeping step and direction unaltered. But the fact is, Mr. Darby told Mr. Miller that he never wrote

that hymn. And nobody knows who did as yet.

718 *Our Master.* P. M.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

Two characteristics of Dr. John Mason Neale are shown here at once. One is his profound scholarship in other languages, and his skillfulness in the use of his own; the other is his odd introduction into his work of some esoteric or mystic high church formulas of speech which render a new ecclesiastical dictionary quite a comfort. He calls this piece, "Idiomela, in the Week of the First Oblique Tone." It comes from his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862, and is a rendering of one written by St. Stephen the Sabaite, a monk taking his name from the monastery situated far down in the Kedron Valley near Bethlehem, and overlooking the Dead Sea. This man was placed by his uncle in this solitary region when he was only ten years old, and remained there more than a half-century. He was born in 725, and died in 794. His life was spent in the useless droning of cloister rituals, and in the useful composition of some excellent hymns.

Dr. Neale felt many misgivings, even after his fine successes in fitting Latin hymns for British hymnals. As he entered upon a fresh study, and the reproduction from the Greek, he experienced the difficulty of dealing with new and oftentimes awkward meters and idioms foreign to the English tongue. But his best work is to be looked for here. Rev. Gerard Moultrie has related a very interesting incident in illustration of his aptness in translation. Dr. Neale "was invited by Mr. Keble and the Bishop of Salisbury to assist them with their new hymnal, and for this purpose he paid a visit to Hursley Parsonage." On one occasion Mr. Keble, "having to go to another room to find some papers, was detained a short time. On his return Dr. Neale said, 'Why, Keble, I thought you told me that the *Christian Year* was entirely original.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'it certainly is.' 'Then how comes this?' and Dr. Neale placed before him the Latin of one of Keble's hymns. Keble professed himself utterly confounded. He protested that he had never seen this 'original,' no, not in all his life. After a few minutes Neale relieved him by owning that he had just turned it into Latin in his absence."

719 *Watch and pray.* 7s, 3s.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

In 1839 there was issued in London a little volume called *Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week*, by the late Charlotte Elliott. This was the one set for Wednesday morning. It was founded upon the words of Jesus Christ: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matthew 26:41. The Christian stands between Christ and Satan: he must watch the one, and pray to the other. Piety and prudence go hand in hand.

720 *Christian Pilgrims.* S. M.

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing:
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

Included in the fifth edition of Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1820. It is entitled, "Life a Pilgrimage." It might serve well to close a sermon on Zechariah 14:6, 7: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark: but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." "That day" means now, this latter day, the day of the gospel dispensation. A day of haze, no clearness, all confusion, a mixed season; but not reinless and reckless, as if a blind or maddened fate were ruling it; it has a unity of purpose all through it: it is "one day," and it is "known to the Lord;" and when it grows to its end and seems the darkest, then "at evening time it shall be light."

721 *"Jehovah Jireh."* S. M.

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands!

The author of this hymn, Rev. Joseph Swain, was born in Birmingham, England, in 1761, and as a young man was apprenticed to an engraver. He early showed talent for poetry, but his gift was used at first in writing lyrics which would please the gay companions with whom he associated on his removal to London. A sudden change came over him, and with his conversion to a better life he devoted all his talent to sacred purposes. He was baptized in 1783, decided to enter the ministry, and in 1791 took charge of a Baptist congregation in Walworth, London. His pastorate was brief, but full of earnest and very successful work. The strain proved too severe for his feeble constitution, and he died in his thirty-fifth year, April 16, 1796. This poem, published in his *Walworth Hymns*, 1792, was probably written about the time of his entering the ministry, when his soul was so filled with joy and trust that he composed many similar verses, and was in the habit of singing them to himself.

722 *"Goeth forth weeping."* S. M.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long:
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

Rev. George Burgess, D. D., was born at Providence, R. I., October 31, 1809. He was educated at Brown University, where for some time after his graduation he was a tutor; from there he went abroad to continue his studies at Göttingen, Bonn, and Berlin. Returning home, he became a Protestant Episcopal minister, and held the rectorship of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., for thirteen years. In 1847 he was consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Maine. Taking up his residence in Gardiner in that State, he officiated also as rector of Christ Church. He died at sea near Hayti, April 23, 1866, and was buried at Gardiner. The hymn here quoted is taken from his *Book of Psalms*, and is a poetical version of Psalm 126. It was published in 1839, and is in general use all over the country.

723 *"Watch."* S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

Says old John Bunyan's Pilgrim: "My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles, who now will be my rewarder." And again: "Thy travel hither has been with difficulty, but that will make thy rest the sweeter." Rev. George Heath, who wrote the ringing hymn before us, was an English Unitarian clergyman. He studied at Exeter, and was in 1770 in charge of a Presbyterian church at Honiton, in Devonshire. For cause he was dismissed from this charge; and perhaps it was because of the difficulty he himself ex-

perienced in traveling over this earthly road to the Better Land that he wrote the piece we quote as a rallying cry for his fellows. He died in 1822.

The volume from which it was taken is entitled *Hymns and Poetic Essays Sacred to the Public and Private Worship of the Deity*, 1781.

724 *"Jehovah Nissi."* 6s, 5s. D.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

REF.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

The author of this well-known hymn, Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter, was born at Scarborough, England, in 1827. He became a Roman Catholic when twenty years old, and subsequently took holy orders. For a number of years he was professor of Pulpit Eloquence and English Literature in the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows, Dublin, in which city he died in 1873. His published works consist of treatises on preaching, together with several tales, and a volume of *Legends, Lyrics and Hymns*, 1862. The piece quoted is to be found in the *People's Hymnal*, 1867.

725 *"Fight the Good Fight.* 6s, 5s. D.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ, the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

This admirable processional is an original composition of Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, and was first published in the English Episcopal *Church Times*, 1865. It has been taken up all over the world, and with either Haydn's or Sullivan's music set to it, it constitutes the best marching hymn for children or adults known to this generation. It meets the American ideal, mechanically speaking, in that it is simple, rhythmical, lyric, and has a refrain at the end of each stanza. That has given to it an extensive popularity and use. The singing of great masses of children may be hated, as it once was in the temple at Jerusalem, by those that hate Christ; but it has prodigious power, and if it were stopped the very stones "would immediately cry out." Luke 19:37-40.

726 *"All is well."* 8s, 4s.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

This comes from Mrs. Mary Bowly Peters' *Hymns intended to help the Communion of Saints*, 1847. She entitled it, "Security in Christ." It breathes the spirit of perfect

trust and therefore of joyous contentedness with the lot God sends.

727 *Matthew* 6 : 25-34. 7s, 6s. D.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

We find this in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, as one of the contributions of William Cowper. It has in the original copy two notes by the hand of the author. One refers to Matthew 6 : 34 as giving an explanation of the phrase "Let the unknown to-morrow." The other refers to Habakkuk 3 : 17, 18: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

728 *Perfect peace.* 7s, 6s. D.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Miss Anna Lætitia Waring published this in her *Hymns and Meditations by A. L. W.*, 1850. It was a small book containing nineteen poems only, but all of rare excellence. This bears the title, "Safety in God." It follows so closely the spirit and phraseology of Psalm 23 that one might readily think the author intended it as a version of that old song of David. There is a ring and a swing of rhythmic melody in this composition that makes it one of the most charming in our language. The closing verse is fairly jubilant with confident hope and unfaltering trust.

729 *"Having done all, stand."* 7s, 6s. D.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

This hymn is well known as the composition of Rev. George Duffield, D. D., the second of the name. It seems unnecessary to speak of the "Junior" or the "Senior," now that both are before the throne of God and earthly discriminations are forgotten. The account of the piece itself is given in a leaflet printed by the author.

"'Stand up for Jesus' was the dying message of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, to the Young Men's Christian Association, and the ministers associated with them in the Noon-day Prayer

Meeting, during the great revival of 1858, usually known as 'The Work of God in Philadelphia.'

"A very dear personal friend, I knew young Tyng as one of the noblest, bravest, *manliest* men I ever met; not inferior in eloquence to his honored father, and the acknowledged leader of a campaign for Christ that has become historical. The Sabbath before his death he preached in the immense edifice known as Jaynes' Hall, one of the most successful sermons of modern times. Of the five thousand men there assembled, at least one thousand, it was believed, were 'the slain of the Lord.' His text was Exodus 10:11, and hence the allusion in the third verse of the hymn.

"The following Wednesday, leaving his study for a moment, he went to the barn floor, where a mule was at work on a horse-power, shelling corn. Patting him on the neck, the sleeve of his silk study gown caught in the cogs of the wheel, and his arm was torn out by the roots! His death occurred in a few hours. Never was there greater lamentation over a young man than over him, and when Genesis 50:26 was announced as the text for his funeral sermon, the place at once became a Bochim, and continued so for many minutes.

"The following Sunday the author of the hymn preached from Ephesians 6:14, and the above verses were written simply as the concluding exhortation. The Superintendent of the Sabbath-School had a fly-leaf printed for the children—a stray copy found its way into a Baptist newspaper—and from that paper it has gone in English, and in German and Latin translations, all over the world. The first time the author heard it sung, outside of his own denomination, was in 1864, as the favorite song of the Christian soldiers in the Army of the James."

730 *"Peace, be still."* 8s, 3s.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

This was first published in R. R. Chope's *Hymnal*, 1862. It was written by Rev. Godfrey Thring, Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, and was entitled "Stilling the Sea." As a narrative poem, descriptive and picturesque, it has proved itself a popular and spirited success. The Scripture passage is Mark 4:36–41.

731 *The glorious City.* 6s, 5s.

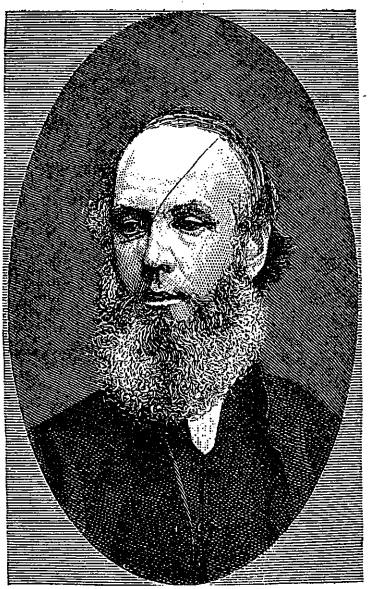
FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight.
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the vail be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Rev. Henry Alford, D. D., is best known by his latest title, Dean Alford, of Canterbury Cathedral, in England. His *Greek Testament with Notes* is, or ought to be, in the library of every American expositor. This splendid work alone would be enough to fix the fame of its author as a devout and scholarly divine. He has almost always been in literature; at one time he was the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, writing voluminously in its pages. He was born in London, October 7, 1810. There must have been an unusual piety and devotion of spirit in this young student's charac-



DEAN HENRY ALFORD.

ter, for in his sixteenth year he wrote this open dedication of his life to his Maker upon the fly-leaf of his Bible: "I do this day, in the presence of God and my own soul, renew my covenant with God, and solemnly determine henceforth to become his, and to do his work as far as in me lies." His education was received at Trinity College, in Cambridge, where, after his graduation, 1832, he became a Fellow in 1834. For four years, from 1853 to 1857, he was the preacher at Quebec Chapel in London, and was known widely for his taste, his piety, his attainments in learning, and his eloquence in speech. A publication of the discourses he delivered during that period was subsequently made. But he relinquished the charge of the pulpit in order to succeed Dean Lyall at Canterbury, 1857; there he remained until his death, which took place January 12, 1871.

Dean Alford wrote this hymn to be sung at the "Tenth Festival of Parochial Choirs of the Canterbury Diocesan Union;" this was held June 6, 1871. It was designed as a processional, and so was constructed with eight double stanzas, each followed by a brilliant chorus of four lines. It is a most spirited piece of religious poetry, full of happy enthusiasm, and shining with the radiance of the "fiery pillar" of the "Light" of which it sings. The text affixed to it is Exodus 14:15: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

732 *"Forward into light!"* 6s, 5s.

FAR o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into Light!

2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of Light.

3 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into Light!

4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into Light.

This is the second half of the previous hymn. No better proof of Dean Alford's power and gift as a true "Poet of the Church" can be adduced than the fact that so long a lyric sustains its wonderful loftiness and force clear through to the end, and adds a doxology fit to be sung to the sound of silver trumpets in the temple of God.

733 *"Our Father's Land."* 5s, 8s, 5s.

JESUS, guide our way
To eternal day:
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying:
Lead us by thy hand
To our Father's land.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us:
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

3 When the heart must know
Pain for others' woe,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase our perfect patience:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by thee;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Father's land.

Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell translated this hymn from the German of Zinzendorf, the verse there beginning "*Jesu geh' voran.*" He wrote it March 20, 1846, and it was published in his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1851. Count Zinzendorf, the champion of the Moravians, was an enthusiast in Christian service, and gifted in many ways. He had a singular faculty for extemporizing hymns. He composed in all some two thousand, and not a few of them were improvised. Speaking of his ministrations in Berlin, he said: "After the discourse, I generally announce another hymn appropriate to the subject. When I cannot find one I compose one; I say in the Saviour's name what comes into my heart; I am, as ever, a poor sinner, a captive of eternal love, running by the side of the triumphal chariot, and have no desire to be anything else as long as I live."

734 *"Still Lead On."* 5s, 8s, 5s.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless;
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Translated from the same poem as above, by Miss Jane Borthwick, and given to the public in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, First Series, 1854. It was earliest published in the Scottish *Free Church Magazine*, 1846.

735 *Vigor in attack.* 6s, 5s.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of evil
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never yield to fear:
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe, I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

This beautiful poem is one of Dr. Neale's translations from the Greek, and appeared first in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. It grew so rapidly in popular favor that it has since been included in hymnals of every denomination. The original is supposed to have been composed by St. Andrew of Jerusalem, who was born at Damascus in 660, became Archbishop of Crete, and died near Mitylene in 732. The hymn is one of the most vivid and dramatic presentations of our position as Christians in the midst of an array of evil forces ever on the watch to overcome our resistance. A vigilance that never relaxes is our only safeguard; and as long as life lasts, it is bound to be a struggle. The freshest of fishes are sometimes caught in the saltest of seas. It is quite possible for even a truly regenerate man to live in the world, and yet never so much as be tainted by its spirit. He may even vex his righteous soul with the iniquity he meets. But if at the end of some lengthened years he has no more to show for his piety than Lot had when he forsook Sodom, we should be at liberty to draw the conclusion that his religion was of a tame sort and well broken in, so as to have been easily held in hand.

736 *Ephesians* 6:14. L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

In Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, this poem originally appeared with six stanzas of four lines each, bearing the title, "The Christian Warfare." It was suggested by the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the sixth chapter of Ephesians, in which the believer is represented as arming himself with the panoply of God for the fight with the powers of darkness. It is always best to spend a little time in making ready before one goes out into unusual exposure of great spiritual enterprise. An hour in study and prayer is not wasted. Most elderly people will remember the kindling of heroic ardor they had in their early days when they contemplated Christian in the few illustrations of *Pilgrim's Progress* as he emerged from the Palace Beautiful. He had been shown into the armory at the beginning of his visit, and seen all the rare weapons of antiquity, from Shamgar's ox-goad to Jael's nail. But when he was to go on his journey again the three discreet damsels clad him with "all manner of furniture which their Lord had provided for pilgrims." Few readers will ever forget how different the brave man looked in the pictures after that. He had struggled up the Hill Difficulty in flowing robes which, to our critical eyes, seemed effeminate. But now he appeared in the road wearing the conspicuous head-piece of a warrior, almost as fierce as Greatheart himself in pursuit of the giants. Down into the Valley of Humiliation he walked courageously for his historic fight with Apollyon. He was ready; he was trustful; in the end he was victorious.

737 *Isaiah* 40:28-31. L. M.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

This will be found in Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, No. 48 of Book I. The title affixed to it is, "The Christian Race," and it is almost a picturesque paraphrase of Isaiah 40:28-31.

738 "*Lead me on.*" P. M.

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear:
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

This queer, but spirited, little hymn was found in *Silver Wings*, 1870, a volume of good music and songs for children, composed and edited by Judge Charles Crozat Converse, of Erie, N. Y. From this, for the sake of the tune, it was taken for *Spiritual Songs*, 1878, and thence borne on, in the progress of compilation and the survival of the fittest, into *Laudes Domini*. But nobody could ever find out who wrote the words. They have become popular as fast as they have become known. They present a true Christian Pilgrim's Progress under the well-sustained figure of Israel's journey from the Red Sea to the Jordan.

739 *The Lord will provide.* 10S, 11S.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

In the *Olney Hymns* of Rev. John Newton, 1779, this hymn is found as No. 7 in Book I. It was composed in February, 1775, and appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, January, 1777, with eight stanzas; out of these it was easy to select the verses now in popular use. It is founded upon the familiar passage in Genesis 22: 14, "Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide," which it uses as a sort of refrain. A weaver once lived in the little German town of Wupperthal: a poor man in outer circumstances, but rich toward God. He was remarkable in the neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times; and this used to be his motto whenever his faith was challenged: "The Lord will provide." He said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him his dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord will provide," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord will provide," he said; and, even although as the days went on poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left—no bread, no fuel in the house; only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord will provide." Presently a street-boy looked saucily in and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint! there is something to help you!" he cried. The weaver picked up the dead raven, and, stroking its feathers down, said, compassionately: "Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and wishing to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when on opening the gullet a gold necklace fell into his hand! The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord will provide," and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness eight shillings, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need. The goldsmith soon cleaned the necklace, and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked. "Yes," was the joyful answer; "for I would gladly give it back to him." But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory! Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy, for suspicion was removed from a servant who had been causelessly suspected. The merchant was ashamed and touched; so he said: "I will no longer leave without work so faithful a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps." Thus through a dead raven it was made manifest that the old joyous cry of confidence was true: "The Lord will provide!" There in that village the people still tell the story. They do not insist that the Lord sends a raven always for human need, and puts a necklace in its crop; but they simply repeat the weaver's words with an equal faith: "The Lord will provide;" and then they wait to see how he will come to their help.

740 "*Come home.*" 7s. D.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

This hymn is one of the most widely known compositions of Rev. Joseph Swain. It originally appeared in 1792 in *Walworth Hymns*, a collection of nearly two hundred of his own poems. It is peculiar in its recognition of Satan as a personal antagonist. Next to that

recorded picture in the opening of the book of Job, perhaps the most graphic which we find in the Scriptures is that of the prophet Zechariah: "And he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Just as in a court-martial, two men appear in order to manage a suit after quick arrest of some derelict subaltern, so here a poor accused being seems to be put on trial. A divine advocate—even Jesus Christ the righteous, the true historic Angel of the Lord—labors to defend him; while another, the accuser of his brethren, is allowed to hinder and interrupt, springing technicalities in the way of progress, wresting the evidence, pleading false issues, suborning witnesses, tampering with testimony, mutilating records, disturbing the tribunal with vociferous objections, until the presiding judge will bear it no longer, but in true commiseration for the culprit bursts out, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan!"

741 *The Morning Star.* P. M.

THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessèd light at last
Each eye will cheer.

2 Thou bright and morning Star, thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight;
No cloud between.

3 Thy love sustains us on our way
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

4 But oh! the more we learn of thee
And thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long thy face to see,
And know thy love.

5 Then shine, thou bright and morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom;
Oh, take from sin and grief afar
Thy people home.

Rev. Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, LL. D., generally identified with the Plymouth Brethren, composed for their *Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1842, this and a few others of like merit. It was entitled, "Heaven anticipated." It cannot be considered any wonder that this good man, paralyzed, hindered, humiliated with helplessness, should pray for a land the inhabitant whereof should never say, "I am sick," where the "longing sight" of the Lord would be with "no cloud between."

742 *"The Everlasting Arms."* 7s.

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright—

2 He who on the accursed tree
Gave his precious life for me—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away:
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

In 1853 Rev. John Ross Macduff, D. D., published thirty-one hymns, of which this is perhaps the best, in a small volume called *Altar Stones*. He entitled it, "Support in Christ." The text which is suggested is Deuteronomy 33:27: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." It is the fashion in our time to try to break the confidence of the common people in the book of Deuteronomy, as not having been written by Moses. It would be a pity to lose such a verse as this. When the Lord Jesus was wishing to overthrow Satan in the great temptation, he took three texts of Scripture only for the attack, and every one of them was from Deuteronomy, and every one did service effectively. Saints ought to love a book that the devil hates and fears so much.

743 *Isaiah* 35: 8–10. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

This is probably considered the best of Rev. John Cennick's hymns. The majority of the singing-books in Christendom for the last hundred years have contained it. It ap-

peared in 1742 in his *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God in the Days of their Pilgrimage.* There it had twelve stanzas, and was entitled, "Encouragement to Praise." What a history a good hymn has! Think of doing something that will cheer God's dear children, as this praise-song has, for a hundred and fifty years already!

744 *Redeeming Love.* 7s.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Much doubt is expressed by hymnologists as to the Rev. John Langford's right to be credited with the authorship of this hymn. It appeared in 1776, in a volume of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, published by him. In the preface to the second edition he says that all his own compositions were marked with an asterisk; this piece is not so marked, and the fact is that the piece had been published thirteen years before, 1763, in the *Appendix* to Madan's *Psalms and Hymns*, without a name. Of Mr. Langford's personal history we know only that he was at first connected with the Methodists, but afterward joined a Baptist Church in Eagle Street, London. He preached in a London chapel in 1765, but was not regularly ordained until 1766. Twelve years were spent in this pastorate; then he went to Rose Lane, Ratcliff, and finally to Bunhill Row. Here, however, he was not successful. He wasted the fortune which he had inherited, and died in poverty and distress about the year 1790.

745 *Guidance.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Rev. William Williams was called in his day "the sweet singer of Wales." He was born at Cefn-y-Coed, in the parish of Llanfair-y-bryn, near Llandovery, in 1717. He preached, although he never went beyond deacon's orders in the Established Church; he had a curacy in 1740 at Llanddewi-Abergwesyn, but before long he became identified with what was called the Calvinistic Methodist Connection. For more than a generation he made his voice heard as a singer and preacher wherever the uncouth but tenderly-cherished words of his native tongue were familiar. He was famous as a revivalist, and marvelously popular all through North and South Wales. He died at Pantycelyn, January 11, 1791.

Of this poem now before us it needs only to be said that William Williams wrote it in Welsh, and it was published in his *Alleluia*, 1745. The earliest translation of it into English was made by Rev. Peter Williams of Carmarthen, 1771, and published in his *Hymns on Various Subjects.* Then Rev. William Williams accepted a portion of the other version, added a new stanza to what he took, and printed the whole on a leaflet, with this heading: "A Favorite Hymn sung by Lady Huntingdon's Young Collegians. *Printed by the desire of many Christian friends.* Lord, give it thy blessing!" Thus it was adopted into the Lady Huntingdon *Collection*, about 1772.

One line in the third stanza, "Death of death, and hell's Destruction," has caused a great deal of worry first and last. Singers seemed not to understand it. Jesus Christ is the "Death of death," and the Destruction of hell; he is here personified and adoringly addressed by the soul which wishes to be landed out of reach of death and hell, safe "on Canaan's side" of Jordan. The American *Methodist Hymnal* has cut out the invocation bodily, and substituted the tame line, "Bear me through the swelling current."

746 *"Lead us."* 8s, 7s. 6l.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

A very beautiful hymn by James Edmeston, invoking the Holy Trinity, with an exquisite felicity of address to each one of the three Persons in the Godhead in turn. It appeared in his *Sacred Lyrics*, 1821. There we have the account of its composition; the author gives it the title: "Hymn, written for the Children of the London Orphan Asylum." It has had a wide circulation; and has been rendered into many languages; and the record is carefully made of it also, as if the special honor had to be noted, that it had been translated into one dead one, namely, the Latin, "*Duc nos, Genitor Cœlestis.*"

747 "*The Pillar Guide.*" 8s, 7s, 4s.

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path the pillar hovering,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us:
Thus we shall not miss our way.

3 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way,
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
And thy people,
Led by thee, shall win the day.

Rev. Thomas Kelly again: in his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1802, we find this excellent song for the House of our Pilgrimage. It is entitled "Divine Guidance Desired," and the author has added a reference to Psalm 78:53: "And he led them on safely, so that they feared not; but the sea overwhelmed their enemies." The picturesque suggestion, therefore, is of Israel at the moment when the pillar of fire and cloud was turned to face their foes: "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked into the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." What wonder that they were in consternation when the glance of Jehovah's awful presence came flashing across the swirl of waters!

748 "*Christian Martyrs.*" P. M.

LET the church new anthems raise;
Wake the song of gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors, up and win it!

This is another of Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale's fine translations from the Greek, first published in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. The original is the work of St. Joseph the Hymnographer. He was a slave in Crete for many years, having been captured by pirates; but on regaining liberty he returned to Constantinople and established there a monastery, which quickly became famous through his eloquence as an orator. A dispute as to matters of worship led to his banishment, but he was recalled by the Empress Theodora and raised to a position of great influence. Friendship for his superior, Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, who fell into disfavor, led to a second exile, in which he died, A. D. 883. The poem given here was written in celebration of two saints, Timothy and his wife, Maura, whose martyrdom was commemorated by the Church of Constantinople. The words are full of a spirit so heroic that the dreaded foe, death, is robbed of half his terrors. We are reminded by St. Paul that this is "the last enemy that shall be destroyed." Perhaps no writer of our time has better expressed unfaltering bravery and confidence in the face of death than Robert Browning in his "Prospice," which has been pronounced one of the grandest of contemporary poems:

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave;
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

749 "*Looking unto Jesus.*" 8s, 7s, 7s.

LOOK to Jesus! till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving;
Jesus hath done all things well.
Work, while it is called to-day,
Works which shall not fade away.

2 Look to Jesus, prayerful waking
Where thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross, where he hath led.
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

3 Look to Jesus, when, dark lowering,
Perils thy horizon dim;
Once from him a band fell cowering;
Calm in tempests, look on him;
Wind and billow, fire and flood—
Forward! brave by trusting God.

4 Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st live;
In that last need, he will yield thee
Peace the world can never give;
He who finished all for thee
Takes thee, then, with him to be.

A very spirited translation of a Swedish hymn, made by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, the author of many books, among which perhaps the best known is the *Schonberg-Cotta Family*. This lady was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, England, January 2, 1828. She was the daughter of John Rundle, who was at one time a Member of Parliament, and Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Devon. Her husband was Andrew Paton Charles, to whom she was married, March 20, 1851; he died June 4, 1868. The literary life of Mrs. Charles began in 1850 with a translation of Neander's *Light in Dark Places; Memorials of Christian Life in the Middle Ages*. She is now living at Hampstead, near London. She has been more known as the writer of historical novels of the highest class than by her contributions to hymnals.

A Swedish bishop, Franz Michael Franzen, was the author of the original of this fine lyric. He was born at Uleaborg, in Finland, in 1772, and studied at the University of Abo, where he afterward became Librarian and Professor of Literary History. After his ordination he was successively minister at Kumla, Orebro, Sweden, and Santa Clara, in Stockholm. He became Bishop of Hernösand in 1841, in which place he died in 1847. He wrote many poems, and commenced an epic, *Gustavus Adolphus in Germany*, which he never finished. The English rendering of the hymn before us is found in *Christian Life in Song*, 1858. The Swedish piece commences, "*Jesum haf i standigt minne.*"

750 "*Tried, Precious, Sure.*" Isa. 28:16. 8s, 7s, 7s.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages,
Jesus, thou hast been the same;
Through our own life's checkered pages,
Still the one dear changeless name;
Well may we in thee confide,
Faithful Saviour, proved and tried.

2 Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still to-day the same;
In thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim;
Chiefest of ten thousand thou!
Saviour, O most precious, now!

3 Gazing down the far for ever,
Brighter glows the one sweet name,
Steadfast radiance paling never,
Jesus, Jesus! still the same;
Evermore thou shalt endure,
Our own Saviour, strong and pure.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal continued to work while she lived, and to write as long almost as she breathed. She composed this hymn at Leamington in Warwickshire, England, November, 1876. It was published two years later, in her *Loyal Responses*, 1878. She entitled it, "Jesus always the same." The writer of this annotation was once, when in serious weakness and ill health, at this same "Hydro," as they call Sanitariums in England. He sat down in his listlessness on a certain occasion to thrum away a tedious hour on the piano in the common drawing-room. After a while some one of the guests said very quietly, "That was one of Fannie Havergal's pieces; she often played and sung for us when she stayed here." It will be a singular experience for any man on that day when he suddenly finds himself unconsciously on the seat where that wonderful creature of God used to sit to compose her music and to sing her hymns!

751 "*Christ, our Head.*" 8s, 7s, 7s.

RISE, ye children of salvation,
All who cleave to Christ the Head:
Wake, arise! O mighty nation,
Ere the foe on Zion tread—
He draws nigh, and would defy
All the hosts of God most high.

2 Saints and heroes long before us
Firmly on this ground have stood:
See their banners waving o'er us—
"Conquerors through the Saviour's blood!"
Ground we hold, whereon of old
Fought the faithful and the bold.

3 When his servants stand before him,
Each receiving his reward;
When his saints in light adore him,
Giving glory to the Lord—
Victory! our song shall be,
Like the thunder of the sea!

This hymn was taken for *Laudes Domini* from the London *Temple Hymn-Book*, 1867. Who made the English version it is not easy to say. It is said to have appeared first in Mrs. Bevan's *Songs of Eternal Life*, 1858. But it is not announced that the compiler of that collection was the author of it. It will have to satisfy us for a while to say that it is a rendering from "*Auf! ihr Christen, Christi*

Glieder," and that this German lyric was composed by Rev. Justus Falckner, the first Lutheran clergyman ever ordained in America.

He was born in Langenreinsdorf, Saxony, November 22, 1672, and began his theological studies at the University of Halle in 1693; but after his graduation, feeling that the responsibility of the ministerial calling was greater than he cared to undertake, he accepted a power of attorney for the sale of certain of the lands of William Penn, in Pennsylvania, and came to America. In 1701 he sold a large tract of this property to a number of Swedes for the purpose of founding a colony, and by his intercourse with the leaders of this little body of emigrants, who were men of deep piety, he was led to reconsider his views on the subject of the ministry, and so was ordained in the Swedish Church of Wicacoa, Philadelphia, November 24, 1703. He had charge successively of the Dutch settlement near New Hannover, and of the Lutheran congregations at New York and Albany. He proved a zealous and efficient laborer in the Master's vineyard, and was called to his rest about the year 1723.

752 *I. Samuel* 3:10. 8s, 7s, 7s.

MASTER, speak! thy servant heareth,
Longing for thy gracious word,
Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for thee;
What hast thou to say to me?

2 Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than thine;
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this thy shrine.
Let thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

3 Master, speak! I do not doubt thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love and clearer sight.

4 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

The first line of this hymn marks it as the full utterance of Frances Ridley Havergal's life: "Master, speak! thy servant heareth." She entitled it, "Fellowship with and Assistance from Christ desired." It was written on Sunday evening May 19, 1867, at Weston-super-Mare. It may be found in her *Ministry of Song*, 1869. No definite mention of a text is made, but the poem evidently reproduces the scene, and presents the conversation between Samuel and Eli, as recorded in I. Samuel 3:1–10. It is one of the most dramatic passages in the Old Testament, and this poem voices the sentiment as it makes appeal to a genuine Christian's heart.

753 *"Jesus only!"* 8s, 7s, 7s.

"JESUS only!" In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with him:
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only!"—all our cry.

2 "Jesus only!" in the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing him in all his beauty,
Satisfied with him alone;
May we join his ransomed throng,
"Jesus only!"—all our song!

This was written by Miss Frances Ridley Havergal at Pyrmont Villa, December 4, 1870. She entitled it, "Jesus All in All," and published it in *Under the Surface*, 1874.

754 *"He knoweth our frame."* 8s, 7s, 7s.

YES, he knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary,
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

2 Look to him, who once was willing
All his glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All his merit might be thine.
Strive to follow, day by day,
Where his footsteps mark the way.

3 Look to him, the Lord of Glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that wondrous story,
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

4 Look to him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise, he calleth thee, return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

Another of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's priceless hymns. She wrote it in 1867, entitled it, "Encouragement," and published it in her *Ministry of Song*, 1869. The Scripture reference is to Psalm 103:13, 14, and is very suggestive: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

755 *None but Jesus.* 8s, 7s.

NONE but Christ; his merit hides me,
He was faultless—I am fair:
None but Christ, his wisdom guides me,
He was outcast—I 'm his care.

2 None but Christ: his Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control;
None but Christ, his bruising heals me,
And his sorrow soothes my soul.

3 None but Christ: his life sustains me,
Strength and song to me he is;
None but Christ, his love constrains me,
He is mine and I am his.

In 1876 Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin, daughter of Mr. David Ross Cundell of Leith, and widow of Rev. William Cousin, an honored minister of the Free Church of Scotland, settled at Melrose, published a volume called *Immanuel's Land and Other Pieces, by A. R. C.* This contains a hundred and seven poems, most of which would perhaps be considered unequal to the exigencies of public worship, but all of which are spiritual and good for private devotion. The hymn before us is included in this collection. It is a simple-hearted outspoken utterance of her soul's affection for her Lord.

Painters assure us that among the most painful experiences they are called to endure is that of meeting and conversing with a so-called critic who seems utterly unable to comprehend the force, meaning, or beauty of their pictures, through lack of artistic or imaginative perception. Such have no "mind's eye, Horatio." They are deficient in a true sympathy with the subject, and so fail altogether in liveliness.

Now, we are sure we have observed a like dullness, and recorded a like poverty of results, in many a case while we have been considering the growth of Christians in the communion and companionship of Christ. They do not appear able to see him as he is revealed in the Scriptures for their admiration. Hence it has to be urged with much painstaking, that, since he is proffered to us as our only model, there needs to be a persistent endeavor to ascertain by actual inquiry the secret of his illustrious life. For the very earliest condition of any success in a work of imitation must be the keen and delicate—that is, as we ought to term it, an artistic—appreciation of the pattern offered. Out of this would come swiftly a full glow of passionate love and enthusiasm.

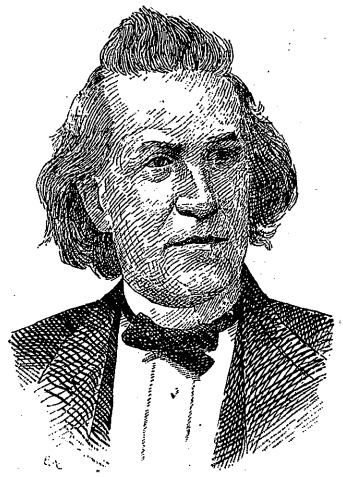
756 *"Jesus only."* 8s, 7s.

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

This hymn was written by the Rev. Elias Nason, and was sung with great power and



REV. ELIAS NASON.

pathos at his funeral. The author was a minister connected with the Congregationalist Church in New England, known and beloved for many vigorous and useful years. He was born at Wrentham, Mass., April 21, 1811. He says himself: "In looking over the genealogical papers in our old family Bible, I discover that I was introduced into this bright and beautiful world at two o'clock in the afternoon of the first Sunday after Easter." He prepared for college, 1828, at Wrentham Academy, and, 1829, at the school in Marlborough, and was admitted to the freshman class in Brown University, 1831. Teaching in the district schools, like many of the best men of New England, and in other ways carrying himself along through the costly years of study as they were in those days, he was graduated in due course in 1835. Then he commenced teaching at the South. He was married in Georgia to Miss Myra Anne Bigelow. He made public profession of religion in 1839, and shortly began study in preparation for the ministry. In 1849 he was licensed to preach, and he says he did it "with fear and trembling."

But he continued his profession of teaching, becoming the principal of the High School in Milford, Mass. Ultimately he was ordained as pastor of the Congregational church in Natick, Mass., May 5, 1852. Six years after he accepted a call from the Mystic Church, in Medford, Mass., "a church that receives its name, not from its doctrines, but from the river that

flows through the town." From this he resigned in 1860, and in the spring of 1861 was again settled in Exeter, New Hampshire.

When he left this, his last, charge in 1865, he purchased a farm in North Billerica, Mass., and took up his abode there. He named that beautiful homestead "Brightside" most appropriately, and there passed the remaining twenty years of his life. He was often preaching, sometimes assuming steady oversight of small churches for a while, lecturing and writing, editing books, and setting out trees, and in 1874 for a recess spending fourteen months in Europe. He celebrated his Golden Wedding, November 29, 1886. By this time he was well known as a hymnologist; in 1857 he had published his *Congregational Hymn Book*, really one of the best and tastefullest ever issued in New England; and in 1863 he was associated with Dr. Kirk in preparing the *Songs for Social and Public Worship*. In this latter volume the piece now before us appeared. It was written at Natick somewhere about 1856, and was first given to the public in the *Wellspring* of Boston, with the author's own music attached to it. Mr. Nason died at "Brightside," his home in North Billerica, June 17, 1887. Over the pulpit, appropriately wreathed with smilax, evergreen, and daisies, was a tablet with these words in white letters: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

757 *"With you always."* 8s, 7s.

ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," Matthew 28:20, is the text upon which the hymn before us is based. Its author is Rev. Edwin Henry Nevin, D. D., who, according to our present information, is residing in Philadelphia, Pa. He was born in Shippensburg, Pa., May 9, 1814, and received his education at Jefferson College and at Princeton Seminary. In 1842 he became President of Franklin College, and subsequently had charge of a number of Presbyterian churches. From 1857 to 1868, however, he was minister to two Congregational churches. For six years thereafter he was obliged to relinquish all pastoral work on account of ill-health; then he received a call to Lancaster, Pa., and went there as minister of the Reformed Church. Advancing years have compelled his retirement from active life. As to his poems, he says: "'Always with us' was written in 1857. My hymns were written chiefly on Sabbath evenings, after I had been preaching through the day, and was somewhat wearied with my labors. The exercise seemed to be a means of grace to my soul."

758 *A Living Christ.* 8s, 7s.

NOW I KNOW the great Redeemer,
Know he lives and spreads his fame;
Lives—and all the heavens adore him;
Lives—and earth resounds his name.

2 My Redeemer lives within me,
Lives—and heavenly life conveys;
Lives—and glory now surrounds me;
Lives—and I his name shall praise.

3 Pardon, peace, and full salvation
From my living Saviour flow;
Light, and life, and consolation—
All the good I e'er can know.

4 Soon shall I behold my Saviour;
He who lives and reigns above,
Lives—and I shall live for ever,
Live and sing redeeming love!

Four hundred and fifty-two hymns are accredited to Rev. Richard Burnham, the author of the piece before us. He was born in Guildford, Surrey, England, in 1749, and for many years had charge of two Baptist churches in London: the first in Little Chapel Street and the second in Grafton Street, Soho. Here he spent the greater part of his life, laboring earnestly in the cause of Christ, and writing most of his poems, which were sung by his own congregations. Indeed his *New Hymns on Divers Subjects*, 1783, was dedicated to his people. He died October 30, 1810, and was buried in Tottenham Court Chapel, London. The hymn we quote appeared in 1794 with the title, "The Advocate."

It is to be feared that many readers take the Gospels altogether in fragments; their investigations are disconnected and materialistic. An hour of chance perusal, a few verses here and there in one book to-day, and far away in another book to-morrow, will never give any one a balanced and complete knowledge of Jesus Christ's character as a beautiful whole. It would be like looking at a flower by a microscopic examination of one of its petals or a few of its pollen-grains, now a stem and then a stamen. We are in danger of losing all notion of symmetry, entirety, and living embodiment of perfected grace.

We could not analyze any man in this way. Moreover, we sometimes lose force in pursuit of external details. Plant us by the well in Samaria, and we fall to tracing its circumference with a measuring-line, and sounding its depth with a plummet, and trying to recall some remembrance of Jacob. Yet there sits the Master, waiting for us to look him in the face! Our entire being ought to be awake to its own overwhelming necessities, until we see in Jesus alone our everlasting and sufficient supply. He himself is the well of living water. Young Christians certainly are to read the Bible definitely, that it may disclose to them more of the Saviour. Our souls faint for help, and there in Jesus Christ we find it. As a Brazilian slave seeks in the deep bed of the river for diamonds, and sees nothing but diamonds, and gathers nothing but diamonds, and thinks the day dreary and disastrous when no diamonds are discovered, so we ought to study the Gospels for instruction concerning Christ, and feel that the study is lost when no instruction is gained concerning Christ.

759 *"Under his Shadow."* 7s.

SAVIOUR, let thy love for me
Keep me ever near to thee;
Here I feel no evil thing,
In the shadow of thy wing.

2 When the storms of care and doubt
Toss my weary soul about,
Then I flee for sheltering
To the shadow of thy wing.

3 In the light too great for me,
Blind and faint I come to thee;
Then, dear Lord, how comforting
Is the shadow of thy wing.

4 When my sorest troubles be,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Even sorrow then can bring
But the shadow of thy wing.

5 Soon the evening time will come,
Soon the darkness bring me home;
Still my happy soul will sing,
'Tis the shadow of thy wing.

6 Safe for ever to abide
Where the quiet waters glide,
Never more I need to cling
To the shadow of thy wing.

So meager are the details obtainable as to the personal history of Miss H. O. Knowlton, the author of the hymn before us, that we can say authoritatively only that she was at school in Illinois when she wrote the poem; that she has since married and gone to live in the West, and her name and identity, like those of many other good and talented women, are merged in those of her husband. But the few hymns she has left behind her are worth cherishing. This one in particular, first published in *Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-School*, 1878, with its perfect meter, its tasteful refrain, and its devout spirit, is popular, as it ought to be. She saw a matchless beauty in a verse of God's Word, and fixed it for ever in our memories: Psalm 63:7. Quickness in appreciation is very delicate, and seems sometimes a rare gift; but it can be cultivated even in confessedly dull people. We can become accustomed to detect the characteristics of our Master and Model in every line and verse of the inspired Word, if we sincerely and sedulously desire it.

And really it is worth the effort. When we journey around with him through the villages, go with him into the mountain to pray, sit with the eager multitudes that hear him preach, wonder with the hushed throngs of common people who marvel at his miracles—when we mark the tireless zeal to do good and be kind, the unflagging energy to relieve a widow's wail or an orphan's mourning, the infinite majesty preserved under pressure of undeserved abuse, the tender compassion, the considerate charity, the undisturbed meekness, the clear devotion to truth, the bending obedience of his prayerful will—oh, when we see all this, as well as the measureless repose of power in reserve, and the grandeur of single-hearted fidelity to purpose—when each grace and each beauty of that faultless Presence comes more and more frequently into view—when that recognized, beloved, well-known Form passes out and in under our eye, and we have already grown so alert as to catch its signs of coming, and our loving souls begin to watch for it more than they who watch for the morning—then, ever clearer and ever nearer, we behold him whom we long to see; then, too, the wish and the yearning become more and more desirous, until out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and praise becomes prayer: "Oh, that I might be like thee, O Immanuel! Oh, that I might myself resemble him I so much revere! Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee!"

760 *"I am what I am."* 7s.

BLESSED fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

5 Blessèd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

Taken from Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, Third Edition, 1809, where it is entitled "Fountain for Sin," and refers to Zechariah 13:1. It is recorded of Rev. John Newton that at family prayers he used to follow the passage of Scripture with some brief comment. One morning he had just read I. Corinthians 15: 9–11. Closing the Bible, he said, as if talking to himself: "I am not what I wish to be, I am not what I ought to be, I am not what I hope to be, but I am not what I was, and, by the grace of God, 'I am what I am'; let us pray."

761 *"The Name of Jesus."* 7s.

WARRIOR kings their titles gain
From the nations they enchain;
Jesus, thou by worthier deed
From the thousands thou hast freed—

2 Jesus—only name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Which can dying souls restore,
And give life for evermore.

3 Let not sins insane and base
From our rebel hearts efface
This blest name with blessings fraught,
By thy blood so dearly bought.

In the *Paris Breviary*, 1736, the Latin original of this hymn, "*Victis sibi cognomina*," is given for the "Feast of the Circumcision at Second Vespers." Its six stanzas are also to be found in Cardinal Newman's *Hymni Ecclesiæ;* translated into English, they appear in Chandler's *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837. It seems likely that the work of rendering into English was done by the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, with perhaps a reference to what had been accomplished by others. The value of the little cento of verses here lies in its disclosure of the strange reversal of conditions under the Gospel plan of salvation. Warrior kings are famous for conquering: Jesus is glorious in freeing. Wonderful conflict is that of a sinner for his redemption; he stoops that he may rise; the soul that surrenders gains the victory, and he who is triumphed over wears the crown.

762 *The name "Jesus."* 7s.

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall his people save."

4 Jesus! only name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

Bishop William Walsham How has in common use more than sixty hymns, of which this is to be reckoned as among the simplest and the best. It was included in *Psalms and Hymns*, compiled by himself with Rev. Thomas Baker Morrell, 1854. The Scripture reference is to the account given of the annunciation and birth of the Saviour: Matthew 1: 18-21. Jesus came to "save his people from their sins." No scheme of religion can be of any avail to the fallen race of men that does not make provision for sin.

763 *"Immanuel."* 7s.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

This is No. 37, Book II., of the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, and was composed by Rev. John Newton. It celebrates the incarnation of "Immanuel," God with us, "Lord and Friend." This poet, having such a vivid sense of what he owed to divine grace, was pressed by gratitude unspeakable to sing and pray and preach. No wonder he cries out, "Who should louder sing than I?" He felt that if he should be silent the very stones would speak. There is an interesting passage in Dibdin's *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, worth quoting just here. He says: "I remember, when a lad of about fifteen, being taken by my uncle to hear the well-

known Mr. Newton, the friend of Cowper, the poet, preach his wife's funeral sermon in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street. Newton was then well-stricken in years, with a tremulous voice, and in the costume of the full-bottomed wig of the day. He had, and always had, the entire possession of the ear of his congregation. He spoke at first feebly and leisurely; but as he warmed, his ideas and his periods seemed mutually to enlarge; the tears trickled down his cheeks, and his action and expression were at times quite out of the ordinary course of things. He always preached extemporaneously. It was as the '*mens agitans molem et magno se corpore miscens.*' In fact the preacher was *one* with his *discourse*. To this day I have not forgotten his text; it was in Habakkuk 3: 17, 18. 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'"

764 "*Altogether lovely.*" 7s.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light;
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

This is a translation by Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox, who is well known for her success in that department of literature. In 1841 she published in London a collection of about fifty pieces, entitled, *Sacred Hymns from the German*, among which this appeared. The author of the original poem was Johann Scheffler, a Silesian born at Breslau. His father was a member of the Polish nobility who had been forced to leave his native land because of his adherence to Lutheranism, and the boy was educated strictly in that communion. He studied at the University of Padua, graduating in 1648. On his return he was appointed private physician to the Duke of Württemberg-Oels, but he had already begun to waver in his religious ideas, and the severe Lutheranism of the court did not suit him. In Holland formerly he had met with the writings of Jakob Böhme, and he was so strongly influenced by them that when he wished to publish a volume of poems, the permission was refused by the court authorities on account of the mystical tendency shown in them. Soon after he resigned his post and went to Breslau, where he became acquainted with the Jesuits, who introduced him to the study of mediæval mysticism in the Roman Catholic Church. In 1653 he was formally received into that communion, and took the name of "Angelus," probably after a Spanish mystic of the sixteenth century. He finally decided to enter the priesthood, and was ordained in 1661. His death occurred at a monastery in Breslau, July 9, 1677. Scheffler was a voluminous writer, but deserves a lofty place in German hymnody. Many of his works were long supposed to be anonymous; the "A.," for *Johann Angelus*, being often interpreted as *Incerti Autoris*. "A large number are hymns almost perfect in style and beauty of rhythm, the fruits indeed of mysticism, but chastened and kept in bounds by deep reverence, and by a true and fervent love to the Saviour."

765 "*To live is Christ.*" 7s.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D. D., in 1803, published his *Selection of Hymns*, to which, in its fifth edition, 1817, he appended a *Supplement;* in this the hymn now before us appeared as No. 458. It was in two parts, thirteen stanzas of four lines in all. From these the verses in common use have been chosen. The reference is to Philippians 1:21: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Little attention is paid nowadays to this old announcement of the apostle Paul. A man who should soberly assert that he

was going to construct a life upon such a plain declaration would be voted a lunatic by most of his fellows. Indeed, real religious self-denial has always been deemed weakness. A hundred and fifty years ago people in Great Britain who spoke the colloquial English language—so the pious old Gurnall tells us—signified their contemptuous estimation of exact unworldliness by the nickname they gave. They said of a silly fool, "He is an Abraham." And those of us who were reared in New England will not need to be reminded that even now the villagers speak of a temperate young man, weak in the head, as a "Josey." Abraham left a good place for a poorer at the call of the Lord. And Joseph refused sin when it came to him without the seeking. The world will never count such things as wise policies. Most men are commonplace and low in all their estimates of daily existence. To grow rich seems to many only a chance to grow luxurious. It is said that John Jacob Astor once replied to an inquisitive man, who asked him how much money he had, "Just enough, sir, so that I can eat one dinner a day!" How much wealth would a man need to enable him to eat two? And does a man want to wear his overcoat in the summer months for fear people will think he cannot afford one?

766 *"He first loved us."* 7s.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Many volumes of poems for children bear the name of Miss Jane Elizabeth Leeson, and the piece we quote is taken from her *Hymns and Scenes of Childhood*, 1842; but of the lady herself we can discover no particulars whatever. She has made a number of meritorious translations from the German and the Latin, and some of her lyrical songs are in common use, both in Great Britain and in America. It really seems as if we might deplore that the facts, concerning the life of one whose words indicate a most interesting character, rich in spiritual experience, are not to be obtained. This hymn makes a refrain out of a text of Scripture, I. John 4:19. We love Jesus Christ because he first loved us; that puts the new principle of love into our souls; thenceforth all existence is welcome and bright, happy and holy; and thus a genuine Christian becomes joyous as he sings. It is a frightful mistake to suppose, and a willful perversion to assert, that Christianity as a scheme of faith is tame, insipid, and lifeless. It ought not to be considered even witty to quote in such a connection Job's petulant words: "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" For the fact is, the religion of Jesus Christ can lift the heart and satisfy the soul better than anything else that is known to fallen and saddened men. The gospel restores the race and purifies the world. And if human beings hold their peace, "the stones would immediately cry out" with some glad hosanna of their own.

767 *"Christ, the Crucified."* 7s. 5l.

ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy translated this hymn from the "*Wollt ihr wissen was mein Preis?*" of Rev Johann Christoph Schwedler. This good man was born at Krobsdorf, December 21, 1672. He became pastor at Niederwiese, in Germany, in 1701, and died there suddenly, January 12, 1730. The version into English is found in Dr. Kennedy's *Hymnologia Christiana*, 1863. The theme of the song is that Jesus Christ is what "stirs" the Christian's heart. "The grand natural feature of our northern life," said Frederika Bremer, "is a conquered winter." There can be no doubt that the extreme temperature of those almost arctic regions of Sweden needs warm hearts and inventive minds to render them endurable. The fierce blasts chill the blood; vivacity and good cheer must be had in order to make its currents flow again. And so, as the tourists tell us,

you will find, while you journey through Norway or Sweden, as well as Northern Denmark, the hospitable lights gleaming in low windows with a new friendliness of welcome, the great fires roaring in the capacious chimneys, and simple-hearted neighbors coming every evening to cluster at each other's board. There are innocent entertainments for the elders, intricate puzzle-games for the children, and for the youths and maidens (telling the never-old story) brave legends and sweet songs. Thus the iciness of those Scandinavian climates melts in the glow of charity and kindly offices of considerate regard. The secret of the genial villagers' success lies in the fact that they not only subdue the winter, but also ingeniously reproduce some sort of organization—like summer—in its place.

See here a symbol of the task which a living Christianity has set for itself to accomplish. It is no more nor less than a positive triumph over the unregenerate winter in the hearts of men at large. The gospel proposes to introduce into all the torpor now reigning in sinful humanity a vital cheer and charm, which shall kindle it to attractiveness, and bring back to it a semblance, at least, of the summer day of its purity and peace. We cannot banish winter, but we can conquer it.

768 *Loving and Beloved.* C. M.

Do NOT I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

This is No. 246 in Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, 1755. There it bears the title, "Appeal to Christ for the Sincerity of Love to Him." The turn of admonition is reached in the third stanza: would our love for the Saviour constrain us to love those whom he loves? The answer is easy: the fact is, love is of itself a force. Love urges to activity. Love wins to love. A teacher brought one of her Bible-class to me; she tried to conceal her anxiety and restrain her emotion. But the boy caught a glimpse of the real tears which she could not keep back from her eyes; and then he listened. Once an active merchant told me a lamentable tale of his bookkeeper; he desired me to interpose and save the young man from ruin. But never should I have reached the heart of the clerk if I had not happened to say his employer's voice faltered when he spoke of him; for so he knew his master *cared* for his good. Once I mentioned to a clergyman that perhaps I could help a disabled shoemaker with some little work, if he would come and see me soon. And next week I learned that this faithful friend, a city missionary, walked six cold miles that winter evening to tell the cobbler his good news before the midnight. And if ever I straitened myself to get a place for a man, I did then for him. For a man *loved* him, and then so did I.

Hence the whole truth is in the statement: we love Christ because he loved us first. Then the love of Christ constrains us to seek others and lead them to love him; and we teach them to love a Saviour they never saw by showing them how much we love him. Thus we unconsciously grow Christ-like ourselves, for his Spirit dwells within us. We learn to love human beings because Christ loved the lost race they belong to. And then men, seeing we love them, love us and our work. And so the way is wide open to win them to God.

769 *"He is precious."* C. M.

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

Another hymn by the old Nonconformist preacher of Sudbury, England, Rev. Ottiwell Heginbothom, published in Collyer's *Collection*, 1812. Some critics there are who dislike such strains of sentiment as these; they are wont to speak disparagingly of the writer. No man's personal piety can be registered according to the estimate which even his best friends or worst enemies have of it. Yet

we must reach some sort of adjustment in our association with each other; that is true. It is reported of Chalmers, that while listening to the converse of McCheyne and Burns and the Bonars, and hearing them say "Precious Jesus" so much, he exclaimed, "A most excellent brotherhood of men, if only they might have done with their *nursery endearments!*" We call all of them—Chalmers and the rest—the saintliest of God's people; but to them he appeared hard, and to him they appeared soft, yet they bore with each other. The thing seems almost inconceivable, that there should anybody try to cherish a faith which is all intellectuality, or an activity which is all bustle, or a love which is all gushing. For the symmetry of real religion is its most noble characteristic. Such a man as it necessitates will be all the more a *man* because of its possession. There will be in him no mere cold, crisp orthodoxy; though he certainly will have a faith. There will be in him no stiffness of routine or ritual drill; though he certainly will be found working in worship. There will be in him no soft sentimentalism that exhausts itself in singing; though he will joy quietly in the Lord when the day's labor is over. But there will be in him a living personality of the indwelling Christ.

770 *Psalm 71.* C. M.

My Saviour! my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust:
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 71, Second Part, C. M. It has for its title, to show its evangelical character, "Christ our Strength and Righteousness."

771 *His name Jesus.* C. M.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes! thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

This is to be found in Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, 1755. It is entitled, "Christ precious to the Believer," and is dated, "October 23, 1717." The Greeks at the feast said, "We would see Jesus." Absalom, restored from banishment, was right when he exclaimed, "It is to little purpose I am come to Jerusalem, if I may not see the king's face." Alas, it would be of no avail for one of us to enter heaven, if we might not see God! But purity is the condition of such a prospect. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Growth in grace is part of Christian duty. We shall be exactly like Christ, when we shall see him as he is. We should begin to resemble him now. "I do not want to be like Paul, or Apollos, or any mere man," wrote the indefatigable Judson; "I want to be like Christ. We have only one perfect example—perfectly safe—only one, who, tempted like as we are in every point, is yet without sin. I want to follow him only: copy his teachings, drink in his spirit, place my feet in his footprints, and measure their shortcomings by these and these alone. Oh, to be more like Christ day by day!"

772 *"He is precious."* C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton loved much because he had been forgiven much. He put this song of a grateful heart into *Olney Hymns*, 1779, for the use of those who would be willing to accept it. It is the exuberant outflow of his whole soul into enthusiasm of loyalty and longing for his Saviour. To some it would seem extravagant. That depends upon the temperament of the singer. To many people

it is easy to be calm and self-possessed in their piety. To others it is actually a conflict to avoid being boisterous and to keep themselves within bounds. Lavater, the physiognomist, used to say: "The qualities of a man's friends will generally be those of his enemies; cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends."

It is not necessary in this imperfect and confused world that one should absolutely force his piety to become either very efficient or very offensive. Mere decorousness to a creditable line of observances and requirements, external and conspicuous, is about all he can be compelled to sustain. It is even possible for a Christian to quiet the monitions of conscience, and keep down worldly opposition, so as to move along with his general religiousness quite unquestioned. Albeit in this case his personal zeal for Christ will have to be assumed as being of a somewhat undisturbing or mild type. If it chances at any time to become emotional, or to attempt any vigor of exercise, it will probably provoke violence, and perhaps invite peril. It is easy always for a person, with sufficiently resolute will, to keep this amount of religious life quite in hand, and avoid unnecessary exposure. It is not likely of itself to put on any extravagance, and ultimately the peaceful soul may get into heaven, through some awful grace of convulsing experience at the last, as Lot was wrenched out of Sodom under a hail-storm of merciful fire.

773 *"Jesus only."* C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

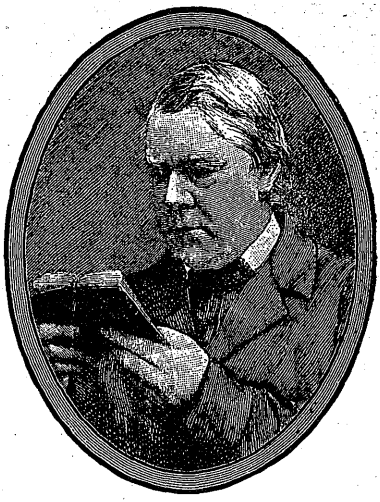
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

The original Latin, *"Jesu, dulcis memoria,"* of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, has never found a better translation into English than Rev. Edward Caswall has given to it here. Of course only a small portion of either is ever used in modern worship. The



EDWARD CASWALL.

translation consists of fifty stanzas, from which our present hymn is compiled. It first appeared in *Lyra Catholica*, 1849. One might call this poem the finest in the world, and be within the limits of all extravagance. It was written about the time of the Second Crusade, as near 1150 as one would venture to guess. The knights and soldiers used to sing it as they kept their guard around the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.

774 *"Master Mine."* S. M.

DEAR Lord and Master mine!
Thy happy servant see:
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast;
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine!
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King!
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

Another of Thomas Hornblower Gill's unusual hymns, quaint, simple, original, characteristic. This was published in his *Golden Chain of Praise*, 1869, written the year before. He reiterates the old wish to be a "servant" in this fresh name for Jesus, "Dear

Lord and Master mine!" He entitled the piece "Resignation," for he was probably weak and in trouble as he sang it; but he continues to be active, doing his work, a "servant true" to the end. The Church is sadly in want of such patient people; we need men—need them now supremely—ready for great, plain, unromantic duties! We are in deplorable lack of men and women who love God with all their hearts, and who love their fellow-men as they do themselves. We need men and women whose souls grow fresher and younger each time they come to the Lord's table. This age of ours, cold and uncompromising, thoroughly disrespectful and suspicious of all shams, demands a new piety: a piety frank in rebuking sin and firm in resisting it, but tender and merciful when it seeks to lift the man who is defiled by it. It clamors now for no singular or dramatic experiences of conversion, least of all a something called a second conversion. He who is the meetest of saints for the kingdom of heaven, he who is the surest to enter heaven, may not at all be the one who has the most graphic story to tell of conviction and wrestle, succeeded by some disclousre of sunshiny and bird-singing peace afterward; nor he who has the longest and most voluble formulas of prayer to rehearse on sudden public call. It is possible that it may be even that unsuspected believer who trusts Christ in the humblest way, dependent on him for pardon, and he whose whole life is milder and mellower as he moves patiently on toward its end and crown.

775 *None but Jesus.* S. M.

My God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

This is No. 93 in Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, Book II. It has eight stanzas, and bears the title, "God all, and in all, Psalm 73:25." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

776 *"Jesus is my friend."* C. M.

Since Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Miss Catharine Winkworth is the translator of this beautiful poem, but it is the proper composition of Rev. Paul Gerhardt, of Saxony. The whole piece may be found in *Lyra Germanica*, first series, in twelve double stanzas, from which several hymns, as now used, have been compiled for various hymnals. It commences in the German: "*Ist Gott fur mich, so trete.*" Those who have traced it back say it was written about the year 1656, and is based upon Romans 8:31–39. The vicissitudes of this wonderful man's life wrought their way into the triumphs of his songs. He was at times weak and sick; he was bereaved; he was to a certain extent persecuted, so that he used to speak of some serious troubles he had as his "small Berlin sort of martyrdom;" but faith never wavered nor grew cold in his heart. He often smiled and sang "for very joy," as if indeed he saw "naught but sunshine glad" on his way to God.

777 *Unseen, we love.* S. M.

Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

This familiar little hymn with its three stanzas unchanged appears as No. 108 in Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, Book I. It is entitled, "Christ unseen and beloved," and refers to

I. Peter 1:8. True affection always has in it an element of idealism. It seems to see the one beloved when he is not visible. The boy at college thinks of the home faces. The widow watches her young children as if she felt that the eyes of her husband were gently and unwaveringly watching her through the long years while she is trying to remember his wishes in bringing them up. Two friends, very intimate, worried once over a locket which one wore but seemed shy about opening. One wished to learn the secret; the other was reluctant, always unwilling to loosen the clasp. At last she consented, and her friend found only the words: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

778 *Psalm* 23. S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guide me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

No hand has ever ventured to touch these six beautiful verses since the day they were earliest printed in Dr. Isaac Watts' versions of the *Psalms*. They stand as a memorial of what the "father of hymnology" could do at his best. Other men have used the same first line for compositions of their own; but even their work has not displaced the old song for the children which the childless poet gave to the ages.

779 "*To live is Christ.*" C. M.

JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

3 His word of promise is my food.
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While he prepares my crown.

Among Rev. John Newton's contributions to the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, is to be found one commencing, "From pole to pole let others roam." It has six stanzas from which by some unknown hand long ago these now before us were selected for common use in American collections. The original title was, "The Lord is my portion." We might always take it for granted that there is something in plain, commonplace heroism that is calculated to move men. The ancients used to say, "A good man struggling with adversity is a sight for the gods to look at!" Human sympathy is one of the motives within us easiest to arouse and most effective to energize into service. Personal pain has in it an element of personal power. Mortified pride; poverty of spirit; physical discomfort; bereavement of friends; thwarting of hopes; encroachment of disease; the prospect of death; misapprehension, misjudgment and injustice; indeed, anything or everything which wounds or worries the human heart, has in it a resident and unmistakable force. The Jews missed their aim when they made Paul a martyr. He that bears nobly and never breaks; he that endures to the end, and still holds on—he that learns to suffer silently, and continue true; he it is who will quietly draw the world after him; the things which happen to him will certainly fall out to the furtherance of the cause he loves.

780 *Psalm* 23. C. M.

THE Lord 's my Shepherd, I 'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous probably took the text of this paraphrase of Psalm 23 from Whittingham's *One and fiftie Psalmes of Dauid*, published in Geneva in 1556. It appeared in his version of the *Psalms* in 1641, and in the *Scottish Psalter* in 1650. It is still in use in Scotland, and is to be found in nearly all English and American hymnals. Very likely it would be considered as the best piece of work in the poetry of the Scottish Church. Its author was an English lawyer, born at Halton, Cornwall, in 1579, who studied at Broadgate Hall, Oxford. After his admission to the Bar he became Member of Parliament for Truro, during the reigns of James and of Charles I.; and later sat for Devonshire and for Cornwall. Cromwell placed him in several positions of honor; he was Provost at Eton, and a member of the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines and of the Privy Council. He died at Acton, January 7, 1659, and was buried in the chapel of Eton College.

781 *Christ, our Model.* C. M.

O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire—

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our life express
The image of thine own.

This is a translation of another part of St. Bernard's hymn, "*Jesu, dulcis memoria*," by Rev. Edward Caswall, who gave us the fine version commencing, "Jesus, the very thought of thee," which we had before. It is to be found in *Lyra Catholica*, 1849. This portion begins, "*Jesu, Rex admirabilis.*"

782 *"He first loved us."* C. M.

O BLESSED Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, we give our thoughts, our hearts,
Our lives, our all to thee.

2 We love thee for the glorious worth
Which in thyself we see:
We love thee for that cross of shame
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die,
Thou for thine enemies wast slain:
What love with thine can vie?

4 Make us like thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace;
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold thy face.

The original poem by Rev. Joseph Stennett, published in his *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1697, began with the line, "My blessed Saviour, is thy love." These four stanzas are in common use now, but many alterations seem to be freely made. The sentiment is what gives the song its welcome in the churches. Christ loves us; he loves us when we are not lovely. All our love simply grows out of his: "We love him because he first loved us." But why did he first love us? There was nothing in fallen man to attract admiration. We love what is lovely; we believe God does the same. But we are all in ruins. Jonathan loved David because he was so brave and noble as he told about Goliath. Nor was this love of God drawn out toward men by any reason of promise for the future. Pharoah's daughter heard the cry of a babe in the bulrushes; she whispered contemptuously of it, "It is only one of the Hebrews' children!" But when the attendant stooped down to pick it up, she saw it was a "goodly child," and something might be made of it if only she would give it a little fairer chance. But we never had any hope of betterment by ourselves. Nor even was this divine love drawn out toward us by any affection that we still retained for him. He knows how we naturally feel toward him. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." The love we live upon is the sovereign, unconstrained gift of our God. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

783 *"Humble Thoughts."* C. M.

OUR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are thy care,
May live in us and grow.

2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in thy sight.

3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.

4 Hear us, our Saviour! ours thou art,
Though we are not like thee;
Give us thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

In pursuing our purposes of annotation we meet among the rest of our lyric poets the famous British author, George MacDonald. He is a clergyman, and yet he declines the title; he is one who has received the literary degree of LL. D., and still no one would know him as Dr. MacDonald. A poet who has published several volumes of exquisite verse, he has very rarely been found among the authors in the hymn-books. Indeed, we do not happen ever to have discovered more than just one hymn in the church collections for worship—the one now before us. No one knows when or why this singularly beautiful piece was composed. It came quietly within our range of observation while we were studying an English hymnal which has hardly forced its way at all on this side of the sea.

George MacDonald was born in Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, December 10, 1824. His father was a descendant of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and this son graduated at the University of Aberdeen, studied theology in Owen's College, Manchester, and for several years was a preacher in the Independent or Congregational Church in Surrey and Sussex, in England. He finally left the pulpit, with the view of devoting himself more directly to literature, as his books were multiplying upon his hands and his fame was extending over the world. It has been announced, also, that some difficulties as to his doctrinal belief rendered it more convenient for him to leave the communion to which he at first belonged and become connected with the Episcopal Church of England. For a while he was the principal of a seminary in London. He was ordained in that body as a clergyman, and from time to time he has appeared occasionally in the metropolitan pulpit, where he is always welcome. His sermons are generally delivered without notes, and in character are mostly expository. He is a subtle preacher, almost a mystic. His intensely sympathetic temperament, combined with his delicately-organized imagination, renders him impetuous and headlong in his conclusions.

This author is now an elderly man, with long bushy beard grown gray with the years. We have deliberately chosen out of many portraits fashioned of him at different periods of his life this one that accompanies our sketch. It represents him with striking vividness as the man who stood by our side in the Memorial Church in New York city, May, 1873, and delivered an unwritten discourse on the text: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." No one of all the vast audience who listened that morning ever forgot what he heard. The fortieth chapter of Isaiah, which the preacher read at the beginning of the service, took on a new meaning as the matchlessly sympathetic cadences of his voice rose and fell with a kind of intonation peculiarly his own, defying all rules of rhetorical or elocutionary rendering, and yet wonderfully effective: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." His great fame since has been gained through his creation of the modern religious novel, but we remember him best as a preacher.

The characteristic excellence which attracts readers to the stories of this well-known author is this: he loves his fellow-men. His heart is with their hearts. His hand is out toward every one to give help from the human clasp. He cares no more for titles than did Sir Gibbie himself. He cares only to lift and to cheer, to prompt and to teach the one he touches with the message he brings.

784 *"Altogether Lovely."* C. M.

My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord!

By many of the best critics this has been pronounced the most brilliant piece of real poetry that Dr. Isaac Watts ever wrote. It is No. 54 in Book II. of his *Hymns*. The figures, the rhythm, the spirit, all are of the highest order. The one thought pervading the verses is that in all the exhilaration of this world there is a false note; there can be no joy except "the joy of the Lord." The ancient motto—"Speak fair words and you will hear kind echoes"—is not exactly true in such a world as ours. Something ridiculously mortifying always happens to the one whom the populace praises into conceit. I read only a little while ago in Greek history, that Æschylus, the poet, was so celebrated by many in his time that they raised the story that he could not die save by a blow from high heaven. And, indeed, it so happened that an eagle flew up with a tortoise in his talons, and, desiring to break the shell, mistook the tragedian's bald head for a stone, and so let the heavy reptile come down on it: thus was fulfilled the precious oracle. Nobody, however, learns the lesson. Yet the number of "pierced" men increases, and a morose feeling of discontent fills the air with complaints of injustice. Moments of success are often moments of mourning. Men at the top of things are oftener cynical than contented. They have reached their so-called prosperity just as they have lost the power to enjoy it. So they greet your congratulations with a reply from the Spanish book of proverbs: "The gods give plenty of almonds to the toothless!"

Hence it comes to pass that we can find a large class of men concealing their real disappointment under a sort of vail of philosophy. They say they have reached rest at last; ambition is satisfied; strife is over; all is calm. But their tranquility is only the shame of what novelists call disenchantment, their passionless quiet is only satiety, their serenity is only disgust. It makes us think of that pathetic little card which went the rounds in the war: a great river swelling on in the moonlight, two or three hillocks with headboards white under the trees, no living thing beside the soldiers' graves, and the motto "All quiet on the Potomac." So worldlings quiet down at the last; the fight has brought no victory, the weary march has caught no triumph; the light is but a night-light, the stillness is nothing more than the solemnity of death.

785 *Evening Song to Christ.* C. M.

To thee, O Christ, we ever pray,
And blend our prayer with tears:
Thou pure and holy One, alway
Protect our night of years!

2 Our hearts shall be at rest in thee,
In sleep they dream thy praise;
And to thy glory faithfully
They hail the coming days.

3 Give us a life that cannot fail!
Refresh our spirits then;
Let blackest night before thee pale;
And bring thy light to men.

4 Our vows in song we pay thee still,
And, at this evening hour,
May all that we have purposed ill
Be right through perfect power.

Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield announces this as a rendering of the hymn, "*Christi precamur annue*," of Ennodius, Bishop of Pavia, who lived in the fifth century. It was written in 1883 for *Laudes Domini*, where it first appeared. It is a very beautiful evening song, addressed directly to the Lord Jesus Christ; the real spirit of supplication breathes through every one of its lines. "Prayer," wrote an old Nonconformist once, "is the rope in the belfry; we pull it, and it is sure to ring the bell up in heaven. We may not hear the strokes, but they sound aloft in the tower."

786 *Strength, Fortress, Refuge.* C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

"Theodosia" gave as her title to this, possibly the most popular of all the pieces she published in her *Poems*, 1760, "God the only Refuge of the Troubled Mind." If Miss Anne Steele has no other memorial than her songs, she will still have an undying remembrance in the hearts of those she has comforted. There are two dangers usually to be appre-

hended in the case of those who are afflicted severely with sickness, especially if it be prolonged into invalidhood and continued pain—sinning and sinking; and either of these would be fatal to all true advancement. When a believer is smitten terribly, he is not always just in the mood to be reasonable. Every nerve is quivering with agony; he cannot see the wisdom nor the fairness of its infliction. "None out of hell," says good Bishop Hall, "have suffered so much as some of God's children." And when, in the depths of a new and overwhelming desolation, the afflicted man marks only the clouds of his trouble, it is possible that his patience should give way, and that his willfulness should explode into almost impious violence of passionate rebellion. There is no relief in this and it is a sin.

The more common danger for a Christian under trial is that he shall sink into a state of stupor, of listlessness, or despair. A great numbness settles upon the soul. There are pains which lie a great distance lower than the bottom of the grave. The poet Cowper, tearing out a leaf from his own awful experience, says: "There are as truly things which it is not lawful for man to utter as those were which Paul heard and saw in the third heaven; if the ladder of Christian life reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, it nevertheless has its foot in the very abyss." Under an abiding blackness of darkness like this, some believers cannot prevail upon themselves to look towards any proffered light. It seems to them that something has got astray, the universe is misruled by a fate, the devil is triumphant, and it is no use to fight; it is just as well to cover up one's face. So they reason and grow sullen.

Now against both of these baleful postures of mind, the passionate and the listless, does this thought of preaching the gospel from a pulpit of patient suffering for the great glory of God array itself. It is wise to keep in mind the fact that souls may be won to the cross by a life on a sick-bed just as well as by a life in a cathedral desk. Pure submission is as good as going on a foreign mission.

"So speak we fervent: I have learned by knocking at heaven's gate
The meaning of one golden word that shines above it—'Wait!'
For, with the Master whom we serve, is not to ride or run,
But only to abide his will—well waited is well done!"

787 "*Whom unseen, we love.*" C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The vail of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

At the time of Dr. Ray Palmer's death, it was feared by some who loved him very much, so commanding was the fame of "My faith looks up to Thee," that its author was in danger of being considered "a hymnist of one hymn." Few singers, on sudden call, could repeat a list of first lines by which his best compositions besides that might be chosen for a funeral service in the various churches. None of them had, in all the years, become as familiar as that one. Now it is known that he himself thought this to be his best production, certainly next to that earliest of them all. It was one of its stanzas, the last in number, which he was overheard to repeat, in his feebleness, on the day before he died; and he was wont to call attention modestly to it when he was questioned by the compilers who wished to know his preferences.

It was composed in Albany, N. Y., in 1858; he entitled it, "Christ Loved though Unseen," and affixed to it a clause from I. Peter 1:8. The publication of it was first made in the *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, 1858. The venerable author in person related the origin of it, disclosing a curious experience, which, to those who knew him, illustrates a certain kind of mysticism in the devotion and affection he felt for the Saviour, characteristic of some of his highest moods. He said he was seated at his study table preparing a sermon which had Christ for its special theme. Needing a volume in his closed bookcase, he arose and opened the door. To his surprise the very book appeared just at his hand. At once this suggested to his imagination that in some such way the countenance of Jesus Christ would be unvailed to Christians; this thought immediately possessed his mind, and so filled him with emotion that he turned back to his desk, interrupting the sermon by the composition of the hymn. And this was the result of his real experience.

788 *"Not seen, ye love."* 8s. D.

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power—
Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh, then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored!

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

This hymn in its original form began with the line, "To Jesus, the crown of my hope," but the arrangement of the stanzas was altered in order to render the divisions of eight lines more easy and natural. It does not appear with most of William Cowper's hymns in the *Olney Collection*, but it has always been accredited to him, and is supposed to have been the last one he ever wrote, 1783. It is certainly worth preserving for its unusual meter, as well as its wide popularity on both sides of the sea. Such a song of love and aspiration expresses in glowing words the believer's comfort in holding communion even here and now, once in a while, with a Redeemer out of sight. Under the ancient dispensation, the high priest wore golden bells upon his garment. While he was inside of the tabernacle curtains, the small, sweet sound of their ringing could be heard by the faithful people. Christ, the high-priest of our profession, is just for a while out of our reach, within the vail of the sanctuary above; a chastened imagination can almost hear him making ready to come forth to us. We must "endure, as seeing him who is invisible." And every joy we have is a foretaste and an evidence of the fullness of joy hereinafter to be revealed.

789 *Psalm* 23. P. M.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

Rev. Henry Williams Baker, minister and baronet, has done much admirable work for the singing people of God; but there is nothing in it better than this beautiful version of Psalm 23. And Dr. Dykes' tune, *Dominus Regit*, is as fine as the hymn. The date of the composition is 1868, and it was first published in the *Appendix to Hymns, Ancient and Modern*. The last two lines of the third verse were the final words of the author, spoken just before he died. The sheep had at last been brought into the fold on the Shepherd's shoulder.

790 *An ancient Hymn.* P. M.

JESUS, name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesus, source of grace completest,
Jesus, purest, Jesus, sweetest,
Jesus, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Thou didst call the prodigal:
Thou didst pardon Mary:
Thou whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary;
Lord, to heal my lost condition,
Give—for thou canst give—contrition;
Thou canst pardon all my ill
If thou wilt;—oh, say, "I will!"

4 Woe, that I have turned aside
After fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have faintly tried
For the heavenly treasure!
Treasure, safe in home supernal,
Incorruptible, eternal:
Treasure no less price hath won
Than the passion of the Son.

5 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, in agony,
That thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

6 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher:
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;
Tell me, "Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with me to-day."

Theoctistus of the Studium was one of the monks of the great Greek monastery at Constantinople during the latter part of the ninth century. This friend of St. Joseph, whose hymn we have had before, wrote a piece called in the professional language of such ecclesiastics, a "Suppliant Canon to Jesus." It was from this that we received the cento which Dr. John Mason Neale rendered into the English hymn now before us, found in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. It is odd in its meter, and the tune is odder still. We have found the adaptation generally impracticable for a congregation, or even for an ordinary church choir, and have been constrained to provide other music in the *New Laudes Domini*. But the hymn is excellent; it is fairly fascinating with its quick allusions to the life of our Lord.

791 "*I will come to you.*" 11s.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessèd Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

We have always congratulated ourselves for having introduced this one of Dr. Ray Palmer's hymns to the Christian public. It was printed in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865. It is rich with feeling, devotion, and cheerfulness. The reproach which a ribald world keeps leveling at the church is that all human hope and joy, all exuberance of a contented and happy heart, are heavily repressed by rigid rules of behavior; men are thundered at by the "thou shalt nots" of the Decalogue, and (all fun one side) it does have a "dampening effect" upon everybody to walk along on the verge of the tomb moaning over melancholy prayers.

The picture here offered furnishes an exquisite reply to sneers like this. We have all seen those cunning clocks from Switzerland, hung on work-room walls, so contrived that, as they tell the hours patiently off with hands accurately running across the dial, they shall also with each regular stroke of the bell instantly burst into some lively little tune, and play through the succeeding minutes until sober ticking of real work should be needed again. And then it would be found that no valuable force had been wasted. Not a second had been lost, in the time of the day, for all the sweet recreation of the music. The whole room seemed brighter and happier for the sudden strain which came forth from the mechanism. Yet it was the same weights that moved the pendulum which also swept the unseen fingers over the hidden wires; it was just work, with its solemn purpose unchanged, which did the singing. Some Christians can keep this up exactly for a long lifetime of love and labor. These will understand precisely what Paul means here: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." "The devil," said Martin Luther once, "is afraid of good singing!"

792 "*Distresses for Christ's sake.*" 11s.

FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss!
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;

3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed!

Mrs. Caroline (Fry) Wilson was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and was born at Tunbridge Wells, England, December 31, 1787. She published many volumes, among them being *A History of England in Verse*, 1801; *A Poetical Catechism*, 1821; *Serious Poetry*, 1822. In 1831 she became the wife of a Mr. Wilson, and died in her native town, September 17, 1846. Mrs. Wilson wrote an *Autobiography* which gave many incidents of her somewhat eventful career, and this was published in 1843 with her letters and some of her fugitive pieces. She was a woman of much force and of earnest piety. She had long seasons of invalidhood; and she has wrought her lessons of experience into this

hymn. One thinks of Paul's thorn in the flesh, and his thanksgiving for pain, II. Corinthians 12 : 10.

793 *"Look unto Me."* 6s, 4s.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

The story of this sacred song, the most famous, perhaps, and certainly one of the most useful, belonging to modern times, has been often told. The author, Dr. Ray Palmer, gave the facts some years ago to a religious paper in London; he said it was written in New York in the house of a lady who kept the school in which he was a teacher. It was not prompted by any outward circumstances, nor had it any special call as a composition. He was then in poor health, and was near twenty-two years of age. "It was born in my heart, and demanded expression," the poet has revealed since. "There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship. I gave form to what I felt, by writing the stanzas, with little effort. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and penned the last line with tears." This was in 1830, and the poem did not see the light again till 1831. Lowell Mason and Thomas Hastings were then compiling a small book called *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*; it was a passing request made by Dr. Mason that Dr. Palmer would contribute to this, which brought out the hitherto unknown piece of poetry, in the recesses of a pocket-book. They were in Boston at the time. While the compiler waited, the composer went into a convenient store and copied the verses without any comment on either side; then each proceeded on his way. Dr. Mason wrote for the hymn the tune "Olivet;" which has kept its company for all these wedded years with a sweet fidelity that no loving man has ever dared to disturb. Two or three days later, Mr. Mason said, as he met his friend again: "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years, and do many good things, but I believe you will be best known to posterity as the author of the hymn, 'My faith looks up to thee.'"

794 *"Jesus, my Lord."* 6s, 4s.

Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessèd son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I 'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

Another of the hymns of Rev. James George Deck, interesting because of its brightness and because of its refrain, and because of the tune "Lyte" which has carried it into popularity for many years. But the *Dictionary of Hymnology* does not mention it, nor does *English Hymns*; and the careful Dr. Hatfield, although he gives the name, and even the date, "1842," adds an interrogation point to signify his dissatisfaction with the credit.

795 *Never separated.* 7s, 6s. D.

I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee:
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me;
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is that frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is right and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessèd thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

From the *Hymnologia Christiana* of Dr. B. H. Kennedy, 1863, this piece seems to have been taken by the compilers generally. It is a translation by Richard Massie of the German hymn, "*O Jesu, meine Sonne*," of Rev. Carl Johann Spitta, D. D., who died September 28, 1859. It is reported, in the biography of this very popular and verseful hymn-writer, that he was a musician of much repute also, and that it was his habit to sing in the evening with his family, "perhaps composing both hymn and tune together as Luther did;" and it is added that "the harmony of the voices and the melody of the words were such that crowds of people used to gather under his windows to listen."

796 *"The world's true Light."* 7s, 6s. D.

O ONE with God the Father.
In majesty and might,
The brightness of his glory,
Eternal Light of light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before thee,
The world's true Light art thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly—
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That thou thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to thee our God.

2 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If thou thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness!

The collection of *Church Hymns* published in England in 1871 contains this poem by Bishop William Walsham How, written to be used on Epiphany. It is one of his many beautiful lyrics: a prayer that the darkness and perplexity which surround our earthly way may be scattered by him who is the Light of the World, and that we may be content to wait his time. Then we shall know the meaning of the paradox of suffering; we shall understand how it can be that God the Father sends afflictions upon those whom he loves, and then immediately despatches God the Son to give the afflicted ones comfort under them. With the endless ages of that new life open before us for our study and God's explanation, we ought to be willing to remain unfretted now. Arnold says well: "Before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty, the mind, if in a healthy state, reposes as quietly as when in the possession of a discovered truth; as quietly and contentedly as we are accustomed to bear that law of our nature which denies us the power of seeing through all space, or of being exempt from sickness or decay." We can afford to wait till all these earthly shadows find their substance: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

797 *"All fullness."* L. M. 61.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort when in grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

There is a song of trust and confidence included in Rev. Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, beginning, "Thou hidden Source of calm repose," from which the one now before us was taken. Who altered it thus extensively the compiler of *Laudes Domini* does not know. He found it in its present form in one of the old American collections; it was familiar and beloved, and to have restored the phraseology would have made it strange to those who cared to sing it. The day has been in this republic of ours when the churches had little taste and less patience, whenever they were invited to investigate mere facts of composition. They ate what was set before them, asking no questions for conscience' sake. There was another time, somewhat similar, when the Wesleys and Montgomery and many others did the same thing with Watts and Doddridge and poets generally. And the results are not now altogether to edification.

798 *Jesus' human life.* L. M. 61.

AS OFT with worn and weary feet
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here;
His life how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been;
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

This is No. 4 of James Edmeston's little book of *Fifty Original Hymns*, 1833. It is founded on Hebrews 4:15: "Seeing then that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities: but was in all points tempted like as we are; yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." The thought is that as we look up to the skies in our prayers, we are to remember that Jesus was once a man, and has been over all the ground of an earthly career, and so knows all about it and about us. In the account which Luke gives in the book of the Acts concerning the death of the first martyr, he says: "He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." Observe that, while the evangelist tells us in explicit terms that it was Jesus whom Stephen saw, Stephen himself, in the abrupt and startled exclamation with which he announces the vision, calls him by a name no other mortal ever used. Over and over again, indeed as if it were a favorite form of expression, did our Lord call himself, while on earth, "the Son of man." But in not a single instance, either in the gospels or the epistles, did any one of the selected twelve ever employ it in speaking of him. Only this one martyr, and that in the ecstatic instant of dying, called the Son of God the Son of man. There may be a lesson for us in this—what can it be? Without doubt it is this—even when ascended and glorified, even in the restoration of the glory which our Saviour had in the bosom of his Father before the world was, even now, while exalted above all the heavenly host, *Jesus is still the Son of man.* The human nature which sympathized at Nain, wept at Bethany, and forgave at Jerusalem—the mind which argued, the hand which swung the whip of cords, the heart which pleaded and prayed, the voice which stilled the sea—the very man, body and soul, which lit the lonely fire on the shore of Tiberias after the resurrection—he it is who now sitteth at the right hand of God in glory!

799 "*My Strength, my Tower.*" L. M. 6l.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

3 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod:
What though my heart and flesh decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Another of Rev. John Wesley's translations, found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739; the original German hymn was written by Rev. Johann Scheffler, under his pen-name of "Angelus Silesius." He was one of the old mystics, born at Breslau, in Silesia, in 1624, and died a priest in the Church of Rome, July 9, 1677. The selection of such hymns as these shows how deeply the mind and memory of John Wesley were impressed by the providential sparing of his life when the rectory at Epworth was on fire, and he, a child six years old, was in utmost peril. He was rescued only through a window when the flames of destruction were at the hottest. He often spoke of himself as "a brand plucked from the burning." The Methodist Church has adopted a representation of this incident as the frontispiece of one of their missionary certificates, and it is very familiar in most parsonages now.

One of the secrets of Wesley's success in preaching was his adoption of a plain style and homely illustrations; and for this he gives the following sensible reasons: "Having preached one of my most polished sermons in a country church, and noticing that the people gaped and stared so much, I concluded they did not understand it. I then put out all the words I thought not in common use, and in preaching the sermon again I noticed they heard it with their mouths half open. I then said, 'It will not do yet.' In

the house where I lodged there was an intelligent servant-maid, and at a leisure hour I called her in and said: 'Betty, I have preached a sermon, and have some doubts whether the people understood me; I will read it slowly, and you will stop me at every word you do not understand, and I will change it for a word that you know; and if you understand the sermon the people will understand it.' So I proceeded, writing a plain word over every hard word. At length, 'Stop, sir; stop, sir!' came so often that I grew impatient, and said, 'I am surprised at you, Betty; I am sure everybody will understand that word.' To which she replied, 'I do not know, sir, what it means.' Suffice it to say, that I read the sermon through, and on preaching it a third time the people heard it with their mouths shut."

800 "*Thy boundless love.*" L. M. 6l.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
Oh, may thy love possess me whole—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee!

Another of Rev. John Wesley's versions, this time a rendering of Paul Gerhardt's glorious hymn beginning "*O Jesu Christ, mein schonstes Licht!*" The author wrote it in 1653, and this translation first appeared with sixteen stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. It is likely that this lyrical song better than anything else represents the prevailing attitude of John Wesley's mind during most of his ministry. Without ever being positively mystical, he yet was moved and swayed by a constant reference to God's providence as inseparable from his grace. He honestly believed that after the good Lord converted him he was going to take care of him. He relied upon him with love and perfect trust. A little incident is found in his biography showing his simplicity of reasoning when he came into circumstances of genuine need.

On the last Sunday in the year 1788, when he was eighty-five years of age, he had to preach in All-Hallows Church, Lombard Street, for the benefit of forty-eight poor children belonging to the St. Ethelburga Society. There was an immense congregation gathered to hear him. While putting on his gown Wesley said to his attendant: "Sir, it is above fifty years since I first preached in this church; I remember it from a particular circumstance. I came without a sermon; and going up the pulpit stairs I hesitated, and returned into the vestry, under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who stood by noticed my concern and said, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand on my shoulder she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' This question had such an effect upon me that I ascended the pulpit, preached extempore with great freedom to myself and acceptance to the people, and have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."

801 *The good Shepherd.* L. M. 6l.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

This was the first of those five hymns which Joseph Addison contributed to the *Spectator;* it is found in No. 441, 1712. The theme of the article with which it is connected is, "Trust in the Supreme Being." At the close of this the author says: "David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in Psalm 23, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it."

802 "*Jesus, my Lord.*" L. M. 6l.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all!
Blest Saviour, hear me when I call;
Oh, hear, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace:
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

2 Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

3 Jesus! of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is thine,
And thou, my Saviour, thou art mine!
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

It was while still an adherent of the Church of England that Rev. Henry Collins wrote this hymn, and the one beginning, "Jesu, meek and lowly." He was educated at Oxford College, graduating about 1854, and was ordained deacon and priest of the Episcopal Church. About 1857, however, his views having changed, he became a Roman Catholic, and was admitted to the Cistercian Order in 1860. He wrote a pamphlet defending his course, and later on published several other prose works. His two poems appeared in *Hymns for Missions*, 1854, which was first published at Leeds, and afterwards at Oxford and London.

803 *"I love thee, Lord!"* L. M. D.

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still!

This will be found in Bishop Reginald Heber's *Hymns written and adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year:* 1827. It is associated with St. James' Day. The theme of the piece is this: the conscientious believer admits his own shortcomings, but he knows that Jesus knows that he loves him: "thou knowest all things, and thou knowest that I love thee!" There is given in the biography of Caroline Fry an interesting and most instructive incident. While one time very ill, she was told that she was likely now to die; at the best her hours were to be very few. She replied instantly and with fervor that she hoped she might die soon and suddenly. Afterwards she learned that this answer had struck some listeners with surprise. So she wrote thus: "As many will hear, and will not understand why I want no time of preparation, often desired by those far holier than I, I will tell you why, and shall tell others, and so shall you. It is not because I am so holy, but because I am so sinful. The peculiar character of my religious experience has always been a deep, an agonizing sense of sin; the sin of yesterday, of to-day, confessed with anguish hard to be endured and cries for pardon that could not be unheard, each day cleansed anew in Jesus' blood, and each day more and more hateful in mine own sight. What can I do in death that I have not done in life? What can I do during this week, when I am told I cannot live, other than I did last week when I knew it not? Alas, there is but one thing left undone—to serve him better; and the death-bed is no place for that: therefore I say, if I am not ready now, I shall not be by delay, so far as I have to do with it: if the Lord has more to do in me, that is his part; I need not beseech him not to spoil his work by too much haste." A few days later, just before she did die, she added further this sentence: "I wish there should be *no* mistake about the reason of my desire to depart and be with Christ: I confess myself the vilest, chiefest of sinners: I desire to go to him that I may be rid of the burden of my sin, the sin of my nature; not the past, repented of every day, but the present hourly, momentary sin, which I do commit or which I can commit, the very sense of which does at times drive me almost half mad with grief."

804 *The name "Jesus."* L. M. D.

JESUS!—the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than sweet honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.
No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss:
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

2 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek thee, oh, how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?
Jesus, thou sweetness, pure, and blest,
Truth's fountain, light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

3 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write, its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.
We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That he at last may make us meet
With him to gain the heavenly seat.

For the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854, Dr. John Mason Neale made this translation of St. Bernard's great hymn, "*Jesu, dulcis memoria.*" It differs in the meter, and is valuable on that account.

805 "*Ashamed of me.*" L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

This piece of poetry, now so widely known, was first printed in the *Gospel Magazine*, in the year 1774; and the title of it was: "Shame of Jesus Conquered by Love. By a Youth of Ten Years." In that edition some declare that the second line was this: "A sinful child ashamed of thee." The young writer, whose offering to God's people proved so acceptable, became afterward the Rev. Joseph Grigg, a Presbyterian minister in London.

806 *Jesus all in all.* L. M.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in All.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

It would seem as if among all the translations of the great hymn of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, even Dr. Ray Palmer might feel some small discouragement in proposing a new one. But he wrote this splendid piece of poetry in Albany, N. Y., in 1858, for the *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, and the world has pronounced it to be in some particulars the best and the chief of them all. "*Jesu, dulcis memoria*" has found its fitting dress in our English tongue at last. Once in the course of his history the apostle Paul found it necessary to challenge and censure the Christians dwelling in the chief city of Macedonia. There were differences in the congregation, and the excitement was approaching the crisis of a quarrel outright. No one can fail to notice the exceedingly lowly and affectionate manner which this great and good man adopts in approaching these insurrectionary people. Most men would have lost head under such reverent obedience as that church at Philippi was accustomed to give Paul. He might have ordered them, but he now entreats. He had an undoubted chance to command, but he only implores. "Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample."

807 "*Not your own.*" L. M.

OH, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessèd Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home to wander nevermore.

Another of the fine contributions of the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., to the *Congregational Hymn-Book*, 1857. He is said to have written above a hundred hymns, twenty-seven of which were given to the churches in the *Psalmist*, many of which have been welcomed in others outside of the denomination with which he has always been connected. No incident is mentioned as having given rise to this composition, but it was evidently suggested by the inspired question: "Know ye not that ye are not your own?" (I. Cor. 6:19.) Dr. Smith has issued a number of volumes, mostly written in the interest of Baptist missions and work. He was, in 1853, honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Colby University, then known as Waterville College.

808 *Faith.* C. M.

LORD, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

The author of the piece before us was Rev. John Reynell Wreford, D. D. He was born at Barnstable, Devonshire, England, December 12, 1800, and received his education at Manchester College, York. In 1826 he became associated with Rev. John Kentish, as co-pastor of the New Meeting House congregation, Birmingham. He labored here for five years, but the loss of his voice compelled his retirement from ministerial duties in 1831, and he opened a school at Edgbaston. At the time of Queen Victoria's accession to the British throne, Dr. Wreford published his *Lays of Loyalty*, 1837. The piece quoted here is to be found in Rev. J. R. Beard's *Collection of Hymns for Public and Private Worship*, which was issued in the same year. Although the compiler of the latter volume claimed that his book contained only poems by Unitarian writers, it is evident that Dr. Wreford was not a Unitarian in the modern sense, though he said of himself he was one of those "English Presbyterians who always carefully repudiated all sectarian names and doctrinal distinctions." He died at Bristol in 1881.

809 *Meekness.* C. M.

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray!

4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

When Thomas Hornblower Gill learned to "go from strength to strength" by yearning more for Christ as his "Helper," he ceased to be a Unitarian. He says: "The assiduous perusal of the Greek Testament, for many years, showed me clearly that Unitarianism failed to interpret the Book of Life. As truth after truth broke upon my gaze, God put a new song into my mouth." From this day forward he believed and lived and sang his songs in the acceptance of the old Calvinistic doctrine of substitution. His sins were laid on the Saviour, and Christ's righteousness was imputed to him. He says in issuing (1869) *The Golden Chain of Praise*, from which our present piece is quoted: "The spiritual experience of more than twenty years is recorded in these sacred songs. Though spread over so long a period, they are now given to the world for the first time, with the exception of about thirty which have appeared partly in collections, and partly among *The Anniversaries* (poems published ten years ago)."

810 *Calmness.* C. M.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

This poem is perhaps the most popular of all those written by Dr. Horatius Bonar. It appeared first in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1856, in eight stanzas of four lines each, entitled "The Inner Calm." It is filled with the very spirit of tranquillity which is really the result of an absolute faith.

The celebrated Robert Hall said: "The most extraordinary thing about Wesley was that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic. He was the quiescence of turbulence." Wesley was not "phlegmatic." He had a warm heart, an active spirit. He said, "I am always in haste, though never in a hurry." He one day remarked to Clarke, "As I was passing

through St. Paul's churchyard I observed two women standing opposite to each other, the one speaking and gesticulating violently, while the other stood perfectly still and in silence. Just as I came up and was about to pass them, the virago, clenching her fist and stamping her foot at her imperturbable neighbor, exclaimed, 'Speak, wretch, that I may have something to say!' Adam, that was a lesson to me. Silence is often the best answer to abuse."

811 *Faith.* C. M.

Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

The poem from which this group of verses is taken consists of twelve stanzas, and is found in Rev. Frederick William Faber's *Hymns*, commencing, "O Faith! thou workest miracles." It first appeared in his *Jesus and Mary*, 1849, and was entitled "Conversion." Saving faith is not a mere cerebration of the individual; it is the gift of God. It often "comes" into "unlikeliest hearts." It frequently finds "in darkest spots a home." So it always is accompanied with a welcome and happy humility. Faith includes this. It calls for a cheerful submission to God's requirements, the moment we apprehend them, no matter how humiliating the assertion of our ill-desert may be. When the Syrophœnician woman came pleading to our Saviour, he gave her faith a most severe testing before he granted her petition. "It is not meet," he said, "to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." Now, did she grow angry at this rebuff? Did she refuse to admit its justice? Did she go away grieved, because he seemed to be harsh to her? No, indeed; she admitted it all. "Truth, Lord," said she, "yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." Then he raised her up, saying, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee as thou wilt." She not only saw the truth, but assented to it likewise, though the admission was humbling in the extreme. And so must the inquiring sinner give assent to all the teachings of the gospel, self-abasing as they are; admit everything; throw up all excuses; leave all refuges of lies; renounce self altogether; "only believe."

812 *Godly sincerity.* C. M.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

The "Quaker poet," Bernard Barton, filled many volumes with his writings in verse; but only about twenty of his pieces are in common use now. His poetry attracted the notice of two such opposite characters as Robert Southey and Lord Byron; and although he was only a bank clerk, he became a warm friend of the latter. He was born in London, England, January 31, 1784, and received his education at a Quaker School at Ipswich. His business life was begun when he was articled to a shopkeeper at Halstead, Essex, with whom he remained for eight years. He then tried various other kinds of work, but finally was employed in the local bank at Woodbridge, serving a clerkship of forty years. As his parents were Quakers, he naturally accepted the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, and held closely to these views throughout his life. He died at Woodbridge, February 19, 1849. The piece we quote is from *Lyra Britannica*, and in the original has six stanzas.

813 *Faith.* C. M.

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

Rev. Daniel Turner, the author of this hymn, was born at Blackwater Park, near St. Albans, Herts, England, March 1, 1710. When quite young, he united with the Baptist Church, close by his home, at Hemel-Hempstead. He took up the occupation of teaching at first, but in 1741 became the pastor of the Hosier Lane Baptist congregation at Reading on the Thames. In 1748 he took another charge at Abingdon in Berkshire. This he held until his death, September 5, 1798. He published a volume entitled, *Divine Songs, Hymns and Poems*, 1747, and a second, *Poems, Devotional and Moral*, 1794. Of these compositions Dr. Rippon accepted eight in his book. The one before us was printed first in Evans' *Collection*, fifth edition, 1786. It is a cool and quiet piece, didactically correct, and useful to close a doctrinal sermon on the nature and office of saving faith. The one element of trust is specially magnified—reliance on the truth of what God said he would do; a quiet resting on his promises to accomplish all we need for salvation. You remember in the case of the centurion, our Lord declared he "had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Now, what was it that made his faith in particular so great, so peculiar in itself, and so superior in the estimation of the Saviour? Simply the presence in it of superabounding trust. He had asked for a gift of healing to be bestowed upon his servant lying at home sick. To his request Jesus replied, "I will come and heal him." One would think that now the centurion would doubt a little. Might not the Saviour forget his promise in the multiplicity of his cares? Might he not delay coming till too late? Even this suspicion made his trust a matter of somewhat difficult exercise; and yet that man was willing to go further. He was content to rest on a mere declaration, without a promise. "Speak the word only," said he, "and my servant shall be healed." He did not care to have the Saviour's presence, if he would only say the man should be whole. Then he could depart to his house restful and satisfied.

814 "*Watch and pray.*" C. M.

THE SAVIOUR bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour,
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife:
O Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

In the *Mother's Hymn Book*, by Dr. Thomas Hastings, published in 1834, this poem first appeared. Its refrain, "Watch and Pray," is a call to increasing vigilance against the foes which beset our Christian life and seek to take advantage of a moment's weakness. A military commander, after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night. He ordered sentinels to be stationed all round the camp as usual. One of the sentinels, as he went to his station, grumbled to himself and said, "Why could not the general let us have a quiet night's rest for once after beating the enemy? I 'm sure there 's nothing to be afraid of." The man then went to his station and stood for some time looking about him. It was a bright summer's night with a harvest moon, but he could see nothing anywhere; so he said, "I am terribly tired. I shall sleep for just five minutes, out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree." So he lay down. Presently he started up, dreaming that some one had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining brightly down on him through a hole in the branches of the tree above him. The next minute an arrow whizzed past his ear and the whole field before him seemed alive with soldiers in dark green coats, who sprang up from the ground, where they had been silently creeping onward, and rushed toward him. Fortunately the arrow had missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm and ran back to some other sentinels. The army was thus saved; and the soldier said, "I shall never forget, as long as I live, that when one is at war one must watch." Our whole life is a war with evil. Just after we have conquered it it sometimes attacks us when we least expect it. For example, when we have resisted the temptation to be cross and pettish or disobedient, sometimes when we are thinking, "How good we have been," comes another sudden temptation, and we are not on our guard and do not resist it. Jesus says to us, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

815 "*The Head, even Christ.*" C. M.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

In this piece of Rev. Charles Wesley, found as usual in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, there is held up to our view the secret of all force in Christian character and life. It is found in one's being like Jesus, his Master, in his being near him, walking with him all the time. When City Road Chapel was built, Charles Wesley preached there. His ministry was solemn and awakening, yet full of tenderness for the mourners. "In prayer he was copious and mighty, especially on sacramental occasions, when he seemed to enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus." If his thoughts did not flow freely, he was very deliberate in the pulpit, making long pauses, as though waiting for the Spirit's influence. "In such cases he usually preached with his eyes closed; he fumbled with his hands about his breast, leaned with his elbows upon the Bible, and his whole body was in motion." What impression he produced on strangers may be understood from William Wilberforce's account of his first interview with the venerable poet, at the house of Hannah More. He says: "I went, in 1782, to see her, and when I came into the room, Charles Wesley rose from the table, around which a numerous company sat at tea, and coming forward to me, gave me solemnly his blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst into tears, unable to restrain myself."

Surely, if one desires the "mind of Christ," he must see that he will be very far from securing it if he exercises his own mind in showing how unlike him other people are. "Boasting is excluded." We do not know a more pathetic spectacle in the New Testament than that of the two blind men at the gate of Jericho—rivals in business, recollect—making (as it were) common cause against the uncharitable multitude, and in the same sentence of speech crying for mercy from the Son of David. Matthew Henry's comment on the passage is very bright. "These joint sufferers," says he, "were joint suitors. Being companions in the same tribulation, they were partners in the same supplication." In every honest effort God gives mysterious help. What is wanted on our part is decision winged with devotion. Our wills surrender; just there God wills for us.

"He who hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound, or doubt him, or defy;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side—for on this am I!"

816 *Humility.* C. M.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

In Dr. Frederick William Faber's volume of poems entitled *Jesus and Mary*, 1849, this hymn was first published. It consists of twelve stanzas, four lines each, with the heading, "Sweetness in Prayer." The verses here used are in praise of that mild and gentle spirit which meets the perplexities of life with steadfast faith in an overruling providence. We saw the usual sign out in front of a clothing store: "Great sale of Misfits," and we moralized to our heart's content over the catastrophe. Most men are too finical; they reject much of what could be endured with a little patience and some humility. "Circumstances make men," said one of the would-be philosophers. Not always; some men make circumstances. More men, however, accept circumstances as the providences of God, and adjust themselves to meet them contentedly. It is in this way that most moral misfits can be managed; and, moreover, there is a fine outlook ahead. So we shall find that here is the secret of all composure in the universe. "I am going," said the dying Hooker, "to leave a world disordered and a Church disorganized, for a world and a Church where every angel and every rank of angels stand before the throne in the very post God has assigned."

817 *Docility.—Psalm* 131. C. M.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

This small poem, delicate and graceful, and always dear to the children of God, is the version of Dr. Watts which represents the sentiment of Psalm 131. It has been preserved unchanged through the ages. It is entitled "Humility and Submission," and it frames a prayer for constant growth and genuineness in all the graces of the Gospel. A simple-hearted farmer visited the new capitol at Albany. After wandering through the halls and corridors, and seeing a great many beautiful things, he came to a large column of Scotch granite, highly polished. He examined it closely, knocked it with his knuckle, and then inquired, "What is that?" He was told that it was Scotch granite; to which he replied: "You don't say! Is that Scotch granite? and is it polished like that clean through?" That would be a pungent question of certain ones who are intellectually orthodox and ceremonially pious. To be a child of God "clean through" is something more than living righteously according to programme, or religiously by rote. "A string of opinions," said John Wesley, "no more constitutes faith than a string of beads constitutes holiness."

818 *Humble Devotion.* C. M.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Perhaps the secret of that power which the poetry of Miss Anne Steele has always possessed over the hearts of those who sing her unassuming hymns is found in the spirit with which these pieces were committed to the world. Under the date of November 29, 1757, her father, as deeply interested in her enterprise as was his daughter herself, we can readily believe, wrote in his diary these words: "This day Nanny sent part of her composition to London to be printed. I entreat a gracious God, who enabled and stirred her up to such a work, to direct in it and bless it for the good of many. I pray God to make her useful and keep her humble." This humility was her chief characteristic; and no other hymn of hers so well shows and expresses this as the one now before us. In her volume of *Poems*, 1760, it bears the title, "Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness." All the profits accruing from the sale of her poetry were a trust only to her: she consecrated them fully to benevolent objects. If there be any inquiry in the hearts of the singers of this hymn concerning the answer to the prayer with which it closes, it is enough to quote here the paragraph from her biography that describes the "journey's end." Dr. Evans says: "She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her; and, at length, the happy moment of her dismission arriving, she closed her eyes, and with these animating words on her dying lips, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' gently fell asleep in Jesus."

819 *Growth in grace.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free;
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

Rev. Dr. Asahel Nettleton was born at North Killingworth, Conn., April 21, 1783, and received his education at Yale College. He was ordained as a clergyman, but never settled over any congregation, though he preached in several States and in Great Britain as an evangelist. He died at East Windsor, Conn., May 16, 1844. A book composed of his memoirs and sermons was published after his death. As regards the authorship of this hymn there has been some conflict of opinion. It was ascribed to Dr. Nettleton apparently on no other ground than that it appeared anonymously in his *Village Hymns*, 1824; but an English authority remarks with gentle irony that "he knew and could appreciate a good hymn, but it is doubtful if he ever did or ever could have written one." The central idea of the poem is a desire for a greater degree of humility, one of the Christian graces most difficult of attainment, but most lovely when gained. A parishioner notoriously culpable for his inadequate discharge of certain official duties received a private remonstrance from his pastor, Dean Alford, the force of which he attempted to evade by angrily retorting with a charge of negligence. In the

course of the day the following was sent to him by the vicar: "Regarding my own pastoral deficiencies I heartily thank you. I am deeply aware that I am not sufficient for these things, and only wish my place were better filled. At the same time the deficiencies of one man do not excuse another. Let us both strive and pray that we may be found diligent in our business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord our God, and do our best to live in charity and peace with one another and with all men. Believe me your affectionate minister and friend, Henry Alford."

820 *Faith and the Future.* C. M.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Another of Rev. William Hiley Bathurst's contributions to the *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1831. It is there entitled, "The Power of Faith," and refers to Luke 17:5. This hymn has in its history fared somewhat hardly from the critics, who have altered it almost at their will. But it never had a worse mischance than it had in *Laudes Domini*, by some sort of accident that never could be explained until it was too late to be remedied. The last two verses of the piece as it stands here were not written by Bathurst; they seem to have been mysteriously repeated from No. 704, the translation of Zinzendorf's song in the Moravian *Collection*. This is one of the most inexplicable mistakes that sometimes occur in a printing office.

821 *Trust.—Psalm* 34. C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

This metrical setting of the thirty-fourth Psalm first appeared in the *New Version of the Psalms of David*, by N. Tate and N. Brady, published in 1696. In its original form it contained eighteen stanzas of four lines each, but in order to adapt it to use at the present time many different portions of it have been selected, making centos of varying length. The hymn is an expression of trust in God, and a thanksgiving for the help which never failed to come when it was most urgently needed. In the book of records kept for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church in London there is found the entry for January, 1861, in these words: "This church requires £4,000 in order to pay for the new tabernacle; and we, the undersigned, not knowing where it will come from, fully believe in our heavenly Father that he will send it all to us in the proper time, as witness our hands." Then follows a long list of names of deacons and elders, with those of several devout women and a host of praying men, headed by the large, broad hand of the pastor. Two months after, about twenty pages further on, is this record in the same volume: "I, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who am less than the least of all saints, set to my seal that God is true, for he has supplied us with all this £4,000." And then follows a fresh minute: "We, the undersigned, hereby declare our confidence in almighty God, who has done to us according to our faith, and sent us, even before the time when we needed it, all that was wanted. We are ashamed of ourselves that we ever had a doubt, and we pray that we may always confide in him all things henceforth and for ever." And that record is signed by many faithful men and women, some of whom wrote their names with tears in their eyes as they remembered their fears. This story is remarkable for two things, and not just for one only: it illustrates the dauntless courage of a serene confidence in the Lord of hosts; but in addition to that, it illustrates the thoughtfulness of grateful hearts in acknowledging what God had done when he showed he had done it.

822 *Faith.* L. M.

'T IS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

This is No. 129 of Dr. Isaac Watts' Book II. in his *Hymns*, 1709. There it has four stanzas, the last of which is decidedly weak, and reference is made to II. Corinthians 5 : 7 : "We walk by faith, not by sight." The last verse, here omitted, makes allusion likewise to Hebrews 11 : 8–10 : "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise : for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

823 *Faith.* L. M.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

Another of Rev. John Newton's contributions to the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It stands as No. 4 of Book I. Reference is made to Genesis 5 : 24 : "And Enoch walked with God." Walking with God means being with God; moving forward as God moves; going the same way as God; and communing with God as one accompanies him.

824 *Contentment.* L. M.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time:
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

MADAME GUYON.

The poet William Cowper translated this hymn from the French of Madame Jeanne Marie Bouvieres (de la Mothe) Guyon. It is usually credited to the translator, and appears in his works. One time when Cowper was very feeble, his mind going away again by spells, a friend of his, Rev. William Bull, of Newport Pagnel, bethought himself of an expedient for giving him some wholesome literary exercise of a tasteful sort to occupy his mind and keep him from brooding. Out of this there came a little book with this dedication, which tells its own story: "To the Rev. William Bull these translations of a few of the Spiritual Songs of the excellent Madame Guyon, made at his express desire, are dedicated by his affectionate friend and servant, William Cowper, July, 1782." This piece was written in 1681; it stands as *Cantique* 108 in the second volume of Madame Guyon's *Works*. Cowper's version contains nine stanzas, and is entitled, "The Soul that loves God finds him Everywhere."

Madame Guyon deserves an extensive notice. She was a strange woman in many respects, but wonderfully pious, gifted, and useful. She was born at Montargis, April 13, 1648, and was educated at a convent. Married at sixteen years of age to a man who was twenty-two years her senior, possessed of all the vitality and force of youth, as well as more than usual of French vivacity, annoyed by her mother-in-law, deprived of all her beauty by an attack of small-pox at twenty-two, and left a widow six years later, she roamed around the world as she pleased. Her personal experience as a Christian was very peculiar. In her childhood it was her pride to be dressed like a small nun. When no more than four years of age she longed for martyrdom, and her schoolmates placed

her kneeling on a white cloth, flourished a saber over her head, and told her to prepare for death. She was frightened almost out of her senses, and they laughed her to scorn for her cowardice. When she was ten years old, learning that Madame Chantal once branded her bosom with a red-hot iron, writing the holy name of Jesus upon the flesh, this child also sewed on her breast with a large needle a piece of paper on which was printed the name of Christ. She tore her flesh with pincers, put peas in her shoes so as to make her walk with pain, wore an iron girdle about her waist so as to mortify her members and force her to live in actual agony. By and by she became a mystic, and taught peculiar doctrines; she said she had visions and visits with Christ in secret. In later life she was persecuted by the papal Church, and was imprisoned in the Bastile. She was a gifted, pious, but greatly mistaken woman, and she died at last in peace at Blois, June 9, 1717. A few hymns alone remain to perpetuate her memory and endear her life.

825 *Consistency.* L. M.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

This is found in Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, No. 132 of Book I. It is entitled, "Holiness and Grace," and makes reference to Titus 2: 11–13: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

826 *Gratitude.—Psa.* 103. S. M. D.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

2 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

3 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed,
His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

BIRTHPLACE OF DR. WATTS.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 103, First Part, S. M. It is entitled, "Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies," and consists of six stanzas. This composition has remained unchanged even by a single word.

Dr. Watts never was married. In 1696 he was put in charge of the children of Sir John Hartopp, at Newington. Out of this association grew his fondness for the young and his understanding of their ways. And most of all, out of it came that incomparable book of poetry, the *Divine and Moral Songs*. In this collection we have "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," "How doth the little busy bee," and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

It seems to have been strangely ordered that this good man should learn all he ever knew of home joys in the houses of his friends. In early life he was jilted by a Miss Elizabeth Singer, and he remained faithful to his one love until he died. He kept up his pastoral work under much discouragement, his health was so long poor and precarious at the very best. But he was always as happy as a prince. The best pieces he ever made were those

which were most crowded with heartfelt thanksgiving to God for his care of him.

827 *Grateful Confidence.* S. M.

I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispells each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'T is he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Dr. Horatius Bonar possessed that supreme gift of a hymn-maker, the power to popularize doctrine in a sacred song. The substitution of Christ's merit for the sinner's guilt is here taught in a bright rhythmical composition of cheerful praise. Indeed, almost all the doctrines of divine grace are in this one song of grateful confidence: the divinity and incarnation of Jesus Christ, his crucifixion and the atonement wrought out by it, the sovereignty of the Father in election, and the mysterious spiritual life of the believer, together with the hope of immortality beyond the vail—these are all in the five simple stanzas before us. The whole piece with twelve verses may be found in the second series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1861.

828 *Brotherly Love.* 7s, 6l.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood:
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Rev. Joseph Humphreys was born at Burford, Oxfordshire, England, October 28, 1720, and educated in London at an academy for the training of young men for the ministry. He was expelled, however, in 1739, because of his showing great attachment to Whitefield, whom he subsequently joined. He preached at Bristol, London, and Deptford. His death occurred in London, but the date is unknown, although he is buried in the Moravian Cemetery at Chelsea. Mr. Humphreys wrote but few hymns, and only two are in common use at present, the one given here being the most popular. It was published in a collection called *Sacred Hymns for the Use of Religious Societies*, 1743. It has been considerably altered, the refrain having been added to each verse from the closing lines of the original. The third stanza bears perhaps the leading idea of the poem, that the sons of God are put here as lights upon the earth, shining not of themselves, but because of the indwelling presence of God. Recall one familiar text, and give it analysis. "Let your *light*"—not yourself; divine grace in you, not personal gifts—"so shine before men, that they may see"—not *you*, but—"your good works." And this simply, "that they may glorify"—*not you at all*, but—"your Father which is in heaven." Here is an intense thrusting of self back out of sight and out of notice. And yet the Christian, who will do that persistently, can never help it but that he will become conspicuous. Think of the graceful surrender of John the Baptist, when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" He had been a man of mark before. Now he retreated out of notice. His last and noblest act was to say, I am not the Christ; I am a mere Voice; he must increase; I must decrease. Hence when he seized and waved the torch of truth, that it might flash radiance on Jesus' face, how could he help it but that it should illumine his own? Thus, and thus only, he became a "bright and shining light" himself, by walking straight up to Christ, and saying, "This is the true Light of the world!" The sunshine he stood in made him luminous for ever.

829 *Psalm* 23. 7s, 6l

SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows;
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death;
And at last, oh, let me stand
With the sheep at thy right hand.

Thirty years ago this piece came within reach—in a newspaper, in a volume, in a hymnal—somewhere, and we laid hold upon it for the *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865. We could not ascertain then the name of the author, and we never could since. In the natural course of further compilation the hymn kept its hold upon the public and came into *Laudes Domini*, for indeed it is very beautiful. It is a free paraphrase of Psalm 23.

830 *Psalm* 131. 7s, 6l.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

The book of *Olney Hymns*, 1779, contains this poem by Rev. John Newton, which originally was published with four verses. It has become widely popular from its calmness and gentleness of sentiment, the childlike trust which accepts all that comes to us as the will of our Father, and feels itself comforted and cheered by the knowledge. We should be happier men and more useful to others, and generally more welcome in the world, if we would help put up the stock of human comfort rather than aid in depreciating it. It is the poet Southey who is quoted as having said in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In a like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

831 *Gratitude.* 7s, 6l.

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night;
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child;
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For thy church that evermore
Lifts her holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, M. A., was born at Bath, England, October 7, 1835, and studied at Queen's College, Cambridge, graduating with classical honors. He has published several volumes of poetry, but is best known by the hymn quoted here, which he contributed to the *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1864. It has become widely popular on both sides of the sea, for its glowing expression of gratitude and praise.

Once in the course of my ministry I received a confidential note from a cultivated lady in our congregation. She told me she had lately been thrown into much alarm by threatened loss of eyesight. So she had come to the Sunday services in terrible dread of darkness for the rest of her life. There she found that she could not even follow as I read the Scriptures. This made her "unusually wicked and rebellious." But what was worse, the prayer with which I continued the worship commenced with the sentence: "Help us to come to thee to-day, O our Father, with only thanksgivings, without a petition among them!" It was a singular opening, and now she said to herself: "I shall get nothing in my great need." She was startled, absolutely shocked, she wrote frankly, to find that her own prayers were all petitions—had been, as if she had nothing else to offer, for a long time. And now the letter added: "That prayer in the pulpit was the first bit of comfort God gave me for many long months: for as it proceeded I began to realize I had still many blessings to be thankful for. I came home penitent and helped, and since that morning things have never appeared to me quite so dark as they had seemed before." The truth was she began to think praises instead of mournings, and her heart rose with genuine hosannas. She inclosed a copy of some little verses I had never seen. They had a quaint lesson in them, which may make them helpful to everybody.

"St. Peter, from the door of heaven, one day
Sped two young angels on their happy way,
For the first time to see the world in May—
Both bearing baskets.

"They were to bring back flowers more fragrant far
Than budding rose and blooming hawthorn are:
They were to bring the praise of all the star
Back in their baskets.

"The Angel of Thanksgivings, full of glee,
Donned a huge hamper half as big as he;
But the Collector of Petitions—see!
With a small basket.

"When they returned, St. Peter, as before,
Sat with his golden keys beside the door,
But each appeared to be in trouble sore
About his basket.

"The Angel of Petitions bore a sack
Cram full, and bound uncouthly on his back;
Yet even then it seemed that he had lack
Of bag and basket.

"The Angel of Thanksgivings blushed to feel
The empty lightness of his mighty creel;
'But three!' he muttered—turning on his heel
To hide his basket.

"Then spoke St. Peter: 'When again you go
On a prayer gathering, you will better know
That men's petitions in the world below
Fill a big basket.

"'But when you go to gather up their thanks
For prayers well answered and forgiven pranks,
For health restored and disentangled hanks—
Your smallest basket.'"

832 *Charity.* 7s, 6l.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues,
Bravest words of strength and fire,
They are but as idle songs,
If no love my heart inspire;
All the eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thy impulse heed;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired, by thee.

Miss Catharine Winkworth published this piece in the opening series of *Lyra Germanica*, 1855. It is an excellent rendering of the German Hymn of Ernst Lange, "*Unter denen grossen Gutern.*" The translation has another stanza at the beginning: "Many a gift did Christ impart." The whole piece is a metrical paraphrase of the apostle's description of Charity as the chief of all the Christian graces: I. Corinthians 13:1–3. The author was a man of affairs in Dantzig in Germany for many years. Born in 1650, his life was cast into the midst of an age that needed firmness, spirituality, and sincerity. He was called by the public to be burgomaster and magistrate, and he fulfilled the high duties belonging to these positions with purity and strength. His hymn-writing was an unexpected accomplishment of his later life. He did not begin it till after he was sixty-one years of age. His death is recorded in 1727.

833 *Trust.* 7s, 6l.

SAVIOUR, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in thee;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust thy goodness to provide;
Trust thy saving love and power;
Trust thee every day and hour:

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief.

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

This poem by Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Nevin was first published in the *Congregational Hymn-Book*, 1857, and became popular immediately. Its title "Trust" expresses its spirit, unwavering faith in the Saviour through every change and experience of our life. There is a story of Alexander the Great, a man who once ruled the world, that he was sick, and a friend was with him who was a physician, and was about to administer medicine. Before he had given it, a letter was delivered to Alexander, saying that that very dose of medicine was poison. When his friend came with the medicine, he took it in one hand and drank it, while with the other he gave the letter to his physician. That was great trust, for had his physician failed him he would have lost his life. Can we not as fully trust our Friend above all others?

834 *Adoption.* L. M.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instructions to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

Another of Dr. Samuel Stennett's contributions to Dr. Rippon's *Selection*, 1787. It bears the title, "Christians as Sons of God." Say what we may, there is a sort of blood-aristocracy in the household of faith. Edgar A. Poe uttered something more than a mere poetic conceit when he spoke of "the high-born kinsman" who came and took away the dying maiden. "We are of God, and the

whole world lieth in wickedness." Such a profession would be insufferable in its conceit, if it were not that believers spent most of their lives in pleading with sinners to accept the gift of adoption, and become sons of God and heirs of heaven by divine grace, and so have all the vast privileges of the Father's house equally with the best of them.

835 *Psalm* 85. L. M.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
All heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

Dr. Isaac Watts gives us this as his version of Psalm 85, Second Part, L. M. Of all the sermons Jonah ever composed, the best, the truest, and the greatest is that which he preached in the dark to himself in the whale once: "Salvation is of the Lord." Jonah 2:9.

836 *Psalm* 91. L. M.

HE that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, who am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

Dr. Isaac Watts has given us this as his version of Psalm 91, L. M. It is very literal, prosaic, and plain; but it is full of comfort. The author entitled it, "Safety in Public Diseases and Dangers." It used to be sung in old days of pestilence. The chaplains in the army called it "The Soldiers' Hymn" in the war. It is common to sing it on the sea.

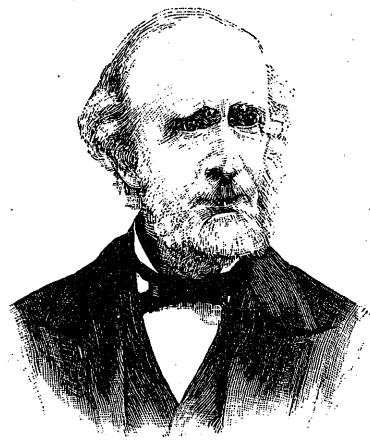
837 *Completeness.* L. M.

COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.



REV. A. R. WOLFE.

Among the first settlers of Newark from Connecticut in 1666 was Hugh Robarts, of Wales. His great-great-grandson, Aaron Robarts, was a soldier of the Revolution, and was engaged in the battle of Monmouth. Rev. Aaron Robarts Wolfe, the author of this hymn, was a grandson of the preceding, and was born at Mendham, N. J., September 6, 1821. In his early youth he was a schoolmate of the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, at "Uncle" Ezra Fairchild's famous "Hill-Top School" in that place. He pursued his preparatory studies at Lanesborough, Mass., and was graduated with the "Poem" at Williams College in the class of 1844.

The next eleven years, including his course in the Union Theological Seminary, 1848-51, were spent in teaching and preaching in Florida. In 1855 he became associated with the Rev. Dr. Gorham D. Abbott, in the Spingler Institute for Young Ladies on Union Square, in New York city. It was during his three years here that the most of his hymns were written. In 1858 he was married to Laura F. Jackson, a teacher in this institution, daughter of Luther Jackson, Esq., of New York. In 1859 he established the "Hillside Seminary for Young Ladies" in West Bloomfield (now Montclair), N. J., and conducted it with eminent usefulness and success for thirteen years. He has since lived in quiet retirement in Montclair, suffering much from

infirm health. Of his four children—three sons and a daughter—one is preaching in Iowa; another is Professor of Latin in Park College, Missouri.

The present hymn is based upon a poem which was composed while the author was in the seminary, and published in the New York *Evangelist* in 1851. The devout spirit of the man is fittingly illustrated by the account he once gave his friends of an incident which shaped his after-career somewhat seriously. When he left Florida in the summer of 1855 he put all his effects—library, notes, and things of that sort—on board a sailing-vessel at St. Mark's, and with a simple gripsack returned North by way of Nashville and Chicago. Reaching New York after some two weeks spent in journeying, he sought his goods at the commission house to which they had been consigned. There he learned that, on the day appointed for sailing, the vessel had been struck by lightning, the mate killed at the foot of the mast, and the vessel, laden with turpentine, burned to the water's edge. Books, papers, notes, everything of past treasure had gone up in smoke. He looked upon this as a special providence of God, shaping his life, and fixing his home. For it made him a teacher of the young rather than a pastor of a church; and soon the way was opened for the beginning of one of the most useful engagements with Dr. Abbott, and so his life was fashioned. Thus he had his calling shown to him, and thus he found the greatest of his earthly blessings in her who has been the companion of his long and earnest career. Thus the Lord made up his petty losses by a rich reward.

838 *Security and Rest.* L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

This may be found in the *Hymns* of Dr. Isaac Watts, 1707, No. 57 of Book II. It is entitled, "The Pleasures of a Good Conscience." It proffers the picture of a life full of peace and rest; and in certain moods of discontent, weariness or pain, it falls down upon a troubled soul like the chimes of a distant belfry, or the serene shining of the stars. The conception John Bunyan gives us of the Land of Beulah is very welcome. We long for a small rest on earth in which to make ready for a greater rest in heaven.

ABNEY HOUSE.

If we may be allowed to associate a poet's personal history with his work, we should say that this hymn fairly represents the life of its composer during the history of his association with the friends who cared so generously for him in his chronic invalidhood. In 1712 Dr. Watts was seized by a fever which shattered his constitution. From its effects he never fully recovered; he was always subject to nervous prostration accompanied with intense pain. Sir Thomas Abney invited him to come for a period of recuperation to his residence. He had been afflicted with one of his customary attacks of neuralgic fever. In 1713 he became an inmate of Abney House. It was of this season that long afterward he wrote to Lady Huntingdon: "This day thirty years I came hither to the house of my good friend, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof; and I have extended my visit to the length of exactly thirty years."

839 *Remembrance.* L. M.

EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;—

3 As in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine:
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

In the *Hymns* by Sir John Bowring, published in 1825, we first find this poem. It was suggested by Proverbs 10: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot." The sentiment of the hymn is well illustrated by a magnificent statue of marble which once stood over the great gate of Cardinal Grenville's house. In one hand the figure held a wine-cup, in the other an urn. But the wine-cup was inverted and empty; the urn was erect, and overflowed with pure water from the hills. And on the pedestal for a motto was carved the single word, *Durate*, endure!

840 *Perseverance.* L. M.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

The doctrine of the saints' perseverance is one of the most dogmatic to be found in the old Calvinistic creeds. Dr. Isaac Watts has set himself deliberately to sing it in church services. He reached his end with an eminent success by employing a paraphrase. He gave Romans 8:33–39 a metrical form, and put the composition in his *Hymns* as No. 14 in Book I. It has six stanzas, L. M., and is entitled, "The triumph of faith; or, Christ's unchangeable Love." The piece appears in almost all the modern collections. It is stately; but it is orthodox, Scriptural, and good.

841 *Assurance.* C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Years ago, when the revival system of new measures was fully in vogue, there used to be tacked to this piece a chorus beginning, "Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful." Very soon accretions of a miscellaneous sort began to follow, even to the extreme of doggerel. The writer of this annotation has seen in a hymn-book, and has heard given out in a meeting, many times, this stanza:

"When we've been there ten thousand year,
Bright shining as the sun,
There's no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c."

Hence the associations of the poetry are not altogether wholesome. Still the old strains have a home in some hearts. If the "restorers" clamor seriously to have "*hellish* darts," as Dr. Isaac Watts wrote in his No. 65 of Book II., instead of "*fiery* darts," the compiler of *Laudes Domini* would regret having perpetuated the ancient hymn. And indeed, there is a way of singing it, with one's eyes closed in sleek satisfaction, and an entire forgetfulness of the lost world around rolling and swaying on to judgment. The great-hearted Norman Macleod once cried out in his Scotch impetuosity: "The joy of the redeemed is not a selfish joy. I would despise the saint who enjoyed himself in a glorious mansion singing psalms, and who did not wish his joy disturbed by sharing Christ's noble and grand care about the world."

842 *"Saints' Inventory."* C. M.

IF God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee:
Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.

4 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome was a singularly modest man. He evidently had ability which would have lifted him into a much higher professional position than the little village he spent his life in afforded. It is on record that he was invited to London to become the pastor of the congregation in which he had first joined the Church. The call was actually made out and sent to him; the journey was effected on horseback, as usual in those days, and the official member of the body who undertook the service of the document gave his horse into the care of a man who proved to be a member of Beddome's congregation. This parishioner found out at once the errand of the city visitor; and then he did two peremptorily energetic things: he said to the emissary from Goodman's Fields, "Robbers of churches are the worst sort of robbers," and then turned loose the animal he was holding by the bridle, to the confusion of the owner. The "robber" got his gentle but speedy answer the moment he presented his paper: "I would rather honor God in a station much inferior to that in which he has placed me than intrude myself into a higher without his direction." So he remained there fifty-two years, and kept singing always. This hymn appeared first in Dr. Rippon's *Selection*, edition of 1800.

843 *Psalm* 125. C. M.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

There is a natural wish in the hearts of many of God's people to preserve their reverence for Dr. Isaac Watts, and also for the ancient temple songs. Hence such versions as this of Psalm 125 are welcome, and most likely will keep their places for many generations to come. Two stanzas of the original five are omitted as being unnecessary, and even in some degree uncouth. The piece is entitled, "The Saint's Trial and Safety."

844 *Perseverance.* C. M.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

"Saints in the hand of Christ" is the title with which Dr. Isaac Watts has introduced this little hymn of three stanzas. He refers to John 10: 28, 29. It is No. 138 of Book I.

845 *Security.* C. M.

THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace—
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

In the *English Hymns* Samuel Willoughby Duffield makes an exquisitely appropriate reference in his annotation upon this piece, written by Rev. Henry Francis Lyte: "There is a painting by Landseer, called 'The Sanctuary.' The deer are gathered by deep, clear waters, peacefully lying in a Highland glen. Around are the great rocks, and the herd are cropping the abundant pasture or resting at ease. There is no trouble in the air and no lack of any supply. Thus it is with God's bounty: 'green pastures,' 'still waters,' 'munitions of rocks,' 'none to molest or to make afraid.'" It is likely that the author understood this was a paraphrase, very free indeed, of Psalm 91, but he included it in his *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834.

846 *The Covenant.* C. M.

My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home.—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

In Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, 1755, this is found as No. 21. It bears the inscription, "Support in God's Covenant under Domestic Troubles." The text is added, II. Samuel 23: 5. The saint deals with the Saviour in the spirit of intense individualism. Each believer needed a whole atonement and an entire Redeemer at the beginning; and he

needs exactly the same unto the extreme end. And the purpose of all discipline, the solitary aim, is the "perfecting of our faith." Through all the days and hours of our sojourning here, be they few or many, the work of moulding our character goes on. All the providences which any believer meets are strokes of tools that are fitting him for a place in the spiritual temple of the redeemed. Says a quaint old divine, "All the carvings of heaven are made out of knots; the temple of God is a cedar one, but the cedars were all gnarly trees before he cut them down." Earthly perplexity is therefore a heavenly discipline.

847 *Adoption.* C. M.

My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

Another of Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, 1755. It began in his manuscript with the line, "Sovereign of all the worlds on high," and consisted of five stanzas. The title of it was, "Adoption argued from a filial temper," and it followed a sermon on Galatians 4:6. In the *Hymns* issued after the poet's decease, the title was, "A filial temper the work of the Spirit, and a proof of adoption."

848 "*The burden rolled away.*" P. M.

I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought him and my woe;
When by faith I saw him on the tree,
Heard his small, still whisper, "'T is for thee,"
From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day.

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop with his smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile:
When my weakness leaneth on his might,
All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him, come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm sure haven of his breast;
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At his side.

In many English collections this hymn is anonymous; but the name of Miss Ellen H. Willis is appended to it in the *Gospel Songs* of Bliss and Sankey, whence it is taken. The piece has become justly popular, for it voices the Christian's confidence in God's unfailing watchfulness over his children. We recall the old story of Bunyan's Pilgrim: "I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. (Is. 26:1.) Up this way therefore did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulcher. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more. Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.'"

849 "*Full Salvation.*" P. M.

I AM trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee!
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting thee for pardon,
At thy feet I bow;
For thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

4 I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.

This is found in Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's *Loyal Responses*, 1878. It was written at Ormont Dessons, September, 1874. It was noted by herself as her "own favorite," and was found in her pocket Bible after her death. Such a poem makes an impression upon an invalid who reads it very like that of a visit from the gifted authoress in person. She was the happiest creature in the world, though she was ill and failing all the time. She never rebelled nor repined. Some persons are very hard to take care of when they are ill. Murmuring is a most unwelcome indulgence. It easily becomes chronic, and then it makes us think of the verse in Leviticus (14:35): "And he that owneth the house shall come and tell the priest, saying, It seemeth to me there is as it were a plague in

the house." It prejudices piety. It makes a Christian disagreeable. In an old volume of *The Spectator* Addison has recorded this: "An aged gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintances. But when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, she enlarges more on the guilt of the sufferer than on that of the thief or the assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbors is a judgment."

850 *Hiding-place.* C. M. D.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 't is enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail:
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life in its last lingering sands
Is ebbing fast away—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

In 1805, among the parishioners of the Rev. Dr. Collyer, was a young man in whom his pastor took a deep interest, and who afterwards became a noted Congregational minister. He was Rev. Thomas Raffles, D. D., LL. D., born at Spitalfields, London, May 17, 1788. At first he was a clerk in Doctors' Commons; but through the influence of Dr. Collyer he entered Homerton College, and began his preparation for the ministry. He was ordained and began to preach at Hammersmith, June 22, 1809; but after three years went to Liverpool in response to the call of the Great George Street Congregational Church. Forty-nine years of usefulness and honor were granted to him in this field; then he departed to his reward, August 18, 1863. Dr. Raffles' name was well known to the literary world of his day, both as an author and as an editor; and many of his hymns are in use in our churches. The one we quote is dated, "Burnley, June 23, 1833," and in the original had four eight-line stanzas.

851 *Union to Christ.* C. M. D.

LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh, height! oh, depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.
Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
To set thy members free.
Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art:
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

3 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with thee!
Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

This is one of the contributions made by Rev. James George Deck to the *Psalms and Hymns*, 1855, of his brother-in-law, Dr. Walker. It is entitled, "One with Christ." The secret of all true repose is found in the consciousness of an actual union with our Lord. "I in them, and thou in me," said Jesus in that intercessory prayer. Try to feel the fullness of the words, John 17: 20-23. As one of our American liners was crossing the Atlantic, during a terrific gale, the cry was raised—"Man overboard!" It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship on account of the violence of the hurricane, but one of the crew instantly seized a rope having a loop at the end, and threw it over the stern, crying out, "Lay hold for your life!" Passengers and crew had crowded together at the stern, but the rolling waves and blinding spray prevented them from seeing the drowning sailor. The captain cried out, "Have you got hold of the rope?" and the reply came, "No, but *the rope has got hold of me.*" The sailor when he caught the rope had passed the loop over his shoulders and under his arms, and though too fatigued to hold on to the rope, the loop kept him from sinking.

852 *Grace.* S. M.

GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to mine ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

This familiar poem first appeared in Rev. Dr. Philip Doddridge's posthumous *Hymns*, 1755, and differed but slightly from the present version. In the course of its wide use by churches of various denominations it was considerably altered, and many forms of it are to be found. Some lovers of the hymn have been troubled because of a grammatical question which has suggested itself to their minds. The third line of the last verse is, "It *lays* in heaven the topmost stone," and the objection is urged that "lays" is a transitive verb, and if its use is required, "stone" is its object. The line according to these querists should read, "It (grace) *lies* in heaven the topmost stone." It seems to us, however, that Dr. Doddridge is alluding to Zechariah 4:7, where we read: "And he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." Each verse describes some work which grace has done: it contrived the way, it taught my feet, it drew the plan, and it shall crown the work by "laying" the topmost stone in heaven.

853 *God our Father.* S. M.

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

Rev. Paul Gerhardt was the author of the original German hymn, "*Ist Gott fur mich, so tretc.*" It was based upon Romans 8:31–39. Miss Catharine Winkworth gave us this translation of it. The entire version may be found in *Lyra Germanica*, First Series, 1855. The sentiment here is unmistakable. God himself charges that we are rebellious sinners, and our hearts accept the sense of guilt. The apostle John says that there is no use in trying to deny such an impeachment. If we refuse to admit it, we are liars ourselves, and are attempting to show that God is also. "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Scholars tell us that throughout the Peshito Syriac version of the Scriptures, deemed among the most primitive and intelligent, "salvation" is in all cases rendered "life;" the saved are called the *living* or the *alive*; the Saviour bears the name of *Mahyono*, or the life-giver. In all this there is a proper recognition of our owing everything to Jesus Christ, our surety. We are dead in trespasses and in sins, but our life is hid with Christ in God. "To be awakened," wisely said McCheyne, "we need to know our own hearts; to be saved, we need to know the heart of Jesus Christ." Christ is, therefore, a perfect Saviour. Our relief is not found in denying sin, but in accepting him as our Redeemer from it. If we plead not guilty, we do not tell the truth. "And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

854 *"It is well."* S. M.

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
"'T is with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness vails the skies
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

John Kent, author of this hymn, was a shipwright, born at Bideford, Devonshire, England, December, 1766, and died November 15, 1843. Naturally his occupation precluded the possibility of much study or self-culture, but we learn that he was always

thoughtful and earnest, a thorough Christian, and fond of books. He began to write verse while but a lad, and in 1803, when his *Collection of Original Gospel Hymns* was published, it contained nearly three hundred of his poems. All his work is characterized by simplicity and directness, and his pieces are in constant use in the churches of Great Britain and America. The one before us bears date, 1803.

855 *Adoption.* S. M.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

One of Dr. Isaac Watts' most familiar compositions. It is given in his *Works* at the close of a sermon on I. John 3:1, associated with Galatians 4:6. In his *Hymns* it is No. 64 of Book I. It needs no comment beyond the choicely worded statement of the old Westminster standard: "All those that are justified, God vouchsafeth, in and for his only Son Jesus Christ, to make partakers of the grace of adoption: by which they are taken into the number and enjoy the liberties and privileges of the children of God; have his name put upon them; receive the Spirit of adoption; have access to the throne of grace with boldness; are enabled to cry, Abba, Father; are pitied, protected, provided for and chastened by him as by a father, yet never cast off, but sealed to the day of redemption, and inherit the promises, as heirs of everlasting salvation."

856 *Peace.* S. M.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

This poem, by Rev. Charles Wesley, first appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is one of several pieces entitled "Hymns for Widows," and it expresses the unwavering tranquillity in which a mind stayed on Christ will rejoice, even in the time of great afflictions. It is interesting, in this connection, to read what Rev. John Wesley said of his brother's hymn. "If it please God to continue the life of any of his servants, he will suspend any law of nature; the stone shall not fall; the fire shall not burn; the floods shall not flow; or he will give his angels charge, and in their hands shall they bear him up, through and above all dangers!" We are not only forbidden to take anxious thought for the morrow, we are to leave that care to God, and be grateful to him for his mercy in the past and his promise for the future. "Be careful for nothing" is the encouraging admonition of inspired Scripture; "but in everything by prayer and supplication, with *thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God." It is only a mere brute's heart which rests satisfied with the acorns that feed its gluttony, with never a grateful look upward into the branches of the generous oak from which they drop. One motto will in almost all cases bring cheer and comfort to believing hearts in this world of worry and complaining: "Count up your mercies."

857 *"My springs in thee."* L. M.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'T is sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'T is sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

This hymn, credited to Rev. James Edmeston, is not noticed by Samuel W. Duffield at all; nor does it appear in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*. The compiler of *Laudes Domini* found it, many years ago, in the *Plymouth Collection*, and thought it very beautiful. The sentiment of it is as cheering as it is essentially Christian. We hear it said over and over that piety is a most suspicious and

doubtful gift, for it keeps one always thinking of death, and dolefully walking among tombstones. Alas, for the candor and honesty of an objection like this upon the lips of a poor world that is dying—dying, and knows it in every fiber of its being, and never for one moment can relieve itself of its inveterate shudder! Habiliments of mourning are actually in or out of fashion. We saw that on a sign in the street. Cerements and coffins, as well as gravestones and shrouds, are sold publicly on the avenues. Caskets for children, biers for trains on foot, black carriages for first-class funerals, self-sealing, lead-lined boxes for transport, all are duly advertised at regular competition charges. Nay, more; coffins and shrouds are kept on sale ready-made, with a kind of horrible anticipation of some one's ultimate need, to save the undertaker from failure in business! And yet a ribald world reproaches piety with making people think of death! What is the world itself thinking of, we should like to know?

Religion, meanwhile, stands on the corners of the streets where the funerals are passing by, urges up close upon the brink of the grave when the coffin is lowered, comes back to the broken home of the mourner, everywhere singing with cheerful heart: "Christ rose, and I shall surely rise!" Piety does make one think of death, but only by reminding us of death's Destroyer, by recounting how Immanuel broke the iron of the grave asunder. The gospel opens the great doors of the future. It bids us look out of the night into the light. It joins us to the good and the holy. It tells us where are the friends we have buried. It assures us we shall meet them again, and shall know them as before, and shall evermore abide with them in the unbroken home.

858 *Jesus is for ever mine.* L. M.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes:
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'T is fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

This piece by Miss Anne Steele first appeared in her *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, 1760, with the title "Christ the Life of the Soul." Its central thought, that our happiness and faith in this world are bound up in Christ's promise never to forsake us, is one that should lead us to cultivate a determinate hopefulness. There is not the least measure of grace in a lackadaisical melancholy of spiritual life. It is not even humility. We are all creatures of habit. We can keep complaining and rehearsing ailments till we become as hypochondriac in piety as in anything else. Greatheart told his friend Honest that Mr. Fearing "had a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him." Surely there is no beauty nor profit in this. Be cheerful; look for the lining in the clouds. Remember every success. Forget failures. Answer one plain question now: What sort of work would it make with you if you prayed with the Psalmist—"Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee!"

859 *"Complete in Him."* L. M.

My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives:
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—"T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

With the birthright of an ancestry distinguished and beloved, Grace Webster Hinsdale came into this world. Her father, Pro-

fessor Charles B. Haddock, D. D., a nephew of the eminent jurist and statesman Daniel Webster, was for thirty-five years in Dartmouth College, Professor of Intellectual Philosophy, Political Economy, Oratory, and Belles Lettres. A picture of Professor Haddock shows a striking resemblance to Daniel Webster. The two men were much together and their friendship was like that of brothers. Indeed, there existed between them a deep reciprocal sympathy which relationship cannot always bestow.

This child of the covenant became an enthusiastic and resolute child of grace at the early age of seventeen, and the very next year was married to Theodore Hinsdale, Esq., a lawyer of distinguished ability and unblemished character, who practised in his profession for over forty years in New York City, residing however in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was born in Hanover, N. H., May 17, 1833. Her honored husband was taken from her by death in 1880. Since this bereavement she has quietly lived in Brooklyn with her children. This hymn, with some others of real merit, was first published in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865.

In 1867 Mrs. Hinsdale traveled abroad and gathered much food for thought and new inspirations. Some of her earliest productions appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, when it was known as *Hours at Home*. For more than twenty years she has been a contributor, largely to religious journals, such as the Boston *Congregationalist*, the *Independent*, the *Sunday School Times*, and the *Christian Union*. These contributions have generally been in the form of verses; but as a writer of short sketches, expounding some Bible truth, with added words of advice or comfort, she is very successful. She is the author also of two books, *Coming to the King*, and *Thinking Aloud*, published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, and afterward republished in London by Strahan. It is as a contributor to literature of a devotional character that Mrs. Hinsdale is best known. Her hymns are characterized by a depth of earnestness, a truly religious motive distinguishing them from much light literature of hymnody born within the last few years.

860 II. *Cor.* 12:9. L. M.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me:
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

The whole story of the apostle Paul's "thorn in the flesh" is in this little hymn. It is No. 15 of Book I. Dr. Isaac Watts annexed it to a sermon on II. Corinthians 12:7–10, calling it, "Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength." Of course there have always been questions concerning this passage. Begin with the fact that Paul had a great trouble, some physical distemper or disability, which he prayed might be removed. But he received in reply to his petitions the assurance that more grace would come to him to bear it, but he must expect its continuance. Our curiosity is piqued to know what this infliction was; but only hints are given us to guess by. He seems to have written his epistles always by the assistance of another; yet he generally adds a sort of subscription or indorsement of his own: "The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write." See II. Thess. 3:17. This intimates that the act of making manuscript was for some reason hard to him. In the Epistle to the Galatians (4:13–15) he actually thanks his friends for the forbearance they have shown him. "Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel unto you at the first. And my temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected; but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus. Where is then the blessedness ye spake of? for I bear you record that, if it had been possible, *ye would have plucked out your own eyes* and have given them to me." Then at the close (6:11) he adds, "Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand." In the Greek this reads thus: "with what large letters." And the intimation is that when he put his own hand to paper he was obliged to scrawl with big characters so as to see them easily. And now add to this the fact that in the Acts and all through the Epistles the Apostle Paul is represented invariably as under some sort of escort whenever he is on his journeys, and that at last Luke the physician seems to be his constant companion, and you have all there is to make out the case.

861 *The infinite God, our Father.* 11s, 10s.

HOLY and infinite! viewless! eternal!
Vailed in the glory that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth thy being supernal,
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

2 Holy and infinite! limitless, boundless,
All thy perfections, and powers, and praise!
Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless
All thine unsearchable judgments and ways!

3 King of eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for thy marvelous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

4 Therefore archangels and angels adore thee,
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire;
Therefore we praise thee, rejoicing before thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

5 Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear thee, and who shall not laud?
Anthems of glory thy universe raises,
Holy and infinite! Father and God!

This hymn, written in 1872, and published in *Under the Surface*, 1874, well represents one of the early phases of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's experience. She seems to have had, even from her childhood, deep religious impressions, but she could fix no date for any positive conversion. All this time her Maker seemed to her only a "King of Eternity—vailed in the glory that none can sustain." She records in her autobiography this mood of mind thus: "I know I did not love God at this time; the very thought of him frightened me; but sometimes a feeling not unlike love would make me go to sleep with a wet pillow. It would often be thus. Going to bed I would determine I would try to think about God, hard as it was; and after I lay down, as my thoughts did not flow at all naturally heavenward any more than water flows upward, I forced them into a definite channel by a half-whisper. 'How good it was of God to send Jesus to die!' was my usual beginning, while I by no means felt or believed that wonderful goodness. Nevertheless it usually ended in my crying most heartily because I was so bad and he was so good, and because I did not and could not love him when he even died for sinners." The day came when she learned to see the "Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain" and know what it meant.

862 *"All things are ours."* 11s, 10s.

ALL things are ours; how abundant the treasure,
All riches which heaven or earth can afford!
Oh, may our thanks, like his grace, without measure,
Abound to the glory and praise of our Lord!

2 All things are ours; be it sickness or healing,
'T is ordered alike for our infinite good;
Determined by grace, and for ever revealing
This truth, that we love and are loved of our God.

3 All things are ours; though the body may perish,
We faint not to feel it fast wasting away;
The soul its bright visions of glory will cherish,
And strengthen in holiness day after day.

4 All things are ours; yea, the present affliction,
Though now through the gloom of mortality viewed;
For soon shall we join in the blissful conviction
That thus it was good to be tried and subdued.

5 All things are ours; thro' the Saviour's great merit,
The shame of his cross, which must needs be our own,
Will brighten the glory that circles the spirit,
And sparkles like gems in our heavenly crown.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poetry*, 1861, published by Rev. James Holme and his brother, Rev. T. Holme, this piece is taken. It was written by the former, who entitled it, "For Time of Sickness." The author was born in Orton, Westmoreland, England, March 12, 1801. He studied at Caius College, Cambridge, graduating in 1825. His ordination, which took place that same year, was followed by his appointment to the incumbency of Low Harrowgate. Afterward he became vicar of Kirkleatham, and of Bolton, near Bradford. He died in 1882.

863 *Thanks for all.* C. M.

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love
Which stirred my worldly nest,
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

This poem by Mrs. Jane Crewdson was written in 1860, and has since been used in many collections. It expresses very beautifully the strange and yet common experience of the Christian soul, that trouble is often only a blessing in disguise, and that it sometimes opens sources of joy which were new to us. It was one of the incidents in the Crimean war that a soldier lay famishing with thirst, and complaining bitterly, as a cannon-ball tore past him, that he was still left under fire. Meantime the missile of iron buried itself in the cliff-side behind him, splintered the rock, disclosed a spring, and sent close to his hot lips a full stream of water for his refreshment. Most of us have watched almost breathlessly as some tremendous providence shattered hope or health, or comfort or home, and yet found we were still alive afterwards, and indeed surrounded with blessings of which we never knew the existence before, and never felt the power till now.

864 *Hereafter.* S. M.

ALONG my earthly way
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through.

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh! from that bright throne
I shall look back and see—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

James Edmeston published this hymn in his *Sacred Lyrics*, 1822, Third Series. He entitled it "Anxiety." The concluding stanza, however, better voices the sentiment of the whole piece. It makes us think of the triumphant words of Joshua in his farewell address to the people he had led across the Jordan into peace, Joshua 23: 14: "And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Perhaps the finest thing in religious literature is the quaint passage in *Pilgrim's Progress* which tells the story of the waiting ones by the stream of Death, each receiving summons in turn, taking his "token," and then making preparation for the departure. "When Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half way in, stood awhile and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said: 'This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me: but now methinks I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. The waters are indeed to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that await me on the other side, lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot, too. His name has been to me a civet-box: yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice has been to me most sweet; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthened in his way.'"

865 *"We walk by faith."* S. M.

IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm—
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

This hymn is made from the same poem as that beginning, "Your harps, ye trembling saints," by Rev. Augustus M. Toplady. The entire piece, consisting of sixteen stanzas, can be found in Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, page 435. The first which is used here in *Laudes Domini* has been altogether prepared by another hand, but the other verses have been modified and altered until they form this fine and useful lyric.

The fishermen's wives, on the shores of the Adriatic, are wont to go down on the beach, especially when the chime of vespers strikes and the night promises to be tumultuous or unusually dark, and there lift up their voices, as only Italian women know how, singing some sweet little barcarolle, with a long lingering note for a refrain at the end of each verse. When this last beautiful swell of harmony has got well started out over the waves, they suddenly pause, and alertly listen for a response. If it be possible to communicate, their husbands and brothers, far out of sight, send back the song. And in it comes—beating across the crested surface of the sea, softened by the distance and mellowed by the night. Then they know all is safe, and retire contented to their work, in hope of a sure meeting of their home-friends before

long. Now, we cannot say that those who have left us here, and have sailed out on that mysterious main all around this living world, do even attempt to eeho our music back again. But we are sure they hear what we sing, in faith and love, in praise of their Redeemer and ours. At any rate, it is a fine thing to think of them when the years strike their evening chime. And we know there will be one day, when certainly we shall hear from them, when the quick and the dead shall be caught up together. And that dear day may dawn even while we are singing.

866 *Kindness even in affliction.* S. M.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou belovéd Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name adored;
For there is none beside.

This hymn, from the *Mother's Hymn Book*, 1834, was written by the venerable and excellent Thomas Hastings, by whom the music of the American churches has for so many years been enriched. It touches upon a Scripture figure of speech so deftly that not all, possibly, may notice the allusion. In the same exquisitely dear passage of the Word which we have learned so lovingly and so often to quote, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench," there is found a figure of speech so wondrously beautiful that we ought always to repeat it in the connection: "I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will *hold thine hand.*" Just as a child, who is going out into the dark it dreads, or is bracing itself up for pain which it has to undergo, says, "Father, hold my hand," so here the manliest believer is permitted to encourage his faith by a new grasp of his omnipotent Helper's hand.

How much wiser in this experience was Jonathan once than David. David had been told that he was chosen of God; but Saul was so hard upon him that he became demoralized. He exclaimed, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul!" No, he would not; why, he was already anointed to be king after Saul should be dead. But he fled into the wilderness. "Then Jonathan, Saul's son, arose, and went to David into the wood, and *strengthened his hand in God.*" He took, as it were, the hand that was flying loosely around groping after help, and laid it back in the clasp it had lost; for this is all he had to say: "Fear not: for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee; and that also Saul my father knoweth."

867 *Psalm* 103. S. M.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 103, Second Part, S. M. It consists of eight stanzas, and is entitled, "Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the Midst of Judgment." It is related concerning the family life of Rev. John Angell James that it was his custom to read Psalm 103 always at prayers on Saturday night. But his wife died, and the Sabbath drew nigh while she lay dead in the house. The members of the stricken household gathered in the twilight; some of them wondered whether this old song of the temple, fairly ringing and vibrant with thanksgiving, would be given out now while the shadows were hanging so deeply overhead. But the faithful servant of God simply turned to the familiar place and said gently: "No reason do I see why we should change our custom to-night; let us read our usual Psalm." Whoever casts his eye along the verses will find that there are great sweet words there, in the very midst of the praises for those whom "the Lord pitieth."

868 *"Son of Mary."* 7s. D.

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

DEAN MILMAN.

This poem by Rev. Dr. Henry Hart Milman appeared first in Bishop Heber's posthumous *Hymns*, 1827. The portrait shows changes; it was taken later in life than the one previously given. The refrain has been altered frequently, its original form being, "Gracious Son of Mary, hear," but the poem itself is unchanged. It was written to follow in the service the Gospel which describes the raising of the widow's son at Nain, but it deals only with the death. It stands, however, without a peer in its presentation of Christ's human sympathy for sorrow. Explanation of the affliction helps much. We learn that our sorrow is not like that of a nestless bird, chirping sadly for the loss of her young—a mere calamity. It is a discipline intelligently sent to the intelligent creatures of God. It is intended to refine character, to inure us to hardness, to wean us from this world and fit us for another where no more of it will be needed. We do not always find this out before.

"How often have we found a cross,
Whose heavy beam we scarcely bore,
When passed beneath, and lifted up,
To be the frame of heaven's door."

There is help even in this discovery. But there is more help in the comfort which follows. Just to be in the companionship of God is wonderfully reassuring. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." It is not easy to explain the untold comfort there is in the mere repose of the soul which he experiences who rests in God. Even Saint Paul had to say it "passeth knowledge." And all David had to say was that he was satisfied.

We once saw a frightened child out in a thunder-storm, caught in the full sight of his home. He ran with trembling footsteps towards the door. On the very threshold he was arrested with horror and alarm. There sat his mother in full view; could he reach her he was safe. But a more blinding flash, accompanied with a peal which seemed to tear the very heavens into banners, transfixed him with terror and rooted him speechless on the spot. But one word from those beloved lips dissolved the spell. One more step and his face was buried on the bosom he knew best. And then we understood, as never before, the inspired symbol, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, saith the Lord."

869 *Looking to Jesus.* 7s. D.

When along life's thorny road
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear;
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven
Opened wide the gates of heaven;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

This is taken from Rev. James George Deck's *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1838. From the lonely castle of Machærus

came the news that John the Baptist had at last sealed his work by his martyrdom. The chosen twelve hastened back in time to receive his mutilated remains and lay them in the sepulcher. The great and shining light of the new dispensation had in one savage moment of lust been put out by the king in order to gratify the spite of a wicked woman and answer the whim of a dancing girl. These disciples felt the unutterable gloom deepening around them. It is plain that they were heavily depressed in spirits. The record is exceedingly affecting in its artless simplicity, especially in one verse which Matthew adds to the narrative in Mark: "And his disciples came, and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus." Fitting and beautiful words are these for any bereaved believer to remember. It is a good thing for a mourner to feel that the heart of the Redeemer we love is tender and kind in its human invitation. If we are filial and affectionate, we may be sure of a welcome whenever, in any suffering, we just "go and tell Jesus." It is not without significance that one of our home hymns has caught the sentiment and set it to music.

870 *Comfort.* 7s, 5s.

IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'T is my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

We have in this one of George Rawson's hymns taken from the *Leeds Hymn-Book*, 1853, not only his best composition for real use, but the acknowledgment of a mood of feeling easily recognized by most of God's children who have ever been bereaved of what they now discover to have been a veritable "idol of their heart." They have been resting upon a human love, and now are simply desolate. It is of no use to try to straighten up into resistance and so to brave it out like a Stoic. It is evident that, if their religion is worth anything to them, it must show its power of substitution just at this moment, or they will go to pieces under the strain. Jesus the Master and Lord must take the place of the "secret idol," or hope will fail. There is a certain amount of help in human courage, cool temperament, and dauntless will. But in times of perplexity like this there is no real reliance save in divine interposition and God's powerful aid. And especially at the final agony, when nerves are racked with pain, and resolution is worn out with watching, when usual fortitude gives way before unusual strain, neither one's own brave heart nor the sustaining sympathy of friends is enough to hold us up. At the last extremity the eye must be taught to look, not within or around, but aloft. Such a glance God meets with reassurance; the Son of God was the son of Mary. "A living hope," said good Bishop Leighton, "lives in death itself; the world dares say no more than *Dum spiro, spero;* but the children of God can add, *Dum expiro, spero.*"

871 *"For he careth."* 7s.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

After being tossed around for many years, this is now, in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1892, ascribed to Rev. Rowland Hill, and traced to his collection of *Psalms and Hymns, chiefly intended for Public Worship*, 1783. The author was a clergyman of the Church of England, born at Hawkstone, England, August 23, 1744, educated at Shrewsbury, graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, 1769, and admitted to Holy Orders. But he itinerated for twelve years, preaching in various places. He opened the well-known Surrey Chapel in London in 1783; there he ministered nearly fifty years. He died April 11, 1833. This composition has been much altered, and appears in several forms. The reference is to Psalm 55:22.

Rowland Hill was eccentric and humorous, but he acted naturally, and it would be dangerous to imitate him. We get the heart of

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

the man in his common saying, "The best of living is to live for others." He preached extemporaneously, and averaged 350 sermons a year for sixty-six years. He once preached "one and twenty sermons for one and twenty meals." He thought a careful extemporary preacher should find preaching "his daily delight." When told that a sermon of his had gone from Dan to Beersheba, he replied, "Never mind, my friend, it is all holy ground." He once began a sermon by shouting "Matches!" and said he felt that he had not labored to save souls as laboriously as a match-seller under his study window had to sell matches.

Mr. Hill was a constantly prayerful man. He said, "I like ejaculatory prayer; it reaches heaven before the devil can get a shot at it." At one time his trustful feeling showed itself to a friend who heard him in an undertone in his chapel, after an exhausting service, thus soliloquizing:

> "And when I 'm to die, Receive me! I 'll cry,
> For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
> But this I do find, we two are so joined,
> He 'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

As to delivering sermons, he said that those hearing a will read would consider the contents rather than the reader's manner. On hearing scandal, he called for a brush and dust-pan, and swept the carpet, saying "much dust and dirt had been scattered." Of afflictions he remarks: "Every twig of God's rod grows in the paradise of his love," and counsels prayer, deeming an afflicted Christian better off than the sinner at liberty. He compares the Christian to a child gathering flowers, but constantly watching its father. A Christian, he asserts, reflects God's love in the world, as the diamond does the sunlight. In Christ's "unsearchable riches" he sees more than telescopes can display on earth. A spirit of prayer is like a bird *ready* to fly. "I think," said he, "that sermon is not worth a rush that has not got the *Redeemer* in it."

872 *Love seen in trials.* 7s.

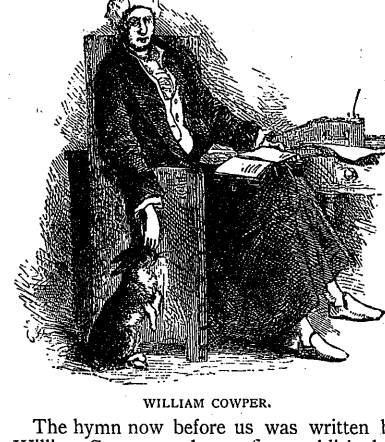
'T is my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?

5 Trials make the promise sweet:
Trials give new life to prayer:
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.



WILLIAM COWPER.

The hymn now before us was written by William Cowper, and was first published in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*, 1774. It was then, and afterwards in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, closely associated with the one beginning, "God moves in a mysterious way," and it suggests many of the sorrowful circumstances under which that was composed. It is a little unfortunate for the literary reputation

of this poet that he should, by reason of his invalidhood, invariably have made upon the minds that came more immediately in contact with his life the impression of weakness and melancholy. For really he ought to be reckoned among the intensest and most vigorous of writers when he was in the mood of proper composition. He wrote much besides hymns. He has been credited by his biographers with being actually the first poet of eminent genius in open opposition to the slave trade in Britain; he denounced injustice, he fought intemperance, he wielded his pen in behalf of all the mighty reforms that agitated the day in which he lived. He was bold and earnest in his intercession for dumb animals; he did all he could to kindle interest in Christian missions over the whole world. Personally, he was a man to love and to be loved. His feebleness was due to sickness and insanity; his trials were numberless, but his faith was firm.

There is in existence a book, by Thomas Wright, entitled *The Town of Cowper;* it is a history of Olney, written by a schoolmaster of excellent taste and brightness. It is embellished with engravings, and contains five portraits of the poet. One of these has in it the desk which was his favorite; he caused this to be included in the picture; he valued it as the gift of his cousin, Theodore Cowper, the one he in his young days loved sincerely. In a letter to Lady Hesketh, December 7, 1785, he speaks of "my desk, the most elegant, the compactest, the most commodious desk in the world, and of all the desks that ever were or ever shall be, the desk that I love the most."

873 "*Not my will, but thine.*" 6s. D.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

Another of the translations of Miss Jane Borthwick, taken from *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, the first series, 1854. It is a rendering from "*Mein Jesu, wie du willst,*" written by the Silesian pastor, Benjamin Schmolck, about 1704. It is founded upon Mark 14:36, and was published in 1709. The thought is this: We are to bend our wills in simple submission to Jesus, as Jesus bent his to that of his Father, and so settle the restless inquisitiveness of our wounded sensibility. There is no other way of dealing with such a question as this. We must take the testimony of those who have had experience of trouble. Four eminent men there have been whose history in this particular is before us. Aaron was terribly bereaved when his sons were struck dead; but "he held his peace." That was well, but Eli took higher ground; he *spoke;* he said: "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight." But Job reached a step higher than either; he spoke not only in submission, but in thankfulness: "Blessed be the name of the Lord." And then, from a far more serene and elevated summit of satisfaction, Paul, that grand old apostle of the New Testament, declared, "I take pleasure in my distresses." This ought to be enough for us. Even the uninspired Robert Burns could say:

"Though crosses and losses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll get nae ither where."

874 "*He knoweth the way.*" 6s. D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

This well-known poem, by Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, was first published in 1857 in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope.* It is a prayer for submission to a higher power, which alone can lead us to the best development. By resigning our own will we accept that of Christ;

henceforth it is he who works in us, and we gain everything by that substitution. It was he who once said: "Thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." One supreme moment there is to each faithful Christian's existence, forward to which he may often with profit even now summon himself to look. It will be the finest moment of his earthly life, and it will be the final one. Through one valley, and over one hill after another, he will journey, oftentimes shining, oftentimes shadowed, perhaps worn and weary all the difficult way. But he will, one sweet sunlit morning, really reach the beautiful gates, "on golden hinges turning." It would not be a wonder if, amid even the rejoicings he hears from the near throng that welcome him, he should ask just one flashing instant of review to look behind him over the long, devious path he has trodden. *Then he will understand it at last.* It may not have been what he would have chosen; but its discipline was profitable, and now its end is peace—eternal, sacred, sure.

875 *The Homeland.* 6s. D.

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

This beautiful and pathetic poem by Sir Henry Williams Baker was published in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, and has since been used in many collections. It was sung over the grave of the author, whose talent as a poet was of a very high order, although inclining to sadness and plaintiveness. It is in Psalm 55 that we meet first the words which have been repeated so many times as the cry of a soul wearied of life: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest." King David is believed to have written this Psalm at the time when Absalom his son had begun the attacks of his treacherous rebellion. He was driven already from his throne. That very afternoon he had been expelled from the capital. He was forced across the slender Kidron into the Mount of Olives. All things seemed going to ruin. The entire realm shook to its center. The fugitive monarch passed the night there unsheltered among the trees. Meantime he alleviated the tediousness of the midnight by praying and making a psalm. You cannot take his words as those of a petulant caviler who had settled down into desperate melancholy. He is neither peevish nor purposeless. The exciting history culminates at the point when he begins to pray there upon the mountain. The Psalm before us is his prayer.

It will be well for us, as we take up such a theme as this, to consider, first, the universality of the sentiment to which the Psalmist gives an impassioned utterance. It was no individual wish he expressed: the cry is more like the sigh of the ages, the irrepressible longing of an imprisoned soul for freedom from its fetters. It is not really a call for death to come and end one's despair; it is the demand for a new or at least another region in which to work out the problems of life. And this is as old as the race is, for all we can see. The book of human history is not complete: it has lost some of its early pages. But whatever records it has kept are full of this same wistfulness. A fine old fable was that taught in the mediæval times; the knights were told to think of the vast temple of the Sangreal. Deep in the impenetrable forest it stood, guarded by its mailed warriors; six and thirty towers rose into the quiet sky, and over them all the grand dome of apocalyptic sapphire; and there hung, just beneath, crystal crosses and curtains of green. The eye of mortal could not behold it yet; only it was sure that the glory remained in waiting. But that structure would be for ever invisible to an impure heart, for ever inaccessible to every faltering or faithless soul. There it stood upon the onyx summit of Mount Salvage; and he that was brave and holy might one time reach the portal, and so be at rest. Men sighed to go to that far-away citadel.

876 *A Father's hand.* 6s. D.

BE tranquil, O my soul!
Be quiet, every fear!
Thy Father hath control,
And he is ever near.
Ne'er of thy lot complain,
Whatever may befall;
Sickness, or care, or pain,
'T is well appointed all.

2 A Father's chastening hand
Is leading thee along;
Nor distant is the land
Where swells the immortal song.
Oh, then, my soul, be still!
Await heaven's high decree;
Seek but thy Father's will,
It shall be well with thee.

This poem by Dr. Thomas Hastings was first published in *Songs of the Church*, 1862, with the title "Patience in Affliction." It is an appeal to "those who are troubled or distressed in mind, body, or estate," to strengthen their failing courage by remembering that God has sent the trial for a definite purpose. As we receive it, so it will be to us either a blessing or a wasted opportunity. Bishop Brooks has said: The sunlight falls upon a clod, and the clod drinks it in, is itself warmed by it, but lies as black as ever, and sheds out no light. But the sun touches a diamond, and the diamond almost chills itself as it sends out in radiance on every side the light that has fallen upon it. So God helps one man bear his pain, and nobody but that man is a whit the richer. God comes to another sufferer—reverent, unselfish, humble—and the lame leap, and the dumb speak, and the wretched are comforted all around by the radiated comfort of that happy soul."

877 *"Balm in Gilead."* L.M. 6l.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God 's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

The Honorable Walter Shirley, M. A., was born in 1725, and died April 7, 1786. As a relative of the Countess of Huntingdon, he became interested in her circle of friends, and often preached in the chapels established by Whitefield and the Wesleys. For some time he was rector of Loughrea, in the county of Galway, Ireland. He wrote a number of hymns, of which a few remain in general use. Among them the one quoted here is well known, although it has often been altered and abbreviated. It is a call to those who are in trouble, that they should seek earnestly for divine help. It is folly to blame God's dilatoriness when our supplications are delayed or denied. Certainly mere sentimental complaints do not better the matter; we must keep on praying. For it is no heroic man or woman who, having been hindered in petition, sits in the doorway exclaiming, like another Jeremiah, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger!" Sympathy does not help the case.

The reply is: "I will not let thee go!" Nothing more or less than pray again, and keep praying. The two parables of our Saviour are exactly in point. The widow's importunity prevailed over even an unjust judge; how much more ours over One who is just and merciful likewise! The friend's importunity gained bread even at midnight for his guests from one who was resistant and churlish; how much more ours from a Father who seeks chances for generous supply! And Jesus told his meaning at the beginning. "He spake a parable unto them, *to this end*, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

878 *"Eben-ezer."* L. M. 6l.

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares:
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word;
Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

2 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power:
Did ever trouble yet befall
And he refuse to hear thy call?

3 He who has helped thee hitherto
Will help thee all thy journey through;
Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

This piece of Rev. John Newton's is found in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, No. 40 of Book III. It consists of seven stanzas, and is entitled, "Why art thou cast down?" It was written in a season of serious trial and depression of spirits, and it well shows how calmly he could teach his mind to rest in the providence of God as well as on his grace.

When the world pursues a Christian who has in his heart the hope of salvation, who remembers at least one revolutionary hour in his private experience in which he committed his all unto his Saviour in full trust and acceptance, it usually finds him far out of its reach. Think of good old Rutherford writing from the prison of Aberdeen. He repeats the words of the prophet, "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." And then he adds: "I creep under my Lord's wings in the

great shower, and the waters cannot reach me. Let fools laugh the fools' laughter and scorn Christ, and bid the weeping captives in Babylon sing them one of the songs of Zion. We may sing, even in our winter's tempest, in the expectation of our summer's sun at the turn of the year. No created powers in hell or out of hell can mar our Lord's work or spoil our song of joy. Let us then be glad and rejoice in the salvation of our Lord; for faith hath never yet the cause to have tearful eyes or a saddened brow."

879 *"As thy days."* L. M. 6l.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

Another of the very acceptable pieces contributed by Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney to Dr. Bacon's *Hymns and Sacred Songs for the Monthly Concert*, 1823. It is founded upon the promise of the Old Testament recorded in Deuteronomy 33:25: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This engagement is unlike any other in God's Word: it announces itself as limited; and yet it is charged with grace that is measureless. God does not pledge himself to give his children help before they need it, nor more help than they need; but he will be observant of them all their lives, and when they are at the highest in their necessities he will send them swift and sufficient supply.

880 *"At evening time."* L. M. 6l.

AT evening time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day—
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way—
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'T is evening time, and there is light!

This hymn by James Montgomery was written at Conway, North Wales, in September, 1828, and published in his *Poet's Portfolio*, 1835. It is referred to by Holland in his *Memoirs* of Montgomery, and has come into general use in America. The poem was suggested by the close of the seventh verse in the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah: "It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." If one were to be summoned to mention any single characteristic of the divine government in this world which had most arrested his attention, he would be likely to specify its vast system of surprises. It might be said of every spiritual day, especially of one which has been hazy and fitful in its shinings and its shadows, that "It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." The darkness of every worrying experience goes on deepening into gloom, but when the sundown occurs—the hour that surely predicts and precurses the inevitable night—then at evening time it is light. God's way with his children is to strengthen with denial and reward by surprise. All things ought to be judged by their final outlook. Worldly wisdom is prudent enough to admit that "all's well that ends well." Here is hint enough that when these systems are near their dispersion there will be final explanation and release. However ready we may be patiently to bear with this confusion around us, there can be no denial that to the sincere Christian the end is the best part of it. There is great welcome in the thought of a clearer life to come after this. From all this we learn a lesson as to the grand purpose of existence. When the cloud passes, and the mist clears, and the confusion ends, where will the evening time find us? No one is made the butt of circumstances; no one has been pitched upon as a child of disaster. The day is alike confused to all; but God's grace has been added as an unfailing helper. By that grace any believing penitent man may be like John's "angel standing in the sun!"

881 *"Jesus wept."* L. M. 6l.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone, I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last—
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

Lord Glenelg included this hymn in the *Sacred Poems*, 1839, he published, written by his brother, Sir Robert Grant. It had appeared before in the *Christian Observer*, February, 1806. The simplicity of the sentiment embodied in these familiar stanzas, and the smoothness of the poetical rhythm, are what have rendered the piece so popular. The troubled soul finds its relief in the mere sense of the Saviour's presence. Here again we are reminded of the experience of the disciples, who, when they had buried the body of John the Baptist, "went and told Jesus." It is not easy to say just what our Lord did; they were interrupted by a crowd before long. But we feel perfectly satisfied that the compassionate Saviour suffered their natural emotion to find vent without any rebuke. He gave them proper indulgence in mourning over the loss of one so dear as John the Baptist. And, no doubt, they told over and over the reminiscences of his career. Where was there ever before a forerunner so brave, a preacher so faithful, a hero so noble? He was Jesus' affectionate kinsman; he had most likely baptized Andrew, Peter, and John. Christ had loved and trusted him; indeed, he once said publicly that John was the greatest man ever born of woman. And now we may be certain that when the disciples went and told him, he would point out to them how fine a thing it was just to be genuine and true and steady to the end. And if Simon Peter got up on his feet to say he was not going to break for all this, it would have been just like him. And if the rest thought so, and said nothing, it would have been just like them, too. Perhaps they bowed their heads and wept; if they did, it was not un-Christian nor unmanly. "Jesus wept" once; possibly more than once. There are times when God asks nothing of his children except silence, patience, and tears. He lets them go aside away from interruption, in order to weep till nature is relieved of her heaviest burden; then he gives "a season of clear shining that cometh after rain."

882 *"Lead thou me on."* 10s, 4s.

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;
3 loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John Henry Newman, D. D., was born in London, February 21, 1801; he died in Birmingham, August 11, 1890. His father was a banker. His mother was a Huguenot, and both of his parents were decidedly religious in profession and life. His father died while he was very young, and then the boy was sent away to school. He tells us that from a child he "was brought up to take great delight in reading the Bible."

He was graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, and in Oriel College afterward he became a tutor, and was thrown into the association and companionship of Richard Hurrell Froude. In 1828 he found such friends as John Keble and Edward Bouverie Pusey. With those men commenced what has been known as the Oxford movement in the English Establishment. The candor of Dr. Newman's narrative reveals a singular state of mind through which he was passing for a period of years. He says he was disturbed in his faith by infidels like Paine and Hume and Voltaire. He used to believe in angels living here among men disguised as human beings; he got into the habit unconsciously of making the sign of the cross, as Roman Catholics do; and it was a volume of pious old Romaine that settled his confidence, and then he moved straight on till he became a formal communicant in the Church of Rome at the last.

From the papal city Dr. Newman went to Sicily; there he fell ill close unto death. But when the servant came to him for the last orders, he cried out: "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light!" That seemed to be the burden of every meditation. He gained strength, and departed for home by the sea. In the calm of a sultry week, when the sails would not stir, out between the two islands of Corsica and Sardinia, he composed this hymn, which all the world knows and sings with universal acceptance. The title which the author affixed to it was "The Pillar of the Cloud." It was first published in the *British Magazine*, and then incorporated in the *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, which he and his

fellow-travelers had already begun to write while they were in the city of Rome together. There were only three stanzas to it as he wrote it—these are the three we have.

He came home to begin the publication of the *Oxford Tracts*. That small company of determined friends shook the British Islands with the throes of a passionate discussion, never violent on their part, but always vigorous and often intense. It was not until 1845 that Dr. Newman finally was received into the communion of the Roman Church. The ecclesiastical authorities gave him an enthusiastic welcome, and rewarded him with their honors. He was made the rector of a university in Dublin, and ultimately there was given him a cardinal's hat in 1879. Latterly he made his home at Birmingham; but his old age drew him aside from public life.

883 "*Thy will be done.*" 8s, 4s.

My God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

2 If thou couldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done.

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

For some reason or other, Miss Charlotte Elliott wrote this piece over four times, and issued the text in various books. Hence the confusion as to the legitimate form she preferred. The one before us is the earliest of them all, and is found in the *Appendix* to the first edition of the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1834. In the general acceptance of Christian people this ranks next to the author's "Just as I am." It has been translated into almost all the modern languages, notably into German and French, as well as into the stately rhythm of the Latin tongue. The point of the sentiment is found in the refrain. Said the poet Goethe once: "Only with self-renunciation can the divine life be said to begin."

884 *Resting in God.* P. M.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he!
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand:
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill—
Lying still.

3 Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not!
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath he comfort spoken—
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

4 To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;
Ask him not, then—when or how—
Only bow.

This is the translation by an unknown author from a German poem. Rev. Carl Rudolph Hagenbach, D. D., was born at Basel, Germany, March 4, 1801, and studied at the Universities of Basel, Bonn, and Berlin. On returning to his native town he was appointed Professor of Church History, and his life was spent in this work, his death occurring June 7, 1874. A volume of his poems was published in 1846, and in this appeared the original of our hymn. The English version was first printed in the *Family Treasury*, 1861, and has since been included in many collections, sometimes bearing appended to it, "translated by 'H. A. P.'" The sentiment of the hymn is a sense of the necessity of our coming often to Christ in our daily life, not only for our own wants, but also for those of others. In him alone lies help for all our need, whatever it may be. Full of quaintness and yet of homely power, is a story told by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon of an incident on a European trip. "I was in Cologne on a very rainy day, and I was looking out for similes and metaphors, as I generally am, but I had nothing on earth to look at in the square of the city but an old pump, and what kind of a simile I could make out of it I could not tell. All traffic seemed suspended, it rained so hard; but I noticed a woman come to the pump with a bucket. Presently I noticed a man come in with a bucket, nay, he came with a yoke and two buckets. As I kept on writing and looking out every now and then, I saw the same friend with the often-buckets and the blue blouse coming to the same pump again. In the course of the

morning I think I saw him a dozen times. I thought to myself, 'Ah, you do not fetch water for your own house, I am persuaded; you are a water-carrier; you fetch water for lots of people, and that is why you come oftener than anybody else.' Now there was a meaning in that at once to my soul, that inasmuch as I had not only to go to Christ for myself, but had been made a water-carrier to carry the water of everlasting life to others, I must come a great deal oftener than anybody else."

885 *A Hymn of Trust.* C. M.

I CANNOT tell if short or long
My earthly journey be;
But, all the way, I know thy rod
And staff will comfort me.

2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,
What need have I to care?
Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt
Beyond my strength to bear.

3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,
My soul would not avoid;
Who follows thee, O Lord, may be
Cast down, but not destroyed.

4 Though over steep and rugged ways
My weary feet be brought,
Still following where thy footprints lead,
I take no anxious thought.

5 Oh, perfect peace! oh, endless rest!
No care, no vain alarms;
Beneath my every cross I find
The Everlasting Arms.

Nothing is known of the author of this hymn, Miss H. O. Knowlton, except that she was a school-girl in Illinois at the time it was written. It was first published in *Laudes Domini*, in 1884, and entitled "A Hymn of Trust." It is the expression of an absolute confidence in God's guidance through the many difficulties and dangers of life, as well as a recognition of the fact that the divine leading is the only one upon which it is safe for us to rely. A very famous Welsh preacher was using for his text the words of the apostle's counsel, "See, then, that ye walk circumspectly," and he began his sermon with this remarkable strain of rhetoric: "Did you, my brethren, ever notice, when you happened to be looking from the back window of your house, a cat making her devious way across the line of wall separating you from your neighbor? For some reason or other that barrier had never been constructed in a very hospitable manner. Indeed, it had a belligerent aspect from the fact of its having been crowned with the ragged edges of broken glass bottles set heavily in the mortar which held them upright, as if they had grown out of the stone. Your feline friend, as she advanced along the perilous path, selected her footsteps with the utmost precision, planting her feet with wonderful ingenuity upon the smooth spots which lay between the keen edges of the glass she had to encounter. As you watched her in the transit, it would seem as if you must have gained a better understanding of the apostle's words," and here the preacher's tones grew solemn and his speech hesitant as with strange and graphic gesticulation he seemed in imagination to be following the animal through its dangerous course: "See—then—that—ye—walk—circumspectly."

This quaint commencement insured the attention of his people and a forcible impression of the truth on their lives. There is no royal road to excellence. Life is full of peril from beginning to end. God has promised to guard his chosen by his providence, but his measures of guardianship are usually unseen. Much lies, therefore, upon the responsibility of each individual for himself. It is not always, nor even in the majority of instances among our American youth, true that it is wilfulness which leads young men and young women astray so much as it is simple thoughtlessness. It is a good thing to learn to put one's foot down firmly, but it depends a great deal upon what you put it down on. There is no use in homilizing just here; we believe that our counsel will be most acceptable and most pertinently made if we leave it in the hands of the bright old Welsh preacher, calling your attention to his text: "See, then, that ye walk circumspectly."

886 *Progress.* 8s, 7s.

LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn.

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward, press my way.

Another of Dr. Horatius Bonar's stirring calls to growth in grace and duty. It is taken from one of his long poems in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857. Allusion is made to the promise given of old, Isaiah 40:31: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary: and they shall walk and not faint." What we want is a little more imagination in labor; a small amount, at least, of poetic enthusiasm. Some of us have seen a fire-

engine on gala-day covered with its flowers and glittering with its gilt and crimson stripes. And perhaps we have smiled somewhat cynically at the show of red coats and white belts, the brass of the trumpet or the patent luster on the leather hat. But have we never seen them together, the engine and the workers, taken suddenly from the procession at the sound of a bell? and have we marked how amid the roar of conflagration and the falling of timbers the loud tone of command went ringing through the very trumpet we laughed at, and how powerfully those painted brakes kept time with their thumping, while the hiss of the rushing water seemed to sneer at the flame as it stifled it? We saw then the need of some usefulness under the beauty, as we had seen before the beauty overlying the usefulness. And when we looked upon those same bright garments soaked with the spray and begrimed with the cinders, then we felt there was no less of manliness in the stalwart arms for all that the red coats covered them; and we felt how much more beautiful hereafter would the parade decorations appear to all who remembered the power in the sinewy arms, uncrippled by the flowers and gold.

Now, the secret of all cheerful, useful life is found in putting a measure of imagination into toil. Think all the time what it is for; how finely it will end; how well it looks; and remember who loves us and cares for us to the end of it.

887 *"Leaving us an example."* 8s, 7s.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother—
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh! no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

Another of Rev. Samuel Johnson's contributions to *A Book of Hymns*, 1846; it was afterward altered a little for the *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864. It is entitled "Conflict;" and, without any lachrymose or sentimental view of life, it suggests that a Christian should take up his commonplace duties with a plucky heart. The ambition we most frequently meet consists in self-seeking. That is the way we expect to become great; while the true way is not to become but be great, and that at once and by ourselves. He is great who is earnest and faithful, where he is and as he is, whether he knows it, or the world knows it, or nobody knows it. Let a man do his simple duty, straining at nothing, aping no one, and he will eventuate great things. A higher use, a deeper meaning, is always working itself out in what a true man accomplishes. He does the little things, and finds they are great things after all. The old fable of Scandinavian mythology is the type of human life. The giant-deity Thor was once set to drain a drinking-horn whose waters fled from his lips as he touched them. And then he was bidden to wrestle with a hag whose sinewy hands shook his frame till it quivered. Then he was commanded to race with a courser whose very feet spurned the milestones on the rapid way. He triumphed at last in all these labors, and when they shouted his praises in the halls of the demigods as chief in exploits, he found he had been wrestling with Old Age, racing with Thought, and drinking the sea. Does any one say this is heathen? Let him remember that one who was not a heathen wrestled by the brook Jabbok with what he thought was a man—it proved to be an angel; and then he wrestled the harder, and it proved to be God.

888 *Psalm* 127. 8s, 7s.

VAINLY, through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

In a book called the *Spirit of the Psalms*, by Miss Harriet Auber, published in London, 1829, this hymn first appeared. It is a poetical version of the first verses of Psalm 127, which assure us that all earthly efforts are useless unless they are blessed by the divine power. With that help from above, no endeavor is too humble to deserve a blessing as often as it may be asked. Self-seeking in religious work is excluded. Here is given a possible explanation of unexpected failures in great projects. He who is bravest and truest

is ever the one to recognize most humbly just wherein his disaster lies, when all his plans come to naught. It seems to me there is no more pathetic record in all biography than that which the honored Chalmers left for himself. He had lived long enough to hear his favorite project to relieve Britain of pauperism pronounced a failure. Then he wrote this: "I have been set on the erection of my Babel. I have trusted more to my own arguments and combinations among my followers, than to prayers. And though I cannot resign my convictions, I must now—and surely it is good to be so taught—I must now, under the experimental sense of my own helplessness, acknowledge with all humility, yet with hope in the efficacy of a blessing from on high, still in reserve for the day of God's own appointed time, that except the Lord build the house, the builders labor in vain!" Oh, what a sight is this! The old veteran soldier of the cross, bringing his sword, and quietly laying it down at eventide, confessing even with tears that though he believes the temper of the weapon is still good, yet because of the weakness of his arm and the faithlessness of his heart, the enemy is still unvanquished. Surely never was this great Scotchman so great as when he humbled himself thus to be useful.

889 *Courage and Faith.* 8s, 7s.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay:
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide:
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

This poem appeared anonymously in *Psalms of Life*, 1857, and although it has since been republished in many collections, its authorship remains unknown. It is a petition for faith and strength, that we may be valiant soldiers in the struggle of life. What it is that makes men invincible, we may learn from the concluding portion of an address on his own career delivered recently by Professor Tyndall, the eminent scientist. "I beg you to accept my address as a fragment of the life of a brother who had felt the scars of the battle in which many of you are now engaged. Duty has been mentioned as my motive force. In Germany one heard this word much more frequently than the word glory. I asked two Prussian officers whom I met in the summer of 1871, at Pontresina, how the German troops behaved when going into battle, did they cheer and encourage each other. The reply I received was: Never in our experience has the cry, '*Wir mussen siegen*'—we must conquer—been heard from German soldiers; but in a hundred instances we have heard them resolutely exclaim, '*Wir mussen unsere Pflicht thun*'—we must do our duty. It was a sense of duty rather than love of glory that strengthened those men and filled them with an invincible heroism. We in England have always liked the iron ring of the word 'duty.' It was Nelson's talisman at Trafalgar. It was the guiding star of Wellington."

890 *Benevolent Efforts.* 8s, 7s.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest.
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

REV. P. A. HANAFORD.

This hymn was written by Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford, now residing in New York City. She is a regularly ordained minister in the Universalist denomination. She was born on the island of Nantucket, May 6, 1829, and is a descendant of Tristram Coffin, the first chief magistrate there, and as well of Peter

Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. She was educated under the care and supervision of Rev Ethan Allen, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in her native village. In 1849 she was married to Joseph H. Hanaford, and has two children, a son and a daughter.

In 1868, after a year's preaching in the place, she was ordained as pastor of the Universalist church in Hingham, Mass. In 1870 she removed to New Haven, Conn., and resumed the pastoral office in a church there. She removed to Jersey City, N. J., in 1874, in order to take charge of the "Church of the Good Shepherd" on the Heights. It is likely that she was the first woman ever ordained as a preacher in New England.

Mrs. Hanaford has been one of the most voluminous writers of prose and poetry. She has edited and lectured all through her career, and is busily occupied in contributions and addresses to this day. She has served as Chaplain in the Connecticut Legislature, has delivered the charge when a man was ordained. She married her own daughter, and claims to be the first, if not the only, woman that ever responded in a Masonic Festival to a toast. She is a very lady-like, modest, and unassuming woman, with many friends. This hymn was written for the *Home Mission Record;* it was a waif in the newspapers, and has been kept alive in the hymnals. It is founded upon Ecclesiastes 11:1.

891 *"Not your own."* 8s, 7s.

LORD of glory! thou hast bought us,
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield thee
Gladly, freely, of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence—
"Ye have done it unto me!"

4 Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee:
But, oh—best of all thy graces—
Give us thine own charity.

Mrs. Eliza Sibbald Alderson, who is a sister of Rev. Dr. Dykes, was born in 1818, and married, in 1850, Rev. W. T. Alderson, who was at one time Chaplain to the West Riding House of Correction, Wakefield. This hymn was written in 1864, and had five stanzas of eight lines each; but was not published until 1868, when it appeared in the *Appendix to Hymns, Ancient and Modern.* In regard to it, the author says, "It was the very strong feeling that a tithe of our income was a solemn debt to God and his poor, which inspired it." Some most excellent and worthy workers in the church of Christ become discouraged. They have no wealth, and what they can set apart for the great causes seems pitifully meager. No words in the Bible are more definite than these: "It is required of stewards that they be found *faithful.*" Very well: faithful over what? Over what God has given them; nothing more. Let every one be true, as far as he goes; and Christ will never blame him for not going farther. He marks well and with grand approval all the minor ministries of affection for him. He says: "If there first be a cheerful heart, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

892 *Psalm* 126:6. 8s, 7s.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

This well-known hymn by Dr. Thomas Hastings, founded on Psalm 126:5, 6, appeared first in his *Christian Psalmist,* 1836, and has become a favorite with churches of every denomination. It is an expression of confidence that God will bless with rich increase any efforts made by us to benefit others. It is a bad principle to say, "We have so much trouble of our own, we will help when we are more able, or have more time." We must give our *bread,* invest our grain for seed, and then wait trustfully for the reaping. Our aid must be given when that aid is needed. Consider times of narrowness, of panic, of business depression, as offering special occasion. Then the poor are poorer than ever. And yet then our craven, greedy human nature is most inclined to run to cover. People begin to retrench because of close markets; but who feel close markets the most? When it seems as if we had nothing to spare, when all time of leisure is exhausted, when one's brain is heavy with overwork, then our first impulse is to draw aside from labor among the poor. But the

slenderest philosophy ought to be enough to show that these are the very occasions above all others when the need is most pressing. What we feel some, the poor feel more. What if some cautious sailor on a vessel of relief, as they drift near a sinking wreck, should coolly reply when the captain ordered him into the life-boat: "It is always hard enough to go out in the water to save people; to-night the sea is stormier than usual; it is really dangerous to think of leaping overboard *now;* these billows are extraordinarily high; the air is chilly, too; and then, look! the ocean is positively full of drowning men and women; folks say that drowning females will drag one right under most thoughtlessly; it is dreadful to think of it; why do not people shipwreck themselves in the daytime, and in warm weather and in quiet oceans? It is as much as any wise seaman can do now to take care of himself, and keep ordinarily comfortable till the storm slacks somewhat!"

893 *"So Jesus looked."* C. M.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasures know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And 'mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

This hymn was written by Dr. Philip Doddridge, and published among his other works in 1755. It bears the title "Sympathy," and its central thought is the need of earnest, pitiful love in our efforts to help the souls of our fellow-men. There is too little delicate sympathy for human weakness in our clumsy effort to relieve it. We do not respect the solemn reserves of each soul as we push, in the presence of others, the probes of our questioning into its wounds. Souls are solitary when they wrestle with God's angel. They do not give their trust easily, and never unless they know it is to a true friend. Remember that some of us have supreme advantage in this respect. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." That is true for all, and yet not every one sees it. "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us." Oh, yes! we have *known* and *believed* God's love; but men who hear only rough, quick words from our lips cannot believe in ours. We must make them reach confidence in the sincerity of our affection by supreme endeavor of patient forbearance and regard. Think of the faith that old Crimean soldier had in Florence Nightingale when he lifted his aching body up just to kiss her shadow as it suddenly ran along the wall!

894 *God's hidden ones.* C. M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Rev. Dr. William Croswell was born at Hudson, N. Y., November 7, 1804, and graduated at Yale College. He studied law at first, but subsequently decided to enter the ministry, and took Holy Orders in 1829, when he became rector of Christ Church, Boston. In 1840 he removed to St. Peter's Church at Auburn, N. Y., but four years later he returned to Boston as rector of the Church of the Advent, where he remained until his death, November 9, 1851. His *Poems*, collected by his father, were published at Boston in 1860, and contain quite a number of hymns which are now in common use. The one here given was written in 1831 for the meeting of a benevolent society in Boston, and it has been generally accepted as the best American hymn for similar occasions. It is a plea that we should strive to follow Christ's example, and try to enter into the life of those who are poor and desolate and oppressed. It is unfortunate for all parties concerned that laboring men are not more frequently heard in their own behalf. Some people are inclined to claim that there are complications—not a few—peculiar to our own times, and fresh to the discussion between capital and labor. Injustice has often been done merely through ignorance of first facts. We grow very angry over the inconvenience we feel from strikes among work-people; and we upbraid the whole of

them for their folly in harming themselves, as well as everybody else, by their spiteful behavior. We clamor at the extraordinary prices they demand for their services. We institute ungenerous comparisons of these times with those which came earlier. Demagogues declaim against the unappeased restlessness of the masses, and actually talk of force as becoming necessary to coerce them into a more obsequious silence in the presence of their betters.

Now the lion, in Æsop's fable, was reminded that he had been pictured always with the foot of a man upon his neck, and hence he must infer his own inferiority. Whereupon he mildly requested that he might be permitted to draw the picture once; "and then," said he, "we shall see where the supremacy will lie." He painted the paw upon the man's neck instead.

It becomes a serious and interesting inquiry whether there is yet one side altogether unrepresented in the debate. Is it a settled conclusion, that, in all the present conflict of opinion, laboring-men have no case at all, and must be immediately thrown out of court? Have they no words of soberness to speak to the community, no message of solemn explanation to utter in the ears of the churches? They do have thus much to say to the community: they assert that all the old hope to work-people, of better times coming, is gone. They repeat with wonderful pathos that "The good time coming, boys," is a good long time a-coming!

895 *Minute fidelity.* C. M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

No account is given of the authorship of this small poem; it can hardly be called a hymn; still it takes the place of one, and it has a sort of appropriateness at the close of a charity service, or the like. In some of the collections where it appears it is credited to the London *Inquirer*. An illustration of its sentiment can be found in an incident of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's early history, vouched for as true. Thirty years ago or more he was invited to preach in the vast Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Would his voice fill the immense area? Resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the building, and thinking for a passage of Scripture to repeat, this, as he reached the stage, came to mind: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words, he felt sure that he would be heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone. More than a quarter of a century later Mr. Spurgeon's brother, who is also a pastor, was called to the bedside of a man, an artisan, who was near his end. "Are you ready to die?" asked the pastor. "Oh, yes!" answered the man, with a modest but firm measure of assurance. "Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?" he inquired again, very earnestly. "It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope. All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said: 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By the meaning of these words I was convinced of sin; Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour. I accepted him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served him ever since."

896 *Psalm* 41. C. M.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

The story of this gifted woman, Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, who wrote the hymn before us, is in all the annotated hymnals on both sides of the sea. She did not give many of her compositions to the churches at large, but

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

what have come down into use are appropriate for special purposes. This one is an excellent charity hymn, and deals with inner motives and delicate considerations in administering help to the sons and daughters of poverty. The great English critic, Ruskin, used to direct attention to the phraseology of the verse, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;" he insisted that emphasis should be thrown upon the word "considereth," as intimating that it was not the pittance bestowed, but the feeling of putting one's self in the place of the needy brother, which gave to the bestowment of alms its intrinsic value.

Mrs. Barbauld was born June 20, 1743, at Kibworth, Leicestershire, England, where her father, Dr. John Aikin, was a schoolmaster. She was highly educated, proficient in Latin and Greek, as well as in all the acquirements of elegant scholarship. Her admirers were wont to speak of her personal charms, fine figure, and dark-blue eyes, as well as of her brilliant accomplishments. In 1774 she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a Unitarian minister of French descent, who kept school at Palgrave, in Suffolk; she became his assistant in the regular duties of instruction during the next eleven years. Nobody seems to speak in terms of satisfaction of this man. He became crazy after awhile, and so dangerous that she was in peril of her life. He attacked her with a knife, and she put him in an asylum, from which he escaped and ultimately drowned himself; and she wrote "an affecting dirge." The poetess published many works, lived to be over eighty years old, beloved and honored and useful, and died March 9, 1825, mourned by all.

897 *Beneficence.* C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

Rev. Dr. Philip Doddridge has given us a notion of practical beneficence in this hymn; in his book, 1755, it is No. 188, and is entiled "Relieving Christ in His Poor Saints. Matthew 25:40." The best illustration of the sentiment, perhaps, is furnished in a communication addressed to the *Scotch Letter* department of a religious journal. The writer is simply describing the way in which our foreign neighbors blend spirituality of enjoyment with commonplace duty. He says: "A few Sundays ago, in a parish church not a hundred miles from where I write, the evening service was so poorly attended that the minister entered the pulpit only to dismiss the very small congregation with a benediction, and with the remark that the meager attendance did not warrant him in entering further on the service. But he kept the coppers; the collection was not 'returned at the doors.' The collection, nevertheless, is a strong point in Highland churches. A famous Highland minister once announced for the following Sabbath a collection for foreign missions, which, he said, would be taken at the Gaelic and the English services, so that 'every one would have the preevilege of contreebuting in his own language.' The Highlanders, too, are not unaccustomed to having blank Sundays during winter and spring, a circumstance quaintly embodied in the announcement of one patriarch, that 'there will be no Lord's day here next Sabbath.' The beadle, or minister's man, is a great institution in these parts. He is a very fountain of shrewdness and self-sufficiency."

898 *More laborers.* C. M.

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word:
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

This poem, written by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of H. W. Longfellow, first appeared in a Unitarian collection called *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864. It was not intended to be used in missionary services, and is an expression of the zeal which the Gospel call should rouse in our hearts. Zeal means boiling. An earnest, irrepressible desire to reach some other souls, and bring them into the same lofty relationship with Jesus, springs up in the breast of every right-minded child of God. By and by, in some cases, this really becomes the ruling passion. There was one grand old martyr who even in the moment of agony could think only of people to be saved. When he saw the vast crowd bringing fagots with which to burn him, he thought only of them as such a fine audience! He sent word of inquiry whether he might just preach to them for half an hour. When they silenced him he was keenly disappointed, and turned meekly to prayer, saying: "Behold, the harvest! O Master, send thy laborers forth to reap!"

899 *Charitableness.* C. M.

THINK gently of the erring one!
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

In the Universalist *Hymns for Christian Devotion*, published in Boston, 1846, this poem is ascribed to Miss Fletcher, a writer who has remained unknown to the present day. The piece is a favorite one on account of its plea for gentleness and tenderness in our efforts to help our needy brothers. We must have a heart in the hand when we offer it to him. Everything seems so chill in our modern ways of working. We need more warm-hearted love. For here is the secret of all success in the winning of souls. A man had broken through the ice and was drowning in the Merrimac River. The neighbors sought to save him with a plank thrust out over the edge. Twice he caught it and slipped back into the stream. Then he had just strength enough to say, "Oh, for heaven's sake give me the wood-end of the plank!" They pulled it in, and found that the end they offered was round and chill with ice. They changed it; and then his numb fingers clasped the friendly board, and he was saved. Ah, me! we must, in saving souls, present something beside the ice-end of a mere conventional piety.

900 *The Martyr-spirit.* C. M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—
He follows in his train.

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

4 They climbed the dizzy steep to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

This is one of Bishop Reginald Heber's finest lyrics, ranking in the estimate of many with that anthem-like composition, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." It was published first in his posthumous *Hymns, Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. There it consists of eight stanzas of four lines. It seems strange to us that the poetry of such a man should have to wait for a fitting recognition until after his death. It is related in his biography that he endeavored with much zeal to persuade Archbishop Manners Sutton, and afterwards the Bishop of London, even as early as the year 1820, to authorize the publication of his work, still in manuscript, and the use of some of his compositions in regular services. His argument was pressed seriously that the churches outside of the Establishment were making their singing a "powerful engine" for religious good, and these popular lyrics were forcing their way across the ecclesiastical barriers into the Episcopal congregations; he urged forcibly that as such a use was irregular, it would be better to regulate it, since it would be impossible to suppress it. But he did not succeed. And now the fact stands that the total contents of the manuscript collection he made are in the hymnals of all the churches on both sides of the sea, with a wideness in the welcome altogether unique in the history of compilation.

901 *Expedition.* S. M.

WORK while it is to-day!
This was our Saviour's rule;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in his school.

2 Lord Christ, we humbly ask
Of thee the power and will,
With fear and meekness, every task
Of duty to fulfill.

3 At home, by word and deed,
Adorn redeeming grace;
And sow abroad the precious seed
Of truth in every place:

4 That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness,
Where'er life's river flows.

5 For thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And, persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day.

This appears in James Montgomery's *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*, 1853, as No. 156, and is entitled, "Working the Works of God." The general trend of Christian experience at the present day is towards activity rather than towards meditation or sensibility. For one mystic we may find fifty hustlers. Religion includes a form of feeling, a form of knowledge, a form of work—the heart, the head, and the hand are all employed. These are to move in unity, and then the individual is to grow greater and stronger as a whole. Some people increase in wealth, in social position, in prosperity, for half a lifetime, and die as contractedly little as they began. Did you ever see a bird hopping up on the doorstone of a village church? In a moment it sprang higher, and lit on an upper window-sill; then with another little flutter it reached the point of the roof; and now you imagined how far away it could see. Up it flew again to the belfry; ah! the hills, and the rivers, and the meadows in the prospect; then another flight, and it stood sheer aloft upon the spire. Your heart swelled with the thought of the vast reach of landscape by this time under its eye, but you felt really surprised that the bird continued so preposterously little all the time. You could hardly see it now at all, away up there on the gilt vane, and in an instant, with rapid skips from point to point, it settled clear to the ground again, in no respect expanded, a poor little bit of a bird, pecking in the gravel for the worm it came down after, just as it had started, satisfied with the curbstone, when it might have seen the stars. Bad enough for a bird, but what will you say of a man, journeying up from poverty to wealth, and yet never growing beyond the narrowness of stature with which he started? It must be a most inveterate contraction of the soul which forces one to pervert the words of Jesus into a strange motto—receive freely, but keep mean.

902 *Contribution.* S. M.

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

This is one of the most popular of Bishop William Walsham How's many admirable hymns, written in 1858, and first published in Morrell and How's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1864. It has become associated in churches of every denomination with the charities of the members, and from its simplicity of style combined with glowing enthusiasm, seems a fit expression of a Christian's gratitude. John Wesley said once, "You will have no reward in heaven for what you *lay up*: you will for what you *lay out*; every pound you put into the earthly bank is sunk: it brings no interest above. But every pound you give to the poor you put into the bank of heaven. And it will bring glorious interest."

903 *Christ's Burden.* S. M.

It is no untried way
That takes us home to God,
The road that leads to realms of day
By Christ himself was trod.

2 The Lord of Love has borne
The burdens of this life,
The Man of Sorrows oft was worn
With earth's incessant strife.

3 See from his throne of light
He now in grace looks down;
He holds within faith's piercing sight,
And bids us win—the crown.

4 Our hearts can never faint
With such a goal in view;
But doubts dismissed, hushed each complaint,
We will the way pursue.

Another of Rev. Robert M. Offord's hymns. It was first published in the *New York Observer*, February 1, 1883. The introduction of it to the singing public was made in *Laudes Domini*, 1884. It is the evident presence of a rich and fruitful experience in the poetry of this writer which renders it so welcome to read, and sometimes to sing. For the editor of a metropolitan paper it must be a relief to

think that "The Man of Sorrows oft was worn with earth's incessant strife," and yet now "looks down" to see his chosen, and to bid them win the crown. How busy and disturbed this world is! how serene the other!

904 *"Harvest home."* S. M.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery has included this in his *Original Hymns*, published in 1853. It has there seven stanzas, and is entitled "The Field of the World." The piece was written for the Sheffield Sunday-School Union to sing at the Whitsuntide gathering, 1832.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. He ascertained that she had no Bible in which to look for the text. And this led him to inquire whether her parents and neighbors had a Bible; and this led to that meeting in London, in 1804, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society—a society which has already distributed more than 30,000,000 copies of the Bible, its issues now reaching nearly 2,500,000 annually. And this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world, which are so many trees of life, scattering the golden fruits of immortality among all nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far-reaching in its many branches, we may trace back to the tears of that little girl. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

905 *"The night cometh."* P. M.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers:
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon:
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies:
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

This hymn, although sometimes ascribed to Rev. Sidney Dyer, is really by Miss Anna L. Walker, of Canada, and was published in her *Poems*, 1868. Mr. Dyer once wrote a hymn on the same subject, hence the confusion which has arisen. The poem is an earnest call to activity, suggested by the saying of Jesus, "The night cometh, when no man can work." It is for us, therefore, to use to its utmost the time that is left.

There is found among the children's hymns one concerning "a starless crown." Who wants to wear such? If we could just ourselves be successful enough to worry through life into heaven, would not our hearts be sad to remember no soul was waiting there to welcome us, for not one had we set on in the way! Think of this world of ruin and sin all around us; how it welcomes any help offered to it! Did you ever lay your finger upon the edge of a bird's nest, when the mother was absent, and mark how blindly, but instinctively, those callow necks and open bills all stretched up towards you for food? So the whole race stands expectant. If you have any good to offer, you will find a million hearts around you that need it.

906 *Encouragement.* L. M.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

Another of John G. Whittier's poems transmuted into a hymn; and indeed it makes an excellent one for all public meetings of societies for Christian activity and benevo-

lence. This was written about 1850, and is published in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, where it bears the title, "Seed-time and Harvest." The sentiment of the piece is quite genuine, and has all the intelligent teaching of the Gospel behind it; namely, that it is one's trying to do good which pleases our Master; and if we fail in accomplishing all we fondly wished, it is still profitable to keep at work because of the vigor and growth it secures to us; and we can afford to wait a little while till we can become acquainted with final results. The poet himself died September 7, 1892. He said just before his death: "My work is done; I wish it were better done. My sole trust is in the goodness of God." What more could any one find to say near the end of life?

Remember our Lord's parable: One man there was who received only a single talent; but he was expected to put it at work. He hid it in the ground. When the day of reckoning came, toward which all the others had been shrewd enough to look, this servant brought back his money. He had never so much as touched it; he had not ventured it in exchangers' loans; he deemed himself praisworthy because he bore the money back uninjured. In the end the lord not only blamed him for his indolent and distrustful prudence, but issued a most surprising command, that the single talent he had so cautiously preserved in idleness should be taken away and given to another. The evident teaching conveyed in this order is that one's opportunity or capability or gift for usefulness may actually be rooted violently up out of his possession as a punishment for disuse; he was bound to do something with it; he let it lie waste; so he lost it. This happens quite frequently in this life of ours; and sometimes a man supposes he has still his treasure in beautiful secrecy of preservation after it is gone.

907 *Our cross.* C. M.

"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross: let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Rev. Charles William Everest, M. A., was born at East Windsor, Conn., May 27, 1814, and graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1838. He decided to enter the ministry, and in 1842 became rector at Hampden, Conn., where he remained for thirty-one years. During the greater part of this time he was also the head of a successful school, and his influence was far-reaching. He died at Waterbury, Conn., January 11, 1877. This hymn was first published by him in a volume of poetry entitled *Visions of Death*, in 1833, and, although not so widely known in this country, it is to be found in most of the English books, where it has received high praise as "a beautiful American hymn."

908 *Zeal.* L. M.

Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on—faint not, keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on: your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown!

This popular poem, by Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, was written in 1843 and first printed in a small booklet of three or four hymns. It was included in his *Songs for the Wilderness*, 1843, and consisted of eight stanzas; but it has frequently been altered and divided into two parts. It is full of an intense realization of the need of the world, and our imperative obligation to respond to such a demand for help. Although what we can do may seem a mere trifle, yet God's blessing can turn it into a powerful aid. An English clergyman relates the following incident, which proves that we should not despise the day of small things: "During a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a min-

ute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It 's all right, he 's safe,' upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

909 *Forbearance.* L. M.

OH, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like the sun:
Hold forth your fair though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gibbons, author of this hymn, was the biographer as well as the friend of Watts, whose influence is plainly seen in his writings, although they lack the quality which gives permanent value to religious poems. Thomas Gibbons was born at Reak, near Newmarket, England, May 31, 1720, and received a good education at a grammar school and an academy. In 1742 he was ordained, and became assistant to Rev. Thomas Bures at Silver St. Chapel, London; a year later he assumed the charge of an Independent Church in Cheapside, where he remained until his death, February 22, 1785. In addition to his pastoral work he was tutor of Logic, Ethics, and Mathematics at an academy in London, and Sunday Evening Lecturer at Monkwell Street Meeting House. He assisted President Davies of Princeton College, N. J., in securing funds in England, and received from that institution the degree of D. D., 1760. Four years later, 1764, he received the same degree from the University of Aberdeen. Dr. Gibbons published a number of works both in prose and poetry. This piece is from his *Hymns*, 1784. He was a friend of Lady Huntingdon, and of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and in that brilliant circle was distinguished by his zealous piety.

910 *Faith and Works.* L. M.

ONE cup of healing oil and wine,
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

2 In true and inward faith we trace
The source of every outward grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But, where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

Rev. William Hamilton Drummond was born at Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, in August, 1772. His father, who was a physician, died while the boy was very young, and his education was the result of his mother's energy and determination. He studied for the ministry at the University of Glasgow, and at the early age of twenty-one became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Belfast; where he remained until 1816, when he assumed charge of the Strand Street Chapel in Dublin. He continued in this pastorate until his death, which occurred October 16, 1865. Mr. Drummond wrote a good number of poems and a few hymns, of which the one given here is the best known. It illustrates the sentiment of Lowell's beautiful "Vision of Sir Launfal:"

"Who gives himself, with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

We take up this work of caring for the poor; we do it, after our fashion. But wherein lies the discipline of surprise? That is revealed in a Bible text: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." There is something exquisitely interesting in the ancient legends of the saints, always referring to this. One hermit will be sitting at the door of his cave; along comes a beggar; he helps him; then the beggar throws back his garment and vanishes. But as he departs, the hermit sees the wounds in his side and hands. He has given food to Christ. Then another will be in his room praying; in stalks a laboring-man; he is covered with dust; the saint washes his feet, and sees where the cross-nails went through; his pauper guest is Christ. So they visit men in prison, they clothe the naked, they watch the sick; they succor the oppressed. And everywhere, as the tale ends, it is made evident that they have been tested in charity, and given help to Christ. It is ever the "poor wayfaring man of grief" who eventually starts, the "stranger from disguise," and praises the unconscious man who has given him help when in need.

911 *Liberality.* L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

In Rev. Dr. Thomas Gibbons' *Hymns adapted to Divine Worship*, 1784, this poem appears, entitled "Jesus our Example." It has been reprinted in several American collections, its chief value lying in the third verse, which has been called "illustrious," from the felicity of its description of true greatness. The philanthropist who has helped the poor to rise; the statesman who has led his country on to higher advancement; the soldier who has bravely periled his life in order to quell a rising in arms, and establish the right over the wrong; the scholar who has wrought out in his vigils systems or appliances of truth which show men advantage or aid them in bearing their burdens; in one word, the man who in public or private has addressed himself sincerely to the work of being serviceable to his fellow-men, he it is who receives the award of greatness. He abides in the eminent estimation of the good and the true of all ages. "Put a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten," were the dying words of John Howard. A most modest request surely; and yet it is fair to say that, though his countrymen, and the world at large, would have granted him any other prayer, this they promptly denied. "The name of the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

912 *God giveth all things.* 8s, 4s.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

3 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father what can to thee be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

This popular poem first appeared in Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's *Holy Year*, 1863, and was designed by him to be used as an offertory hymn. The refrain of each stanza emphasizes the supreme completeness of God's generosity; and in the picture of Christ's sacrifice there comes to us the thought that there is a corresponding duty which devolves upon us. Not only our possessions, but we ourselves, are owed to Christ—due on the instant—as St. Paul said, "I am a debtor." Once a wealthy merchant gave this excuse. "I had a dream," he said; "I was erecting a pyramid of gold. Its vast base stood four-square on the rock. Its glittering sides shone in the sun. But its pinnacle was yet unfinished, as it rose near the sky. I saw how the gains of toiling years were lifting it layer by layer. I even awoke myself by exclaiming, 'When it is entirely done I will begin to give away.'" Then the slow months passed and the twelvemonth vanished. And again came the call, with the question, Is the pyramid finished yet? And the answer was quite ready. "I have had another dream; the mass of gold was shining clear to its apex; it was the wonder of the world; but I said, as I waked from sleep, How can I pluck away from its beauty, or injure the symmetry of its pattern? I am now busy laying up a little more, lest it should ever crumble and need repairs."

He who gives tithes at the start will grow himself as his fortune grows. He that delays will harden. And it should never be forgotten that money is only the measure of manhood, when consecrated to Christ. It is ourselves we give to him, ourselves he demands.

913 *"Fear not, little flock."* C. P. M.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise
To save us and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end: Amen!

This is a translation by Miss Catharine Winkworth from the German, "*Versage nicht, du Häuflein klein.*" It was published first in her *Lyra Germanica*, 1855, and has passed into use in many hymnals in Great Britain and America. The original poem has

been accredited to Gustavus Adolphus, and entitled his "Swan Song," from the fact that his army sang it on the morning of the battle of Lützen, in which the king was fatally wounded. But later researches seem to prove that it was composed by Rev. Johann Michael Altenburg, pastor of several churches near Erfurt in Thuringia. In the troubled time of the Thirty Years' War he was forced to fly to Erfurt, and there, on hearing of the victory of Leipzig, September 17, 1631, he wrote this celebrated hymn. It is the outpouring of a fervent heart that is praising God for deliverance in time of utmost need. It is astonishing to see how far a truly aroused soul can go towards the throne of grace, sometimes, under strong impulse of overwrought feeling. There is found on record one of the persistent supplications of that prince of praying men, Martin Luther. One time a sober fear fell over the feeble band of Reformers that Germany would be lost to the cause. Then it was that this devoted man interposed his voice, and claimed a hearing from God:

"O God, Almighty God, everlasting! How dreadful is this world! Behold, how its mouth opens to swallow me up! How small is my faith in thee! If I am to depend upon any strength of the world, all is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone forth. O God, O God! O thou, my God, help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou shouldst do this. The work is not mine, but thine. I have no business here. The cause is thine; and it is righteous and everlasting. O Lord, help me! O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not on a man. My God, my God, dost thou not hear? My God, art thou no longer living? Nay, thou canst not die. Thou dost not hide thyself. Thou hast chosen for me this work. I know it. Therefore, O God, accomplish thine own will. Forsake me not, for the sake of thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold!"

For a moment he seemed then to pause. But then once more the bursting heart continued, with importunate yearning. It was as if he had reached the point where the Angel-Jehovah had said—"Let me go!" For with loftier faith that great will instantly sprung its bow back, to wing the petition higher:

"Lord, where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee, I am ready. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for the truth. For the cause is holy. It is thine own. *I will not let thee go;* no, nor yet for all eternity! My soul is thine, Yes. I have thine own word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to thee, and will abide with thee for ever. Amen. O God, send help! Amen!"

914 *Unity in Diversity.* 8s, 4s.

FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in thee
May we be one."

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make thee man to be,
United to our God in thee,
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

5 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

This hymn was written by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, by request, after the Church Congress at Nottingham, England, 1871. It is a prayer "For Unity," and is so entitled. When believers are grouped around their Head, the closer they are to him, the closer they are to each other. Thus once wrote John Wesley, quoting the cheerful conversation between Jehonadab and Jehu: "'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thine hand.' I do not mean, Be of my opinion; thou needest not; neither do I mean, I will be of thine opinion; I cannot. Let all opinions alone; give me thine hand."

915 *The Church menaced.* 11s, 5s.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us thy peace, Lord:—

3 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm thy foes raging.

4 Grant us thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

This hymn can scarcely be called a translation, but may rather be said to have been founded upon the German "*Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine*" of Matthäus

Apelles von Lowenstern, who was born April 20, 1594, at Neustadt, in Silesia. At an early age he developed fine musical talent, and was appointed director of the orchestra of the reigning Duke, at Bernstadt, in 1625, and a year later became master of the royal school in the same place. Subsequently he became Director of Finance, and held various high positions under the Emperors Ferdinand II. and III., the latter of whom made him a noble. He died at Breslau, April 11, 1648. About thirty hymns are attributed to him; these were accompanied in the first editions by his own music. The English version is the work of Mr. Philip Pusey, a descendant of a noble English family, who was born June 25, 1799, and died July 9, 1855. It was contributed by him to A. P. Reinagle's *Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, 1840.

916 *The Ministry.* S. M. D.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

In Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* this poem appeared in 1707, with the title, "The blessedness of Gospel Times, or, The Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles." It was inspired by the passage in the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah, which describes the messengers of the Gospel bearing over the mountain-tops the glad tidings of salvation. So the faithful minister comes now to his flock; his daily life may be uniform and uneventful, but to heaven's eyes his work is interesting and precious as any done on earth. In *The Pastor of Kilsyth* there is a sketch of such a career: "Angels look down upon it; busy, eager, bustling men heed it not. A calm routine of lowly, though sacred duties, a constant unvaried ministry of love, it flows on in a still and quiet stream, arresting no attention by its noise, and known alone to the lowly homes it visits on its way and the flowers and fields it waters. The young pastor of Dun was no exception to this. He preached the Word; dispensed the sacred Supper; warned the careless; comforted the sorrowing; baptized little children; blessed the union of young and loving hearts; visited the sick, the dying; buried the dead; pressed the hand and whispered words of peace into the ear of mourners; carried to the poor widow and friendless orphan the charity of the church and his own; slipped in softly to some happy home and gently broke the sad news of the sudden disaster far away; lifted up the fallen one from the ground, and pointed to Him who receiveth the publicans and the sinners—these things and such as these he did in that little homewalk for twenty successive years day by day; but that was all. There is much here for the records of the sky, but nothing, or next to nothing, for the noisy annals of time."

917 *More Laborers.* S. M. D.

LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace:
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

3 Oh, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind forgiven
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That thou hast died for all.

This is taken from Rev. Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is entitled, "A Prayer for Laborers," and it is founded upon Matthew 9:36-38: "And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness, and every disease among the people. But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

918 *Psalm* 137. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

The sentiment of the old temple song is the thought embodied in this modern hymn. Church attachment is not bigotry, nor is it sectarianism. The spirit of divisiveness is departing in our American churches; perhaps that is well, and we ought to be at least grateful for it. Zealous affection for our own denomination has vanished; but in some quarters it is to be feared that much went away with it. Is there faith in anything now? Is there love for anything now? Is there zeal for anything now? These questions are worth talking about sometimes.

In 1797 Dr. Timothy Dwight, then a useful and beloved pastor of Greenfield Hill, in the town of Fairfield, Conn., was requested by the Congregationalist ministers of Connecticut to revise Dr. Watts' version of the Psalms, and "to versify the Psalms omitted by Watts," which had been previously done, but very imperfectly, by Joel Barlow. He accomplished his task to the satisfaction of the parties by whom he was employed, adding upward of twenty compositions to the volume; but very few of them are now used. The volume he prepared is now generally known and mentioned as *Dwight's Watts*, 1800. In this the hymn now under our study, since grown so familiar and useful in all the churches, is found. It is a free version of Psalm 137, and contains eight stanzas in short meter.

919 *Psalm* 48. S. M.

Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great:
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

This is a version by Dr. Isaac Watts of Psalm 48, and was originally in seven stanzas. Its central thought is the truth that "the Church is the honor and safety of a nation," hence the spirit of worldliness must be guarded against as a doubly dangerous foe. No church was ever swamped by any worldliness so long as it was not suffered to lay hold of the members of it. It is when the spirit of greed and of fashion, of rank and of lust, creeps in over the proper barrier erected between the church and the world that the grand peril is at its height. Among all the sea-going vessels, little and large, which have sunk in the waves and are now lying down on the solemn floor of the ocean, not so much as one, even since the dawn of creation, was foundered by the storm as long as it was kept on the outside of it; it was always the water inside which made the trouble. And of all the churches which have perished, since the day when the seven that received the letters in the Apocalypse went out of existence, not one ever was destroyed by the world beating upon it only from the outside; it has been the rush of worldliness, stealing at first through little crevices of cupidity and appetite, that has finally overwhelmed it. Our duty is to watch our own hearts cautiously, and help those around us to press back the stream.

920 *The Ministry.* S. M.

YE messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

Just because the hymns written by this mysterious "Mrs. Vokes" are good, and really indispensable at times to a missionary meeting, it is all the more to be regretted that we do not know anything about her. There was in 1797 a book edited and published by Rev. J. Griffin, an Independent minister preaching at Portsea, called a *Selection of Missionary and Devotional Hymns*. In this there were found some good pieces, and these were put into the *New Selection of*

Seven Hundred Evangelical Hymns, 1806, by J. Dobell. These came on once more in W. B. Collyer's *Collection*, 1812. They had the name of "Mrs. Vokes" attached to them. By and by the American hymnals began to quote them; and some of them spelled the name "Voke," and that was chronic. And all that has been done for many years is to add that missing letter, and so this (no doubt) most estimable lady has received the distinction of a restored plural; and there we rest.

921 *Psalm 48.* S. M.

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows—
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us, till we die;
Will be our God, while here below;
And ours above the sky.

We have here Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 48, Second Part, S. M. It has six stanzas, and has been handed down through the years almost unchanged. For unreckoned decades this was the regular hymn for ordination services in New England. In the fourth stanza the first line was originally, "The orders of thy house"—referring to institutions, rules and regulations, and things of that kind.

922 *For Dedication.* C. M.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant always appeared exceedingly well upon public occasions involving some sort of pageant. For that reason he was often sought to grace a reception or a testimonial meeting or a memorial assemblage. Here we have one of his most finished and useful hymns, and it was prepared for a church dedication in New York in 1835. The edifice stood in Prince Street, and was long ago destroyed by fire. But the poem speedily won its way into the hymnals, and has proved one of the most popular of the modern compositions as a hymn to be used in such services, and in the laying of corner-stones.

In his later life Mr. Bryant became connected with the congregation of Dr. Henry W. Bellows, in New York, and was reckoned as belonging to the Unitarian Church. This hymn, beginning, "Thou whose unmeasured temple stands," was published in *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, 1875. The opening line was changed—most likely by the poet himself.

Mr. Bryant, during his life of over thirty years in Roslyn, identified himself with the Presbyterian Church (of which his wife was a member), and gave it his hearty coöperation. It is said that he never advanced views at variance with the creed of this church, with which he always partook of the Lord's Supper.

923 *The Ministry.* C. M.

'T IS not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

2 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

This poem bears the date "Floor, October 21, 1736," and was written by Dr. Philip Doddridge for the ordination of a minister in that town in Northamptonshire, England. It was not published until the posthumous *Hymns* appeared in 1755, but it has been widely used since that time, especially in this country. It is a recognition of the great qualities needed to fit a clergyman for his task, which, in the hands of a man full of the "divine fire," may have a boundless influence, not only in the church but in the nation and

the world. It touches the question of obtaining men to be ministers. One peculiarity there is in all the Old Testament annals of the Jewish race, a strong, irrepressible desire for offspring: "Give me children or I die!" The wish had its root in the reverent hope that each new-born infant might possibly prove to be the Messiah. So when Cain was lying in her proud arms, Eve said joyously, "I have gotten a man, the Lord!" Our translators had no need to put in the words "from the," for what she exultingly proclaimed was, that the Eden promise of a Redeemer was already fulfilled; she thought she had the Christ. If all our modern mothers looked with equal longing, faith, hope, and prayer upon the sweet face of each new infant; if they consecrated it as Hannah did Samuel, if they trained it as Eunice did Timothy, or Salome did John, the man wanted would be at our call directly. Indeed, who shall say he is not within hearing now? Let every holy woman bend her knee this night by the bedside to pray, "Oh, make my husband the man more precious than gold!" Let every father plead thus for his growing child. Perhaps you yourself are the man. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Stir up the kingly gift that is within you. Try on the garments of manly endeavor and see whether they fit. They say the wizard warrior of France, that Napoleon who so moved the hearts of men, once stood in front of his guards and asked for a hundred volunteers to lead a forlorn hope. He explained how it must likely be that each would be killed on the instant they drew fire. Now who would be willing to die for the emperor? "A hundred men, forward, step out from the ranks!" And the whole regiment, as one man, swept three steps in solid advance to the line and rang their muskets at his feet! Hear this call for men, true men to the front! Are the heroic days all ended? Are men wearied of Jesus? Are the nobles of the Round Table all tired of looking for good King Arthur to come back to them again? What is wanted in every church is a man; what is wanted in every community is a man; what is wanted in the land and the world is a man. Why does not the Coming Man come?

924 *A growing kingdom.* C. M. D.

Oh, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong:
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Another of the excellent hymns of Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D., published in his *Christian Ballads*, 1840. It was first printed as a fugitive contribution in *The Churchman* in 1839; there it appears with ten double stanzas, from which the piece in common use is compiled for the hymnals of almost all the modern denominations. The author, of course, considered its sentiment entirely from a denominational point of view; but Christian charity is exceedingly wide in its forms of appropriating what it finds helpful to its own spiritual life, and most singers probably imagine that the thought fits the history and usefulness of any other one of the sects as well as that to which the writer gave his love and loyalty when he penned the verses. The Evangelical Alliance in 1873 voiced its highest hope and praise on one memorable occasion, and all the churches in Christendom there represented found utterance in the ringing rhythm of this lyric of Gospel promise.

925 *Corner-stone.* H. M.

Christ is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love
Our hopes we place,
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim,
In joyful song
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace once given
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

In Rev. John Chandler's *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837, is found this fine translation of that part of the old hymn, "*Urbs beata Hierusalem.*" It has been taken into the hymnals generally, and has grown into frequent use as a piece to be sung at laying the corner-stone of church edifices. Allusion is made to three passages, more or less conspicuously pointing out our Lord as the

great Head of the Church: Isaiah 28:16, quoted also in I. Peter 2:6, and with these Ephesians 2:20. In a pyramidal structure of architecture there are five corner-stones—four at the bottom, and one aloft on the top; this is the "headstone" that is spoken of in Zechariah 4:7, and the "head of the corner," quoted from Psalm 118:22 in Matthew 21:42.

926 *The Spirit and the Bride.* H. M.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou—
We, children of thy grace—
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

John Burton, Jr., author of this hymn, is not to be confounded with John Burton of Nottingham, the composer of "Holy Bible, book divine," and "Time is winging us away." The present writer was born July 23, 1803, at Stratford, a village in Essex, England, where he followed his trade as a cooper for nearly half a century, dying there in 1877. Mr. Burton belonged to the Congregational church, and was identified with its work for many years. He began to write hymns at the age of nineteen, and his productions were published at first in the *Evangelical Magazine*. Later they appeared in other periodicals and in book form. His hymns number several hundred, and some of those for children have attained considerable popularity, especially the one here given, which is one of his earliest pieces, having been printed in 1824.

927 *The Church one.* H. M.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

This poem was first printed in J. Leifchild's *Original Hymns*, 1842, with the name of George Robinson as its author, but no information in regard to him has been obtainable. He is known to have written several other hymns, but the one here given is the only one in general use at present. The title, "Unity," expresses the spirit of the poem, a recognition of the single-minded harmony which should characterize the members of Christ's church in all the essentials of faith and practice. The salvation of any congregation depends upon the restfulness and peace it enjoys. The beginning of divisiveness is the beginning of death. They say there is a star-fish in the Caledonian lakes, sometimes dredged up from the deep water. It looks firm and strong, most compactly put together. But the moment you pull off one of its many branching limbs, no matter how small it may be, the singular creature begins itself to dislocate the rest with wonderful celerity of contortion, throwing away its radiate arms and jerking from their sockets its members, until the entire body is in shapeless wreck and confusion of death, and nothing remains of what was one of the most exquisitely beautiful forms in nature save a hundred wriggling fragments, each repulsive, and dying by suicide. So went those seven fair churches in Asia Minor into sudden, remediless ruin. So any church may go. Once rejected of God, congregations generally hurry themselves into dissolution with reckless bickering and quarrels, and the end comes swiftly.

928 *Christ the Foundation.* 8s, 7s. 6l.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy servants as they pray,
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

5 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

From the second part of the old Latin hymn, "*Urbs beata Hierusalem*," Dr. John Mason Neale has given this translation in his *Mediæval Hymns*, 1851. It is more popular in England than it is on this side of the water, except, perhaps, among Episcopalians, who, as a denomination, seem very fond of it. It is used for corner-stone services, and for dedications and the like, with much acceptance.

929 *Zion above.* 8s, 7s. 6l.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim descried;
Built of living stones elected,
Built for ever to abide;
Angel-circled, as the virgins
For the Bridegroom deck the bride.

2 Newly bright from heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage,
Forth she comes her Lord to greet;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks;
Shines the golden-pavéd street.

3 Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
Widely flung each ample door,
Where in marriage garments glistening
They are entering evermore,
Who the bitter cross embracing
Christ's reproach in this world bore.

4 All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously,
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in persons Three.

5 Visit, Lord, this earthly temple
Where thy presence we implore,
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that thee adore,
Sprinkle here thy benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

Rev. Edward White Benson, D. D., is the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and so is denominated the Primate of all England, and in the order of rank comes next to the royal family in Britain. He was born in 1829 in the neighborhood of Birmingham, and there his early education proceeded till he entered Trinity College at Cambridge. He was graduated with the highest honors among his classmates, taking prizes and honors along his course with a bewildering success and an undiminished popularity, until his course ended in 1852. He was ordained to the diaconate in 1853, and then became one of the masters of the Rugby School. In 1857 he received full orders, and two years afterward was appointed the first Head Master of Wellington College. In 1869 he was chosen for a Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, and discharged the duties of examining chaplain to the bishop. Three years later he left Wellington College and became a canon residentiary at Lincoln. In 1873 he was appointed chaplain

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to the queen, and in 1876 was nominated by the crown, on the recommendation of the Earl of Beaconsfield, first Bishop of Truro, and was consecrated to the episcopate in April, 1877. Five years he spent in raising funds for a cathedral in the new diocese, at the end of which he was nominated by the crown, on the recommendation of the prime minister, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, then vacant by the death of Dr. Tait. Thus it came to pass that this distinguished man kept up his habit of taking supreme honors wherever he was. He must have been a clergyman of the most exalted character in order to receive such positions as he did from the old rivals in office, D'Israeli and Gladstone alike, satisfying the parties that were so antagonistic to each other, and reaching the loftiest position in the Church.

The hymn before us was translated by Dr. Benson from the ancient Latin poem *Urbs beata Hierusalem*, supposed by the scholars to have had its origin in the seventh century, though its author is unknown. It was written at Rugby, and was sung at the dedication of Wellington College Chapel, July 16, 1863. The rendering is made from the first part of the piece.

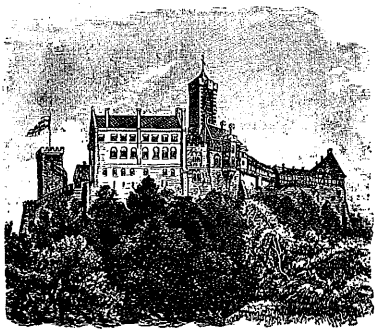
930 "*A Mighty Fortress.*" P. M.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.



WARTBURG CASTLE.

Since the commemoration of Martin Luther's name and fame in that grand anniversary celebration which the churches at home and abroad in their enthusiasm took up a little while ago, the translations have increased rapidly by which his admirers have sought to bring his wonderful hymn, *Ein' Feste Burg*, into familiar use in English-speaking congregations. Some historians have said that this famous piece, founded upon the opening verses of Psalm 46, was written by Luther on his way to the Diet of Worms, and others have said that he composed it while in confinement in Wartburg Castle. But the dates of his hymn-books argue against this. It was probably prepared in a later year, 1529. But he may well be conjectured to have had in mind the helpfulness of the old stronghold on the hill at Eisenach, inside of whose walls he found his safety in 1521. It was there he defied his enemies raging without, and there he flung his inkstand at the vision of the devil within.

The rendering into English, assumed to be on the whole the best for American use, was written by Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, D. D. He gave it to the public first in Dr. Furness's *Gems of German Verse*, 1852, and afterwards introduced it into his own *Hymns for the Church of Christ*, 1853. The author was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805. He accompanied George Bancroft during a foreign tour while a child and studied at schools in Hanover and Saxony before returning to America. He graduated at Harvard College in 1825. Having completed his theological studies in 1829, and having preached in West Cambridge thereafter for six years, he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian Church in Bangor, Me. In 1850 he removed to Providence, R. I., and in 1856 to Brookline, Mass., in each case with pastoral duties. As early as 1857, however, he was appointed professor of ecclesiastical history in the Divinity School at Cambridge. There he spent the rest of his life, teaching, editing, issuing books, adorning every position he accepted, down to a ripe old age. He died August 22, 1890.

As for this great psalm of the Reformation, nothing needs now to be said; if only people would learn the music so as to sing it easily, it would be like the voice of a trumpet at the large meetings of our societies and boards. It was the battle-hymn of Gustavus Adolphus on the eve of the conflict at Leipsig, 1631; he caused his whole army to lift the mighty choral just before the engagement. It was published, with the music also composed by Luther, in Klug's *Gesangbuch*, 1529. In Germany ever since that along the ages the whole people use it as a household song of adoration and trust. Mendelssohn wove the strains of music into his "Reformation Symphony" with matchless power. The opening line in the German tongue is inscribed on Luther's monument at Wittenberg.

931 *"One as we are one."* C. M.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne
Let gifts of love descend.

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessèd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

3 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then, robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

Among Dr. Ray Palmer's many valuable hymns is to be found the one quoted above, which first appeared in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865. It is a prayer for the reconciliation of all opposing elements in the Christian Church, and their union through love in a perfect whole. For thousands of years the brightest minds and the purest hearts of history have been laboring to reduce doctrines to creeds, and duties to codes of behavior. Yet they have not succeeded, in any one grand particular, in the effort to command universal consent. The announcement of any plan of reconciliation between two opposing parties almost invariably leads to the formation of a still more belligerent third one. But be of good courage, brother man! Leave it to a petulant Pilate to ask, "What is truth?" and go out without waiting a decorous instant for his answer. The ancient anagrammatists found long ago that the letters which make up *Quid est veritas?* are exactly the same as those which make up *Est vir qui adest.* What is truth? Truth was the man who stood before him! That was the truth in life; he was the King of the kingdom of truth, Jesus the Christ.

Truth in doctrine still lies at the bottom of the well. "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." But if you go on becoming more and more purely the child of God among your brothers and sisters on earth, seeking more and more devoutly for just a glimpse of truth, gazing down wistfully after it, bending over the curb as you used to bend in your childhood under the sweep when you thirsted for the cool stream, God your Father may not give you truth, but he will show you the thing next to it in value—the face of a true man, which you may thank him humbly that you recognize as your own.

932 *"Little Flock."* C. M.

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er.
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

4 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

In Dr. Horatius Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857, this forms part of a long piece with thirteen stanzas. From this the verses now before us have been selected. "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," Luke 12:32. This might well have been the motto of the poem. There is a sense of pitiableness in the weakness of human endeavor as it sets itself deliberately to evangelize the whole world. The figures cross each other; rhetoric has no right to talk about giving a kingdom to some sheep. But there are seasons when the mind catches dim similitudes one at a time, disintegrates them swiftly, and accepts the instruction. The Church is so feeble, and yet God's help makes it omnipotent. The sheep in Christ's fold, suddenly called into royal rank, obey the same rules of speech as the Lamb does when he sits in the midst of the throne to be their King.

933 *I. John* 4:21. C. M.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

The *Walworth Hymns*, 1792, by Rev. Joseph Swain, contains this poem, which is entitled "Communion of Saints." It has retained a place in common use, from its simplicity of expression joined to beauty of sentiment. Love is the burden of its song, the "golden chain that binds the happy souls above."

In an old ecclesiastical tradition it is related of the apostle John, who was then the very last of the chosen followers of Jesus, that in his closing years of feebleness, when too infirm for walking, he was wont to be borne into the Christian assemblies for the mere

purpose of repeating a brief sentence: "Little children, love one another."

He was the apostle of love, as Paul was the apostle of logic. So it is exceedingly interesting to find Paul in one great instance giving a description of that peculiar grace which John had so urged and exemplified. For certainly everybody understands that the gift called "charity," in I. Corinthians 13, is nothing more nor less than Christian love. Our later uses of the word have limited it, so that it refers now almost exclusively to generosity in the bestowment of alms. But in the New Testament it signifies that far-reaching brotherly affection which is the peculiar characteristic of the household of God.

934 *"One family."* C. M. D.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blessèd bands
Upon the eternal shore.
Lord Jesus, be our constant guide!
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide
And land us safe in heaven.

This is taken from Rev. Charles Wesley's *Funeral Hymns*, second series, 1759. The author died in London, March 29, 1788. His biographer says it was afterwards ascertained that John Wesley was in Shropshire, and at the moment of his brother's death he and his congregation were singing Charles Wesley's hymn—

"One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

The spiritual vision it suggests is that of an unbroken line of pilgrims approaching the stream, and then waiting in "the land of Beulah" for the summons to cross over into the Celestial City. It makes us glad to see how well such a conception antidotes the "Vision of Mirza" in Addison's *Spectator*. The melancholy of a ceaseless disappearance through the trap-doors of a bridge is truly unspeakable. Here all is full of cheer and joy. We are so close to each other after all! In our feebleness and mistake we sometimes look upon those who are taken from us as dead; whereas, the correct conception is that they have never been so much alive as now. An aged believer was met by his friend, who, grasping his hand, said, "Why, I had not thought you were in the land of the living!" "I am not yet," was the clearer answer, "but I shall enter it soon." Those who are gone are preserved, those who are departed are at home, those who are lost are saved. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." In all the plenitude of enjoyment, in all the exercise of powers newly invigorate, in the very sunlight of reunion and communion, they are walking this very day in an exalted existence, of which we know nothing as yet but the glimmer of its gladness through the translucent gates of pearl. Said the dying Taylor, "God has a work even in heaven for his children to do."

935 *Hebrews* 12:18–24. C. M. D.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And speak his love abroad.

2 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest.

In Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns* this is No. 152 of Book II. It bears the title, "Sinai and Sion," and refers to Hebrews 12:18–24. Indeed, it is a paraphrase of that entire passage, one of the most wonderfully picturesque in all the Bible. The apostle is contrasting the position of Christians under the new covenant with that of believers under the old. He brings to their remembrance the terms of communication upon which they could hear from God or send messages to heaven. Then all was awful and alarming; now all was peace, pardon, and love. "For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and

darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more: (for they could not endure that which was commanded. And if so much as a beast touch the mountain, it shall be stoned, or thrust through with a dart: and so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake:) but ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

936 *"We are thine."* S. M.

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne
He'll fix his members there.

Dr. Philip Doddridge wrote this to go with a sermon upon I. Corinthians 6:17. His title was, "Being joined to Christ and one Spirit with him." It has five stanzas, and is reckoned as No. 267 in his *Hymns*, 1755. The believer is represented as having a living union to the Lord Jesus by faith. Thoroughly consecrated to him, he takes his life from him as the members of the body take it from the head. His reverence for Jesus is simply masterful and complete. Once, among the Scottish highlands, the Queen of Great Britain, storm-stayed, took refuge in a cottage. Not till after she had gone did the simple-hearted housekeeper know who it was she had sheltered under her roof. Then she quietly took the chair which her sovereign had occupied, and set it reverently aside, saying, "None shall ever sit in that seat less than the heir of a crown!" Loyal word that! And when the august Monarch of heaven has condescended just to enter our hearts, there is no place there for any one less than one of his children. There is nothing in all our possessions that can possibly be too good for him. Whatever he will grace with his touch, or honor with his use, shall be reserved to him, and to him alone. There is nothing more pathetic than the length of self-devotion, to the extreme of which young converts appear ready to go. Like children, just come home to a loved and loving parent, they find luxury in simply trying to surrender all—all—to him. They are not going to be merely cinnamon-trees, fragrant in the outer bark only; they the rather choose sandal-wood for their symbol, and mean to be strongest at the innermost heart, in order to fill the whole house with innocent love.

937 *"Our common faith."* S. M.

JESUS, our faith increase;
Fast knit, O Lord, to thee,
Around us bind the bond of peace,
The Spirit's unity.

2 One God and Father ours,
One Christ his gift of love,
One Spirit shed in living showers,
One home prepared above.

3 To one glad hope we cling,
Through Jesus' life and death;
One theme of saving grace we sing,
And ours one common faith.

4 Then grant us, Lord, one mind,
One will in all our ways,
One heart to thine own truth inclined,
One mouth to speak thy praise.

In the *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* compiled for the use of the denomination known as the Plymouth Brethren, this poem was published anonymously in 1870. Nothing is known of the author, but the hymn itself is a good expression of the urgent need of the whole race, a larger measure of Christ's great love in his followers. It is awful for men to pervert piety into pressure, and turn grace into grip; and no sanctimoniousness of unctuous talk can apologize for it. Pure, sweet sunshine in God's vineyard was never intended to dry up and harden the vines into wire, as if their whole autumn work consisted in climbing a trellis or strangling a tree. It is meant to swell out fresh buds and broaden new branches; to warm up the leaves and render more succulent the tendrils; and by and by, in the time thereof, to kindle the clusters with luminous purple and flash their mysterious juices into wine.

Indeed, indeed, what this poor, lost, weary world needed, on the night when the Bethlehem angels sang, was not so much Christianity as it was Christ! And what this waiting,

wistful race wants here and needs to-day is not so much a religion as it is some religious men; not so much Christ in creed and Christ in miracle as it is Christ in love, Christ in life, whole, human, and humane!

938 *Blest communion.* S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

This is Dr. Watts' version of Psalm 133, S. M. It consists of four stanzas, and is entitled, "Communion of Saints, or, Love and Worship in a Family." It finds a "parallel passage" in the quaint legend of a Persian sage: "Having once in my youth," he says, "notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to pray and read the Koran. And on one occasion, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical religion and of eminent virtue, awoke while I was studying aloud. I said to him, 'Behold, thy other children are lost in slumber, but I alone wake to praise God.' And he answered, 'Son of my soul, it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'" In the biography of the author of this hymn, it is related that he grew to be of so gentle and gracious a disposition that once, when an intimate friend, being indignant at some injury inflicted upon him, blamed him for not seriously reprehending the man who had done it, he said, in tones of deprecation, "I wish, my dear sir, you would do it for me!" Such songs as this must often have been sung in the household of Sir Thomas Abney. This must have been the "pious house" where "zeal and friendship" often met.

939 *Meeting, after absence.* S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

3 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

This piece of Rev. Charles Wesley is found in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is used at the opening session of an American Conference in the Methodist denomination. The presiding bishop gives it out, and then follow the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. Evangelical fervor vents itself in loud responses to praise and supplication. Living piety is naturally liturgical. Thus prepared for business, a secretary, who chooses his own assistants, is elected and the roll of members is called. Seriousness appears in every face as names are called whose owners are silent, "dead on the field of battle."

940 *"Hold us, that we may not fall."* S. M.

O CHRIST, the eternal Light
Of every sun and sphere!
Illumine thou our mortal night,
And keep our spirits clear.

2 Let nothing evil smite,
Nor enemy invade,
And let us stainless be, and white,
By nothing base betrayed.

3 Guard thou the hearts of all,
But chiefly of thine own;
And hold us that we may not fall,
Through thy great might alone!

4 That so our souls may sing,
When favoring light they see,
And every vow a tribute bring
To God in Trinity!

This is one of the best of Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield's pieces. It was one of the fruits of his study of Latin hymns. He published it in *Laudes Domini*, 1884, as a translation of the "*Christe lumen perpetuum*" of Magnus Felix Ennodius, bishop of Pavia; he said no rendering of it into English for Christian use had ever been made of it before. The sentiment suggested by it is quite fresh and spirited. It represents the serene happiness of the pardoned believer as he comes to his first communion. He is now a child accepted into his Father's house. He loves, he trusts, he rejoices, he sings. It would seem as if a true Christian could not possibly live a moment without experiencing the promptings of these new feelings within. Satisfied that God is faithful, and that Christ is in earnest, the believer imbibes his Master's spirit. He enters into an actual joyous repose of soul. All his powers are reduced to obedience to law and are working under rules of harmony and naturalness. He has suddenly come back to spiritual health; and, like all convalescents, feels generous and agreeable, glad to meet and to make a world full of friends. Sin is forgiven and the curse removed from his soul. There may be a few clouds of old wrath still hanging over his head; but the storm is in full retreat, and the thunders already growing distant are no longer for him to hear. And through many a little rift among their folds his eye at times gains glimpses of the pure, blue, stormless sky beyond them. Now and

then there comes a ray of serene sunshine, so warm and fresh, so bright and gladdening, that he lifts his heart in childlike greeting unto him who sent it, and thankfully murmurs, "My Lord and my God!"

941 *"Christian Love."* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

This is the best and most welcome of all the hymns given to sacred use among the churches by Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. It was written in 1772. The traditional incident of its composition is given in all the biographies of this excellent man. It had this quaint origin. After he had been preaching several years to his faithful and loving flock at Wainsgate, meanwhile his family increasing far more rapidly than his income, he thought it was his duty to accept a call to settle as pastor of a Baptist church in London, to succeed the celebrated Dr. Gill, which he did. He preached his farewell sermon to his church in Yorkshire, and loaded six or seven wagons with his furniture, books, etc., to be carried to his new residence. All this time the members of his poor church were almost broken-hearted; fervently did they pray that even now he might not leave them; and as the time for his departure arrived, men, women, and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul. The last wagon was being loaded, when the good man and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases to weep. Looking into his tearful face, while tears like rain fell down her own cheeks, his devoted wife said, "O John, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," said the good man; "nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put everything in the place where it was before." The people cried for joy. A letter was sent to the church in London to tell them that his coming to them was impossible; and the good man buckled on his armor for renewed labors on a salary of less than two hundred dollars a year. It is said that this hymn was written to commemorate his continuance with his people. It was not only useful then, but has been sung by tens of thousands since, and no doubt will be for generations yet to come.

Other invitations came to this devoted servant of God, but he invariably declined them, and went along in his patient and growing way in the midst of his loving people for a generation more. In February, 1816, he relinquished his pastoral duties by reason of a stroke of paralysis. He died July 25, 1817: his last words were, as the end drew near, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

942 *Christ's Presence.* S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
But, oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

The selection is made once more from the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* of Rev. Charles Wesley, Vol. II., 1749, and entitled by him, "At Meeting of Friends."

943 *Christian Union.* S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

It is of singular interest that we discover this touching little hymn, so appropriate for singing at a Communion service, was composed by the eminent Baptist minister, Rev.

Benjamin Beddome, and first published in the Bristol Baptist *Collection*, 1769. We choose to leave the comment upon it to the great Baptist preacher, the most honored, perhaps, of all the leaders in that denomination, Robert Hall. He was bitterly opposed to the dogma of close communion which still maintains itself in the Baptist Church of America, but which is comparatively extinct in Great Britain. "Reflect," he says, "on the enormous impropriety of demanding a greater uniformity amongst the candidates for admission into the Church militant than is requisite for union with the Church triumphant—of claiming from the faithful, while encompassed with darkness and imperfection, more harmony and correctness of sentiment than is necessary to qualify them to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God—of pretending to render a Christian society more sacred and more difficult of access than the abode of the Divine Majesty—and of investing every little Baptist teacher with the prerogative of repelling from his communion a Howe, a Leighton, or a Brainerd, whom the Lord of glory will welcome to his presence. Transubstantiation presents nothing more revolting to the dictates of common sense."

944 *"Glorious things."* 8s, 7s. D.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

One of Rev. John Newton's best contributions to the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, entitled, "Zion; or, The City of God." The piece, which consists of five double stanzas, bristles with Scripture references. Mainly it is founded upon Psalm 87, and opens with the very words of the third verse of it. But the chief mention is made of Isaiah 33:20, 21: "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams: wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither gallant ship pass thereby."

945 *The covenant.* 8s, 7s. D.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moon no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

This is one of the contributions of William Cowper to the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It stands as No. 65 of Book I., and is entitled, "The Future Peace and Glory of the Church." The text referred to is found in Isaiah 60:15–20. Indeed, the hymn is almost a paraphrase of the promise in that passage. The good Lord does not lose patience with even his weakest saints; he expostulates, and renews covenant engagements, and presses his unfaltering love. Then, if murmuring continue, he takes the complaining believer at his word and gives to him his own will. We must be very careful about quick speeches. When the people murmured, the voice came from heaven to Moses and Aaron: "Say unto them, As truly as I live, saith the Lord, as ye have spoken in mine ears, so will I do to you." Our very thoughts are heard in heaven. God says he will do to you "as ye have spoken." Then be cautious; and moreover, remember that our ways of expression recoil upon us. Words ill-considered, like muskets ill-loaded, often kick back with more force than they shoot. God says to you precisely what you say to your children—"If you get in the habit of crying out, 'I cannot, I cannot,' you certainly never can."

946 *The Church One.* 8s, 7s. D.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us, through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould gave this fine hymn to the English-speaking world in the *People's Hymnal*, 1867. Some alterations were made or accepted in it afterwards in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1875. It is a translation of a piece written by the Danish Professor of Languages and Literature at the Academy of Soro in Zealand, Denmark, Bernhardt Severin Ingemann; born 1789, died 1862.

947 *Christian Union.* 8s, 7s. D.

HAIL! thou God of grace and glory!
Who thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the Fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near thy bright and burning throne;
We invoke thee, God most holy!
Through thy well beloved Son;
Send the baptism of thy Spirit,
Shed the pentecostal fire;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
Till the world, thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

Inheriting from his mother the fire and eloquence of the Celts, it is no wonder that Rev. Thomas William Baxter Aveling won a fame as a pulpit orator. He was born at Castletown, Isle of Man, May 11, 1815, and began to study at a private school in Cambridgeshire, England. His parents were by no means religious people, and he received little encouragement at home when he began his education for the ministry at Highbury College. Finishing his four years' course, he was ordained to the Congregational pastorate of Kingsland, in 1838. It was his first and only charge. Part of the time he labored in conjunction with Rev. John Campbell; but on the death of his associate he assumed the entire responsibility, until after forty-six years of toiling in his little corner of the Master's vineyard, he laid down life's burdens at Reedham, July 3, 1884. He wrote but few hymns, and these were mainly published in magazines. The piece quoted is said to have been first sung June 16, 1844, at the jubilee of the old Congregational Chapel, Kingsland.

948 *The army of God.* 10s. 3l.

FOR all thy saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

2 Thou wast their rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.

3 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

5 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way.

6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

This piece, perhaps the most popular of all Bishop William Walsham How's compositions, was first published in *Hymns for Saints' Days, and Other Hymns, by a Layman* (Earl Nelson), 1864. It consisted of eleven stanzas, from which varying selections have been made for the later hymnals. It has been praised by the best critics, accepted by the highest authorities, introduced in nearly all the compilations over the world, and is worthily going to be one of the standard hymns of Christendom. It voices the eagerness of the demand, which every believing heart cherishes, for its own part and right in the sainthood of past generations in the great Church of God. It fairly takes our breath away as we seem to see the matchless procession which the final verse conjures up before our imagination—"Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host!"

949 *Sabbath-School Meeting.* 8s, 7s. D.

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise,
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing
We continue to this day.
Raise we then with glad emotion
Thankful lays; and, while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever living,
May descend, as fruitful rain,
Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again!

This poem appeared anonymously in 1861, and was published in a collection of hymns for the Presbyterian Sunday-School use. Its authorship has never been given, and later attempts at identifying it have been unsuccessful. It has proved, however, very popular, its spirit being simple but earnest. Look in for a moment, in imagination, upon a working and effective Sunday-School. Mark one peculiarity in attitude. The pupil, in the intensity of his interest, has leaned forward from the bench; and the instructor, in the absorption of his subject, has bent forward from the chair, and that circle of foreheads almost touch each other. We, who are a little enthusiastic in such matters, call that characteristic posture the "Sunday-School arch." You never find it except at the seats of the most intelligent and faithful teachers. Remember that they have studied that lesson most carefully, and that their whole hearts are in the duty they are doing. Remember that they have wrestled in earnest prayer on bended knees before their Lord that very morning, pleading for all needed assistance. Then bear in mind that their pupils love them, honor them, and now listen with all the inquisitiveness of kindled desire to learn something new and fresh. And the eyes fill sometimes with the suffusion of tender appeal and affectionate exhortation. Ah, is not this the place in which to educate a soul for God? And is there not in this Sunday-School arch a fitting symbol of the divine promise, the very bow of the ancient covenant, bending over these young immortals with its benediction of peace? Keep a child there, in that focus of intense spiritual heat and light, aglow for a term of years. Let him grow up under it. Let that immature form become manlier, and perforce straighten somewhat with tallness; and that other form that has been bending with eagerness begin to stoop with age; and still let the patient process be continued and never relax until the place is changed and the pupil becomes a teacher, and, beginning with a little group, makes and tends a new arch of his own; what will be the result of all this pressure of training in the truth? Go ask church records what it has been. Read the names of those who come from the Sabbath classes into communion and membership.

950 *"These little ones."* 8s, 7s. D.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

This is one of Dr. Mühlenberg's most widely known hymns and was published first in the *Prayer Book Collection*, 1826. It is filled with tenderness toward the defenceless lambs of the flock, the little children, who must ever be especially dear to the church for their very weakness. It has come to be confessed by the wisest philosophers that the clearest evidence of a lofty civilization for any people in any age or clime is found in the provisions which are made for little children. Savages bind up their infants with afflictive thongs of bark, as the most expeditious disposal to be made of them. Never till a land has leisure, never till a nation has refinement, never till most of the steps upward have been taken in the way towards exalted attainment, does there come even one look of appreciation or sympathy for these "feeble folk" of society more than the merest necessities of existence or the exigencies of convenience require. He who, with kind heart and subtle ingenuity of invention, sits down at his desk to illuminate a juvenile volume with an extraordinary frontispiece, or who toils at his bench to construct a mechanical toy for a little child, is in one sense both the product and the type of the truest and the highest civilized humanity.

951 *Before the Administration.*

1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him, ‖ And his righteousness | unto | children's | children.

2 To such as keep his | covenant; ‖ And to those that remember his com- | mandments to | do— | them.

3 SUFFER little children to come unto me, and for- | bid them | not: ‖ For of | such is the | kingdom of | heaven.

4 FOR the promise is unto you, and | to your | children; ‖ And to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

After the Administration.

1 THEN will I sprinkle clean | water··up- | on you, ‖ And | ye shall | be— | clean;
2 A new heart also | will I | give you, ‖ And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you,
3 And I will take away the stony heart | out of··your | flesh, ‖ And I will | give··you a | heart of | flesh.
4 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed, ‖ And my | blessing··up- | on thine | offspring:
5 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, ‖ As | willows··by the | water- | courses.

Gloria Patri.

Some passages from the Word of God which were compiled for the Choir to sing in the administration of the ordinance of baptism.

952 *Genesis* 28: 19-22. C. M.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

Dr. Philip Doddridge wrote this hymn to be sung after a sermon on "Jacob's Vow," Genesis 28: 20-22, which he preached on January 16, 1737. This is the hymn which was found among the effects of David Livingstone, the one which sustained his heart through the wilderness journeys over Africa, and which, as his favorite, was sung at his funeral beneath the arches of Westminster Abbey, April 18, 1874. It is usually considered a family hymn now, and is of great service at domestic devotion. One of the prominent ministers of New York sent a circular letter to many ministers and others asking the particulars of their conversion. In the answers as to the human instrumentality which had largest influence in leading the soul to decision, the Christian home has the foremost place. Rev. N. G. Cheney says: "My mother had the strongest power over my heart. She died when I was a youth. But in everything else that moved me I could feel that power clearly. Next to home influence was preaching." Rev. Duncan McGregor, who was converted in a revival, reverses the order, and gives as the human means of his conversion: "Preaching and mother's prayers." So Dr. Cuyler says: "Both pastor and mother." Several Brooklyn Sunday-School superintendents, also, when asked at the gate of heaven, "What brings you here?" will reply to the angel: "A mother's tear and prayer." One of them says: "A mother's early teaching, prayers, and constant consistent life before me had, I think, most influence in deciding my course, though a faithful Sunday-School teacher and pastor were, perhaps, also used as instruments." Dr. Francis, of Greenpoint, who was converted in a college revival, attributes the largest credit for that step, outside of the Holy Spirit, to his mother's influence and example, which had more to do with moulding his life than all other instrumentalities. Very beautiful is Dr. J. G. Roberts' reply: "I was converted in very early childhood through the influence of parental teaching. My father used to instruct us in the Bible every Sunday, and at the close of one of our lessons he asked that those of us who would give our hearts to Christ should come and kiss him. That was the time I was converted." Rev. J. G. Phipps says that he became seriously impressed from the age of eleven through the faithfulness of parents, his father being a pastor who preached outside of the pulpit as well as in it. Dr. Withrow was converted at the age of eleven by "a solemn scene at family worship one Sunday evening." Dr. A. H. Plumb, of Boston, attributes his conversion to the same home-influence, although the immediate occasion of his final decision was the "personal efforts of my pastor, added to the testimony of happy and consistent Christians talking about religion in the store where I was clerk at a time when, setting out in life, I felt the need of a friend." Dr. William M. Taylor, of New York, says: "I cannot speak of any precise date of conversion at all; I grew up into the Church under the training of wise Christian parents."

953 *Christ receiving children.* C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine—
Thine let our offspring be.

Dr. Philip Doddridge introduced this into his *Hymns*, 1755, as No. 198: "Christ's con-

descending Regard to Little Children, Mark 10: 14.

954 *A Christian Child.* C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay:
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

This familiar hymn was first published by Bishop Reginald Heber in the *Christian Observer*, April, 1812. The first line was, "By cool Siloam's shady fountain." Subsequently he re-wrote the piece in its present form, and it was put in his posthumous collection of *Hymns*, 1827.

955 *Our Children.* S. M.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see:
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

The circumstances of John Fellows' life are surrounded with much obscurity, even the time and place of his birth being unknown. He is supposed to have been a poor shoemaker living in Birmingham, England, a member of the Baptist denomination. In the records of that church, which was formerly in Cannon St., Birmingham, the death of John Fellows is entered as having occurred July 30, 1785. In view of the fact that he published a number of books both in prose and poetry, it is surprising that so little is known of his career. He wrote many hymns on the subject of Baptism; the one given here was published with a number of others in 1773, and has remained in general use. It is a prayer for the favor of God upon the young, that they may be willing to accept his guidance in their daily life, and so escape the errors into which they may so easily fall if they attempt to direct their course by their own wisdom. The Bible contains many instances of the grievous mistakes which even well-meaning men may commit, if they yield to an influence from without which is not wise and pure. It is instinctive with us all to believe that Jacob was more sinned against than sinning. To much of his early wrong-doing he was put up. A character, never over-strong at the best, was overborne by one which was stronger. There is an ancient proverb which has in it much wisdom; "A child may have more of his mother than her blessing." Jacob had Isaac's blessing and enjoyed Rebekah's advice; and it was just this last which hurt him, and put him to bed on the stones at Bethel. Her injudicious partiality brought upon him his temptation. In the domestic drama of deceit she played Jezebel to his Ahab. She knew the exact cast to make. Her part became her, and showed her unusual gifts in that direction. But she had her hands full to get this son of hers through his drill any way. And that midnight departure from his home was what it came to.

956 *"Suffer them to come."* S. M.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

This hymn, by Bishop Onderdonk, was contributed to the *Prayer Book Collection*, 1826. It is an adaptation from a poem by Rev. Dr. Doddridge, and is entitled "Christ Accepting Children." There is an expression in the last verse which it may be well for us to ponder: "As we are thine, thine may our offspring be." When we stop to think of it, are we sure that we ourselves are fit models for others to follow? There is a verse in Colossians which says, "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." Most of us know what that means, and first and last have had it somewhat extensively explained to us. But do we now dwell as much on this: "Fathers, provoke

not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." I distinctly remember that, as a child, I thought this one of the wisest texts in the Bible, and used to get a good deal of comfort out of it in seasons of home depression. A child has the keenest sort of sense of injustice. Generally a decent boy means well, if we can only get at what he means. He wants a chance to explain. More real wrong has been done to after life than in any other way by hasty and impetuous demands for unquestioning silence, when a child has only been trying to make his righteousness appear. The saddest of all my human experiences, I do here soberly assert, have been when I was unable to secure a fair showing, and got "discouraged."

957 *"This child we dedicate."* L. M.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

The information in regard to this hymn comes to us in fragments. Professor F. M. Bird contributes a date, 1823, while Putnam's *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, 1875, speaks of it as a translation from the German. No poem which corresponds to it, however, has been traced, and it seems fair to regard it as the original work of Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, a Unitarian clergyman who was born at Gloucester, Mass., February 16, 1791. He graduated at Harvard College in 1811, and eight years afterward became the pastor of a Unitarian church at Charleston, S. C.; remaining in this charge until his death, which occurred at Kingston, Mass., February 9, 1858. The hymn is appropriate for baptismal occasions, and expresses the desire of the parent that the child may grow in grace as it does in years. If there be any truth in the line "The child is father of the man," it is manifest most plainly in religious life. The young believer perpetuates himself in the old. Maurice, son of William the Silent, at the age of seventeen, took for his device a fallen oak, with a young sapling springing from its root; to this he gave the motto, *Tandem fit surculus arbor*, "The sapling will by and by become a tree." It seems very trite to write all that out soberly; but really it is a thing most unfortunately forgotten.

958 *"They are thine."* L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found—

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

This "Prayer on behalf of Children," as it is entitled, is one of the most beautiful and touching of the poems written by Mrs. Abby Bradley Hyde. It was first published in Nettleton's *Village Hymns*, 1824, and has become a general favorite on account of a certain pathos and tenderness of sentiment it possesses. Its closing stanzas remind many of us of the loving mothers who have watched over the lambs of the flock and followed their steps with fervent prayers. One of these faithful guardians, now gone to her rest, used to take her children with her into her chamber, whenever an hour from the busy day could be found. There she would read a Bible-story with them or to them; sometimes about Samuel, and David, and Joseph; but more often about Jesus, and Mary, and Lydia, and Timothy. Then she would question, and converse, and explain till the mind had caught the truth it needed and the conscience had felt it. She kneeled then by the chair, and the child knelt likewise. Sometimes she prayed for him, oftener with him. He was taught to repeat, as his own request to an unseen God, the petitions, short and simple, she uttered. And so years passed on, and there is no forgetting, even now, the power of those seasons. She respected her engagement with her Saviour. She talked of it, and urged it, and lived in it, so firmly, that her words were carved in the slab over her grave, "My covenant-keeping God."

959 *The Rock of Ages.* 7s. 6l.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

A hymn, which the great prime-minister of England, W. E. Gladstone, would pause long enough to put into beautiful Latin, and which the English-speaking world now agrees to pronounce the supreme hymn of the language, only needs to be sung: the day of annotations upon it has passed. It first appeared in the English *Gospel Magazine* for October, 1775, in an article entitled "Life a Journey." A familiar signature that was known by all, *Minimus*, showed the author to be Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. Next year, March, 1776, the piece was enlarged, altered at points, and reprinted. In 1815 Thomas Cotterill changed many of the stanzas, compacting the lines, and so produced a lyric of three verses instead of the original four. This one now before us is Cotterill's form; it has really displaced the original composition of the previous century; it is smoother, shorter, and more musical, as well as less rugged in theology.

960 *"Manifest thyself."* 7s. 6l.

Son of God! to thee I cry:
By rhe holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life! to thee I cry:
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform thy will;
Then thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

Written by Richard Mant, D. D., Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland. It used to begin with the line, "Saviour, who exalted high," and may be found in his *Holydays of the Church; or, Scripture Narratives of our Blessed Lora's Life and Ministry*, 1828. The reference is to the conversation between Jesus and his disciples as recorded in John 14:22. But there is here in the hymn a measure of wrestling desire, as if one were under the pressure of pain, and could not see his way. Such experiences are common to the best of believers. We think we ought to be made to understand the mysteries of life; God ought to explain himself more. But the truth is, we could not comprehend the divine Being or his character or his providence. Our capacities are not sufficient; God is willing but we are not able. In one of the Continental galleries is an exquisite painting by Murillo, entitled, "The Vision of Saint Augustine." It represents a dream of this great father of the church, narrated by himself. He tells us that while busied in writing his discourse upon the Trinity, he wandered along the seashore wrapped in meditation. Suddenly he beheld a child, who, having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of his task? He replied that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. Of course the philosopher exclaimed, "Impossible!" But the boy answered, "Not more impossible, surely, than for thee, O Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou art meditating!" There is a theme for any chastened and thoughtful imagination! See that tall figure in priestly robes, on the border of the sea, looking pitifully down upon the Divine Child—the infant Christ—holding in his slender hand his scoop of shell, his ladle, his small bowl of water, while he looks up so wise with the majesty of a sweet suggestion of rebuke in his gentle face!

961 *"Till he come."* 7s, 6s.

"Till He come:" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

Another of the hymns of Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., and characterized by his peculiar views as a pronounced premillennarian of the school to which Mr. Spurgeon,

Dr. Bonar, Dr. MacLaren, Mr. Moody, with most of the modern evangelists, have always been represented as prominent adherents. It is an almost literal paraphrase of the words found in the story of the first Lord's Supper: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." The piece was written in 1861, and first printed in his work, *The Blessed Dead*, 1862. There are four six-line stanzas to it altogether, and it has the text affixed to it for its proper reference, I. Corinthians 11: 26.

962 *"Wash me, Saviour."* 7s. 6l.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me, from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

The original hymn, very nearly as Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady wrote it. A few changes were absolutely necessary. We could manage to say, "When I soar through *tracts* unknown," but it would be impossible to sing, "When my *eye-strings* break in death" without a demurrer. But this form of the poem is much stronger than the other. The doctrinal belief of the author is disclosed in the paragraph which stands just before his song: "We can only admire and bless the Father for electing us in Christ and for laying on him the iniquities of us all—the Son, for taking our nature and our debts upon himself, and for that complete righteousness and sacrifice, whereby he redeemed his mystical Israel from all their sins—and the coequal Spirit, for causing us (in conversion) to feel our need of Christ, for inspiring us with faith to embrace him, for visiting us with his sweet consolations, by shedding abroad his love in our hearts, for sealing us to the day of Christ, and for making us to walk in the path of his commandments."

In this faith the author of our best hymn died; he was a strong Calvinist, and the hymn shows his bias. At the last he seems to have found how good it was to be saved by sovereign grace. His biographer says that during his final illness the poet seemed to lie in the vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry he answered with a sparkling eye: "Oh, my dear sir I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already within my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends and asked if they could give him up: and when they replied in the affirmative, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over to the hands of my dear Redeemer and part with me; for no mortal can live after having seen the glories which God has manifested to my soul!"

963 *"Take my Heart."* 7s. 6l.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the fallen race,
Lo, I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo, I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfill.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

Rev. Charles Wesley has furnished us this piece from his *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. He entitled it "Entire Consecration." It might well have taken for its text Romans 12: 1: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." What is a *living sacrifice?* One who considers himself a victim any moment, and yet the knife of the priest does not fall on his neck. The Christian is not offered by fire, but by zeal. He stands pledged to any extreme. His picture is found in the ox engraved upon the ancient seal, standing between an altar and a plough; the motto underneath tells the story in simple but sincere words, "Ready for

either." I will go to the flame or the furrow. My Saviour shall call, and I will answer: Here am I. If I live, I live to the Lord; if I die, I die unto the Lord; whether living or dying, therefore, I am the Lord's. I am a living sacrifice.

964 *"His Banner."* 8s, 7s.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free:
May we taste it, kindly given
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

3 In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember thee!

Rev. Roswell Park, D. D., was born at Lebanon, Conn., October 1, 1807, and entered Hamilton College, which he left on receiving an appointment as cadet at West Point. He graduated there in 1831, and in the same year passed the final examinations at Union College. He received his commission as lieutenant of engineers, and was employed on the fortifications at Newport and Boston until he resigned his office in 1836. The next change in his varied life was from the army to a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania, where he taught chemistry and natural history. He held this position until 1842, resigning it in order to fit himself for the ministry of the Episcopal Church. He was ordained in 1843, and nine years later was appointed President of Racine College, Wisconsin, an office which he held until 1859, when he became Chancellor. In 1863 he removed to Chicago, where he founded a literary and scientific school called Immanuel Hall, of which he was rector until his death, July 16, 1869. Dr. Park was the author of several books on various subjects, history, travels, and poems being included among them. He is known in hymnology as the author of the piece quoted here, which was published in his *Poems* in 1836, and is in general use on both sides of the ocean.

965 *"In remembrance."* 8s, 7s.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

Sir Edward Denny gave this to the public in his *Selection of Hymns*, 1839. It bears the simple title, "Holy Communion." Afterwards, when he issued it in his *Miscellaneous Hymns*, 1848–70, he entitled it, "On the Lord's Supper. I. Corinthians 11:26, and Canticles 1:12."

966 *"Follow me."* 8s, 7s.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

If any one wishes to test the baleful power of a hymn-tinker, let him try his taste upon the change made of one of the lines in this poem by the editor of the *Anglican Hymn-Book*, 1868: "Jesus calls us, *mid* the tumult," as contrasted with "Jesus calls us, *o'er* the tumult." The one is poetry, the other far below it, and no gain anyway. The hymn was written by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, wife of the Bishop of Derry in Ireland, and contributed to *Church Hymns*, 1852. The allusion is to the picturesque scenes in the gospel narratives in which our Lord is presented as calling his disciples, one after another, and we seem to hear the "sweet voice" sounding across the waters of the Galilean Sea.

967 *"Take my heart."* 8s, 7s.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

This poem was published anonymously in a Unitarian collection, *Hymns for the Sanctuary*, 1849. Although it has been widely used, there is no information to be had concerning its authorship. The poem is an en-

treaty for the grace of the Holy Spirit to attract and then transform the erring one. No human instrumentality alone can convert a soul; but any amount of intelligent help avails somewhat to render a soul readier for conversion. Each person's share in the momentous undertaking will have to be estimated according to the measure of persistent fidelity with which he has presented and enforced evangelical doctrine and spiritual truth. All sincere believers are declared to have been "born again, not of corruptible, but of incorruptible seed, which is the word of God." Hence, men's part in the regeneration of men appears to be confined to the faithful and clear offers of the gospel and the affectionate appeal to consience.

But let no mistake be made here; it is not because of promising usefulness and loveliness in human character that men are chosen; it is in order to all that. The choice of divine sovereignty turns upon knowledge, not upon foreknowledge. Christ's love seeks its subjects, not for what they may become, but for what they are. Grace is not conditioned upon graces—grace is in order to graces. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are free, and are not grounded on any prophetic perception of a soul's future excellence. Our Lord welcomed Simon Peter that day just as Andrew brought him. He took an undoubted risk in the man upon his own sovereign responsibility. And everybody might learn from this, beyond any question or cavil whatsoever, that Christians are commissioned to bring to Jesus all men just as they are: and that we all are to go to him exactly as we are. Nobody needs to try to render himself any better before he starts. Nobody needs to shrink and wait because he has a fear he may prove fickle, and so do damage by a failure. If the good Lord will take him, and take the responsibility of him as he did of Simon Peter, the least he can do is to go. The prayer of a penitent sinner is not this: "I come to thee, because I am going to be good, shining and useful;" but "I come to thee, because I am neither good nor useful; I come —just as I am!"

968 *Glorying in the Cross.* 8s, 7s.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy.
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

This well-known poem by Sir John Bowring was published in his *Hymns*, 1825, and has since been included in numerous collections, both in Great Britain and America. Its glowing words have been like a trumpet call to many a Christian whose faith has been weakened by the cares and trials of the world. He suddenly feels that with Christ strengthening him he can do all things.

An army officer in the civil war rode a horse which knew as well as a human being when the battle was impending. The approach of the conflict always gave the beast the keenest terror; he trembled in every nerve, and was apparently unable to stir. But when the battle was once begun, and he was urged forward into the thick of the fight, all trembling and hesitancy left him; his nostrils were proudly raised in air, and every motion was swift and fearless. So it is with some men in the Christian life. They tremble at the thought of entering the church; they feel themselves utterly unworthy to sit at the table of the Lord; their first words in the prayer-meeting are feeble and faltering. But the believer who is most timid at the outset often becomes the most fearless and the most useful of all. That very honesty of purpose and delicacy of action which harasses the would-be Christian with fears of his unworthiness, are transmuted into the power which, with the same feeling of personal humility, can yet do all things by the strength of God.

969 *"Till he come."* P. M.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!

This hymn was contributed to the book entitled *Psalms and Hymns for the Baptist Denomination,* published in 1858. The piece itself is dated 1857 by its author, George Rawson, the "Leeds Layman." It makes an excellent communion meditation, having a singular blending of present thought in it with that far-off reach of anticipation concerning a feast in the kingdom of God, of which the ordinance is the inspired symbol. In that strange book of Robert Southey, *The Doctor*, he relates that, when Wilkie was in the Escurial, looking at Titian's picture of the Last Supper which hangs in the refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him: "I have sat daily in the sight of that painting for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off one after another, all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and yet there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged. I look at them till sometimes I think they are the realties, and we but shadows!" And suddenly Southey adds, as a swift reminiscence of his own reflection, that he wishes he knew who was the author of the tragedy of *Nero*, of which he proceeds to repeat the line: "The shows of things are better than themselves." From this he flashes along with other comments on sights and insights, and then quotes Edmund Spenser, saying we all ought to think

"Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly staid
Upon the pillars of eternity,
That is contraire to mutability:
For all that moveth doth in change delight,
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.
That great Sabaoth! God grant *me* that Sabbath's sight!"

970 *The Last Supper.* L. M.

'T was on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine;
"'T is the new covenant, in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end.
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

This is from Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, and was written in 1707, bearing the title "The Lord's Supper Instituted." It was inspired by the account in the eleventh chapter of I. Corinthians, of the scene in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, when the disciples met their Master to eat with him the Passover.

"Our Lord Jesus, in the night wherein he was betrayed, instituted the sacrament of his body and blood, called the Lord's Supper, to be observed in his church, unto the end of the world; for the perpetual remembrance of the sacrifice of himself in his death, the sealing all benefits thereof unto true believers, their spiritual nourishment and growth in him, their further engagement in and to all duties which they owe unto him; and to be a bond and pledge of their communion with him, and with each other, as members of his mystical body."

971 *The Institution.* L. M.

At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour'e name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

Dr. Isaac Watts has this in his *Hymns*, Book III., No. 19. It is entitled "Glory in the Cross; or, Not Ashamed of Christ Crucified." For unreckoned years it has been the custom in most of the New England churches to introduce the administration of the Lord's Supper with these verses. A certain kind of roll-call is mysteriously lodged in them now. The moment the well-known syllables of that first line fall on the ear, we seem to see the table with its white spread, the forms of venerable men coming up the aisle, dear faces growing calm and reverent in the pew, and the sacrament begins.

972 *Crucifying the Lord afresh.* L. M.

O JESUS! bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet!

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure;
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure—

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew,
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced thy victim body through.

5 Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with thee Jesus enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and, as we drink
His precious blood, wash out our sin!

Written by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, wife of the Bishop of Derry, in Ireland. It met the public first as a hymn for "Holy Communion," as its title suggests, in her work, *The Legend of the Golden Prayers, and Other Poems*, 1859. It has had since then a wide circulation and a deserved popularity.

973 *Feeding on Christ.* L. M.

I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me.

2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

James Montgomery published this first in his *Christian Psalmist*, 1825, and again without alteration in his *Original Hymns*, 1853, entitled "The Lord's Supper."

974 *Immanuel.* L. M.

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet on earth the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys that charmed before
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust, on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

In the volume of Dr. Ray Palmer's poems this hymn is not printed by the author; he himself reported such an omission as a "strange mischance." And the account of its composition is from his own pen: on a communion occasion when a large number of young persons were to be received, he wished a hymn similar in spirit and thought to that of Philip Doddridge, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice." This he had given at the season just previous, and, not caring to repeat it, he wrote new stanzas to take its place; and thus he gave the church a better one to do service as a convert's joyous confession of faith. It was published first in the collection of Rev. S. C. Brace, *Parish Hymns*, 1843.

975 *"Thou preparest a table."* L. M.

MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be
And furnished well with joyous guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore!

The printer, J. Archdeacon, who appended this piece of Dr. Philip Doddridge to the revised book of *Psalms and Hymns* of Tate and Brady, 1782, just to fill up a blank, never did a thing more unintentionally but surely calculated to make his name immortal. It is a good hymn; but the authorities of the Church of England never gave permission to a dissenting publisher of books to introduce new matter into the prayer-book. Yet there it was permitted to stand for years. The title to the hymn is the quaintest part of the transaction: "God's Name profaned, when his Table is treated with Contempt, Malachi 1:12. Applied to the Lord's Supper."

976 *"Our exalted Lord."* L. M.

TO JESUS, our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low:
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
Oh, let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

Miss Anne Steele published this in her *Poems, by Theodosia*, 1760, with the title, "Communion with Christ at his Table." She has another hymn beginning, "To Jesus, our victorious Lord."

977 *At the Cross.* L. M.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around thee on the curséd tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts there were,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crowned with thorn;
Like thee, thy blesséd self, endure
The cross with all its cruel scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

This is taken from the *Selection of Hymns* of Sir Edward Denny, 1839. It is entitled, "The Faithful Few," Luke 23: 49: "And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things."

978 *The day of Espousals.* L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

This poem by Dr. Isaac Watts in its original form consisted of six stanzas, and was published in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1709. It was suggested by the passage in the Song of Solomon which represents Christ as a royal bridegroom about to be espoused to the Church. So our hearts should remember gladly the promises we have made to our Lord, and the love we owe him. There is one sweet verse of an old Psalm which can be quoted easily; it could be engraved upon a seal ring; I once thought I would have it etched on my watch-dial, so as to read it every time I sought to know the hour. You ought to find it familiar when you hear it: "Thy vows are upon me, O God; I will render praises unto thee!" How sweet to say in the morning, when one first looks out upon the new day, "Thy vows are upon me, O God!" How fine it is to say in the evening, when the shadows fold over us at the end of a busy day, "Thy vows are upon me, O God!" How inexpressibly solemn, but welcome to the heart of us all, it is to say in the deep midnight, when the bell tolls, "Thy vows are upon me, O God; I will render praises unto thee!"

979 *"Thou art near."* L. M.

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

It seems a little strange to think of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author of the "Wonderful One-hoss Shay," as a writer of hymns. But no one can ever read or sing the two exquisite lyrics he has lent to *Laudes Domini* without admitting their supreme fitness, devotion, and beauty. The original title to this one is: "Hymn of Trust." Its pathetic little refrain is taken from Psalm 119:151: "Thou art near, O Lord"—which would make a grand text for a sermon by itself. It was written in 1848, and published in the *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, in 1859.

980 *"The living bread."* L. M.

AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply;
By these sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
For ever firm, on Zion's hill.

Another of Dr. Ray Palmer's poems. It was written in New Haven, Conn., and seems to have been one of a number of pieces which he contributed to Lowell Mason's *Union*

Hymns, 1833. It is founded on John 6:51: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

981 *Parting Song.* L. M.

OH, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

2 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

3 O Lord, the Lord of lords, to thee
Eternal praise and glory be;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

In the *Hymns* of Dr. Isaac Watts this appears as No. 10 in Book III. There it commences with the line, "Nature with open volume stands," and has six stanzas. The communion hymn before us is made up of the last two verses of the six, and a doxology, taken from the *Baptist Hymn and Tune Book*. To many persons it seems as if the crucifixion of Jesus Christ was not made for the theme of a song. Some one has said that it teaches a theology which can never be sung; but it is the only theology which has called forth the tenderest and loftiest tones of human feeling, all its abasement for sin, all its joy in salvation, which finds its full expression equally in that saddest of human music, the woful *Miserere*, which recalls the sacred, awful passion of our dying Lord, and the jubilant and triumphant anthem which celebrates his accomplished victory.

982 *Living to Christ.* L. M.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

This is No. 294 of Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns* and is entitled, "Christ's Service, the Fruit of our Labors on Earth." Philippians 1:22. It was first published in 1755, and it has been much changed in form and purpose since then. It has fallen into most successful use as a communion hymn on introducing young people into membership. It suggests many profitable thoughts concerning the seriousness of such a step. A visitor at the Indian School in Carlisle asked a Cheyenne girl if she was a member of the Church. She replied: "Not much—just a little." In a sense in which, perhaps, she did not mean it, her reply would apply to a good many who are yet, technically, "in good and regular standing," so far as the records of the books show.

983 *"Bought with a price."* L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Although the writer of this hymn, Rev. Samuel Davies, D. D., had but thirty-seven years of life allotted to him, he was a power for good in the world. Born in Newcastle, Delaware, November 3, 1724, he was assisted in his education by a pastor in New Brunswick, N. J., and studied for the ministry under the direction of Rev. Samuel Blair, of Chester Co., Pa. In 1746 he was licensed to preach, and two years later was settled over a church in Virginia. Afterwards he was selected by the trustees of the college in Princeton to solicit funds in England, whither he went in 1753 in company with Rev. Gilbert Tennent. He was elected President of the college in 1759, being successor to Jonathan Edwards, but he held the office only a short time, as his death occurred February 4, 1761. It is a singular fact that his first sermon in that year was on the text, "This year thou shalt die." Dr. Davies was a man of great ability and wide influence. Several volumes of his sermons have been published, and although he wrote but sixteen hymns, half of that number are still in general use;

and most, if not all, were issued in *Hymns Adapted* to *Divine Worship*, 1769. The one given here is a favorite for communion services, as it expresses a spirit of entire consecration and renews the vows of devotion. At ancient baptisms the officiating minister used to fold the white linen garment which the young Christian wore and hand it back to him; then he would say: "See thou present this robe of your profession spotless at the judgment-seat of Christ!"

984 *"Forget him not."* L. M.

O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 Oh, no: till life itself depart
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I 'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

KRISHNU PAL.

Rev. Joshua Marshman, D. D., was born at Westbury Leigh, Wiltshire, England, April 20, 1768, and was educated at Bristol College for the Baptist ministry. He decided to become a missionary and in 1799 went out to Serampore, India. After twenty-seven years at work he returned to England for a visit, but went back to India in 1829, dying in his field of labor, December 5, 1837. The poem given here is a translation made by him from a Bengali original, the work of Krishnu Pal, who was the first Hindu baptized in Bengal. It was published in Rippon's Baptist *Selection*, 1827, and has since been used extensively.

985 *The Memorial of our Lord.* L. M.

JESUS is gone above the skies
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought;
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

In Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, this poem appeared in six stanzas, bearing the title, "The memorial of our absent Lord." The opening verses, which speak of the tendency of earthly things to lead the heart away from the love of Christ, suggest the story of the great artist who painted a picture of our Lord's Supper. His desire was to make the figure and face of the Saviour the prominent feature of the picture. But he put in the foreground of the painting some cups, the ornamentation of which was exceedingly beautiful. When the picture was presented for inspection, his friends exclaimed, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah," said he, "I have made a mistake. These cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct the attention of every observer." And taking his brush, he blotted them from the picture, that the figure of Christ might be the chief attraction.

986 *"Eat, O friends!"* L. M.

DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim;
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blessèd company,
Thy banner over us is love.

Another of the excellent hymns of Rev. Aaron Robarts Wolfe, prepared with many others for the *Church Melodies*, 1858, edited

by Dr. Hastings. It is entitled there "At the Communion," and is annotated with references to I. Corinthians 11:24, and Luke 22:19, although it uses the phraseology of Solomon's Song 5:1, in one of the stanzas with a fine felicity of adaptation. It bears, as do all the others, only the initials "A. R. W."

987 *Robe of Righteousness.* L. M.

JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood—
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead—
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
Ev'n then this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

Rev. John Wesley translated this from the German hymn of Count Nicholas Lewis Zinzendorf; it begins "*Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit*, and was composed in the spring of 1739 during a voyage from the West Indies to England; it has thirty-three stanzas, and this is a paraphrase. There is known to have been a singular period in the religious experience of John Wesley in which such a profession of faith as this poetry delineates was needed and received. It was after he had been ordained to the ministry, indeed after he had spent two years and more preaching to white men and Indians in America. On his voyage home, when he was about one hundred and sixty leagues from Land's End, he wrote, January 24, 1738: "I went to America to convert the Indians, but oh, who shall convert me?" A few days later, after he was safely on shore in England, February 1, 1738, he wrote again: "What have I learned? Why (what I the least of all suspected), that I who went to America to convert others was never myself converted to God. (I am not sure of this.)" Now in reference to these facts, Rev. Carl F. Eltzholtz interposes what seems like one of the fairest of ordinary historic deprecations; his words are these:

"On Wednesday evening, May 24, 1738, while at London, Wesley went to that memorable meeting at Aldersgate Street, where he was enabled to trust God for a full, free, and present salvation through Christ, and there and then he received the divine baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire which warmed his heart so strangely (*Works*, vol. 3, p. 74). Now, please notice that that clause, 'I am not sure of this,' is put into the text by Wesley as a parenthesis. When he in after life had reached a higher experience, more spiritual wisdom, and a profounder knowledge of the mysteries of God and true experimental religion, he came to the conclusion that this assertion was too strong, and therefore, in justice to himself, to the truth, and to his many followers, he appended this note to his journal; and it is not more than simple justice to the great founder of Methodism that, when writers and preachers quote this, Wesley's statement about his conversion, they should also quote his appended note. He was praying for and groaning after inward holiness."

988 *Persistent Love.* C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 When all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue—
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in:
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

No. 13 of Dr. Isaac Watts' Book III. It has the title, "Luke 14:17–23: Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests." This is one of the fixed institutions of the Lord's Supper in many quarters of our country. To sing "How sweet and awful is the place" to the tune "Dundee" is really a part of the ceremonial.

989 *"Friend of Sinners."* C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend:
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Another of Rev. Richard Burnham's contributions: it first reached the public in his *New Hymns on Divers Subjects*, 1783. In this volume we find a worthy illustration of the writer's tenderness and humility of spirit. He dedicates it to his own Baptist congregation in Grafton Street, Soho, London; and in the inscription of his kind wishes for them he voices the sentiment of the last verse in this communion song in a profession of his own faith and hope: "Your pastor is willing to own that he is the unworthiest of the unworthy; yet, unworthy as he is, he humbly trusts, through rich grace, he has in some measure found that the dear bosom of the atoning Lamb is the abiding-place of his immortal soul."

990 *"Prepare us, Lord."* C. M.

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

One of those small useful hymns for the ushering of the communicants to the communion table which every pastor needs, and few compilers have thoughtfulness to supply. Rev. Thomas Cotterill is the author of it.

991 *Feeding on Christ.* C. M.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessèd self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh, let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

Rev. John Cennick has given us this little piece in his *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God*, 1741. It begins with the line, "To-day we 're bidden to a feast," and is entitled, "Before the Sacrament." There it has six stanzas.

992 *"I will remember thee."* C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

To hear the line, "According to thy gracious word," started to the tune of "Dedham," would in many parts of our country awake memories of a hundred communion seasons, with visions of old friends and village sanctuaries, and childhood's traditions. When that ancient strain is in the air the Lord's Supper is on and the dear sacrament begins. The words are found in James Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. The title is, "This do in Remembrance of Me," Luke 22:19. From this, as in the instance of Richard Burnham's hymn just before, comes the refrain of each stanza.

993 *"The cup of blessing."* C. M.

JESUS, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessèd Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

4 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The broken bread thy body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

From the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* of Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742. It is entitled "Before the Sacrament," and makes really one of the best of our commemorative songs.

994 *"Greater love hath no man."* C. M.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie:
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh—

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

Hon. Gerard T. Noel, M. A., was born December 2, 1782, and educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge. He entered the ministry in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Radwell, Hertfordshire and vicar at Rainham and Romsey. He was appointed Canon of Winchester Cathedral, and died at Romsey, February 24, 1851. Mr. Noel published several volumes of sermons, and a book entitled *Arvendel, or Sketches in Italy and Switzerland*, 1813. In this appeared some original hymns, among them the one quoted here, which is used extensively.

995 "*Via crucis, via lucis.*" S. M.

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours!
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

This piece, by Sir Henry Williams Baker, was contributed to *Murray's Hymnal for the use of the English Church*, 1852. It is one of his best and most popular compositions, full of inspiration and cheer. It seems to make heaven and earth so near together; the departed faces we miss appear almost to shine again in the air; hopes grow brighter, as if lit by the light which illumines the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

996 "*I have peace.*" S. M.

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'T is everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'T is stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—he changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place;
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

This is selected, stanza by stanza, from one of Dr. Horatius Bonar's long poems in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1864. It is full of soberest doctrine set forth in exquisite verse. It gives a Communion meditation, as one seems to stand before the cross. He sees "the mighty sacrifice," and he has "peace with God."

997 "*I can do all things.*" S. M.

O SAVIOUR, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!

2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same;
We plead thy precious promises,
And rest upon thy name.

3 By faith in thee we live,
By faith in thee we stand;
By thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord, increase our faith,
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm!

Edward Osler was born at Falmouth, England, January, 1798, and educated for the medical profession, studying in his native town and afterward at Guy's Hospital, London. He held the position of house surgeon at the Swansea Infirmary from 1819 to 1836, and then returned to London to devote himself to literary work. In 1841 he became editor of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* and removed to Truro, where he resided until his death, March 7, 1863. Mr. Osler was the author of a book upon *Marine Animals*, written for the Linnæan Society; a biography of Lord Exmouth; a periodical entitled *Church and King*, and a number of hymns. Many of the latter appeared in the *Psalms and Hymns adapted to the Services of the Church of England*, published in 1836, and commonly known as the "Miter Hymn-book," from the impression of a miter on the cover. The piece quoted here is one of his most popular poems.

998 "*Still at the cross.*" S. M.

NO GOSPEL like this feast
Spread for thy church by thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift, given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

3 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.

4 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us has trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God;—

5 Till from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold thee, only thee.

This hymn was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, and published in her *Three Wakings and Other Poems*, 1859. It is entitled, "Holy Communion." She is at the present time a widow, and resides at Hampstead Heath, close by London. She has taken for herself the name of Rundle-Charles, coupling her maiden name with that of her husband who died in 1868. A correspondent of the London *Critic*, 1892, who lately visited her in her cottage home, says: "Mrs. Charles has just the sort of a mild, cheerful, pleasing appearance one might expect, and the little touches of humor which relieve her stories are to be found lurking in the corners of her mobile mouth and expressive eyes. She is not at present writing fiction, but has recently completed a series of small devotional works, which has been a solace and occupation during a period of anxiety and prolonged nursing. That, however, is at an end, and the demands of numerous editors and publishers may now meet with some satisfaction. *The Schoenberg-Cotta Family* still continues to be the most popular of Mrs. Charles' works; but for my part, I prefer *Kitty Trevelyan*. It goes deeper into human nature, and there is more action altogether in the tale."

999 *The invitation.* S. M.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around the board;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.

4 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind
And every voice be praise.

5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity!

In Dr. Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, this piece was first published. It bears the title, "Communion with Christ and with saints," and was suggested by the passage in I. Corinthians 10: 16, 17.

1000 *At closing.* S. M.

A PARTING hymn we sing
Around thy table Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase ofithy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

Rev. Aaron Robarts Wolfe contributed this hymn also to the *Church Melodies*, 1858, from which, with the permission of Dr. Hastings, it was gladly sought and obtained by the compiler of *Songs for the Sanctuary* long before he had learned who the modest author was, concealing himself persistently under the mere letters of his name, "A. R. W." Such a hymn was needed in the churches for just that point in the administration of the Lord's Supper when the thought of going away from the emotions and sensibilities and enjoyments of the mystic festival breaks in upon the mind of a believer, and the world with all its practical bearings threatens to banish the recollections of the scene. Of this piece he once wrote to a friend: "I can remember nothing definitely about it, except that, in looking over the topics in hymn-books with the idea of endeavoring to supply deficiencies, I thought something of this kind might be suitable in rising from the Lord's table." He was right in a surmise like that; it has been exceedingly useful in just that way.

1001 *"The ark of God."* S. M.

OH, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

This favorite hymn by Rev. Dr. Mühlenberg was written by him for the *Prayer-Book Collection*, 1826, and contained originally five stanzas. It was entitled "The Ark of the

Church," and is very widely used at the present day.

1002 *"This is my blood."* S. M.

BLEST feast of love divine!
'T is grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

In the *English Hymns* of S. W. Duffield we are told of a request made by the author of these verses, Sir Edward Denny; the quotation is made from the preface of his *Hymns and Poems*, third edition, 1870; there he says: "Should any of these poems or hymns be deemed worthy of a place in any future collections, they may be left as they are, *without alterations or abridgment*. And also (inasmuch as here or there I have revised them myself, I trust for the better) I should wish that they be copied from *this, rather than from any previous collection wherein they are found*." The italics, intensifying his expression, are his own. The piece now before us was taken from his *Selection of Hymns*, 1839, thirty-one years older than the other; and the change of "Sweet feast" to "Blest feast of love divine" was never originated by the compiler of *Laudes Domini;* but he decidedly prefers "Blest" to "Sweet" in the situation, whoever made the alteration. The reference is made to Luke 22:19.

1003 *"The banqueting house."* S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet thee, Lord!

2 Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.

4 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

This piece is usually credited to the Rev. Charles Wesley; but the fact cannot quite be settled, for the verses appear in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745; a book issued by the brothers, John and Charles, and the contributions are not discriminated precisely. The style may perhaps be trusted to an expert. The hymn is entitled, "Before Holy Communion." Allusion is made to Solomon's Song 2:4.

1004 *The Church is Christ's.* 7s, 6s. D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore:
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Another of Rev. Samuel John Stone's hymns; this likewise has had a historic fame to give it a fine reputation as a popular lyric. When the Pan-Anglican Synod, some few years ago, was held in St. Paul's in London, the whole body of dignitaries belonging to the English Establishment entered the cathedral, in the presence of an immense congregation which rose to receive the procession, singing, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord!" It was "like the voice of many waters." The hymn was published in *Lyra Fidelium*, and is one of the twelve pieces founded upon the *Apostles' Creed* of which that small book consists; it it set to the phrase, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Mr. Stone has also issued a volume entitled *The Knight of Intercession and other Poems;* this has reached many editions, and in 1875 was succeeded by another, *Sonnets of the Christian Year*.

1005 *"The Living Bread."* 7s, 6s. D.

O BREAD, to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna, sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart!
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art,
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the vail removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

This fine translation of the Latin poem, "*O esca viatorum*," was made by Dr. Ray Palmer for the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858. It shows his wonderful skill in versification, as well as his spiritual alertness in choosing the best things in ancient religious poetry wherever he could find them. These versions of his, first printed in that collection, are among the best contributions to sacred songs given to the churches in this generation.

It is not certainly known who composed the Latin original. Some have named St. Thomas of Aquino. But the *Dictionary of Hymnology* says it "was probably composed by some German Jesuit of the seventeenth century." It has been traced back to 1661.

1006 *Three Mountains.* 7s.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

James Montgomery is the author of the hymn before us. It was first published in Collyer's *Collection*, 1812. In the poet's *Original Hymns* it bears the title "The Three Mountains." The teaching of the Gospel as contrasted with the Law is frequently illustrated by the use of Sinai and Calvary as a figure. Calvary was not much of a mountain, and some do not accept Tabor as the actual locality of the Transfiguration. But the introduction of Jesus Christ's manifestation of his glory as the one link that was needed between the curse and the crucifixion, is matchless in its doctrinal felicity. The Christ of God, divine and luminous with the Godhead itself, was necessitated as an exhibition beforehand, when Jesus of Nazareth was so soon to bear suffering, shame, and death for human sin. That makes "lovely, mournful Calvary, heaven on earth."

1007 *"Lovest thou me?"* 7s.

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

This familier poem of William Cowper was published in Maxfield's *New Appendix*, 1768. Afterward the author incorporated it in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is entitled, "Lovest thou me?" Allusion is made to Simon Peter's reclamation at the Sea of Galilee: John 21: 16. The aptness of the author of *English Hymns* is nowhere shown more felicitously than in his quotation at this point of the words of Archdeacon Farrar: "And when I think on all this, when I remember that love is 'not so much a virtue as a substratum of all virtues, the virtue of virtue, the goodness of goodness;' when I think that '*God is love*;' when I read that amid the unnumbered choirs of heaven, each shall retain his individual life, and have a name which none knoweth save himself; when I see the latent germs and possibilities of goodness which exist even in the worst; when I think that a wretched, sinful man is but the marred clay of some sweet, innocent, and lovely child; when I read how Jesus so loved our race that he left the glory of heaven to die amid its execration; when the Gospel tells me *who* it is that searches for the lost sheep until he finds it; *who* wept on the neck of the prodigal; *who* suffered the harlot to bathe his feet with tears; *who* prayed for his murderers; *who* with one look of tenderness broke the heart of his backsliding apostle; *who* in one flash of forgiveness made of the crucified robber a saint of God; when

the boundless promises of Scripture crowd upon my mind; when I recall the hymn which we sing:

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
True and faithful, strong as death;'

when I read that God will not forget his people though the mother may forget her sucking child, then there come into my mind two thoughts: of hope for ourselves, and of hope for all the world!"

1008 *"Thy people shall be my people."* 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world, around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave—

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

It is asserted of this hymn, composed by James Montgomery, that in all probability it was written on the occasion of his being publicly recognized as a member of the Moravian Society at the close of 1814. It was included in Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819, with the title "Choosing the Portion of God's Heritage." The point of the hymn is in the covenant that the followers of Christ shall be chosen as the companions of one's daily life, rather than those who are unconverted; and an open profession is thus made before the world of faith in the Master. Confessing Christ is one of the means by which the world is to be evangelized. It is told of a young soldier, that, when in barracks, he knelt down to pray before going to bed, his fifteen companions began to jeer, some even going so far as to throw various articles at him. Undeterred by this treatment, he continued to kneel night after night, and soon he was surprised to find his companions, one after the other, steal to his side and kneel with him. By his faithful confession of Jesus, that soldier won all his companions to the Lord. A Christian student in one of our colleges was brought into contact with one who was an avowed unbeliever. He was anxious to bring him back from the dreary waste of skepticism, but the other resisted every attempt to entice him into argument. Seeing this, the Christian changed his plan; he associated with him as before, but contented himself, whenever the question of religion was introduced, with confessing his own confidence in Christ, and indirectly contrasting it with the uncertainty of unbelief. Soon his companion began to show some anxiety regarding religion; at last one day he came and said: "Your way of speaking showed me the superiority of faith over doubt. I have been privately studying Christianity, and I come to tell you that I have laid all my doubts at the feet of Christ!" In this case, a skeptic was brought to Jesus, not by argument, but by the confession of Christ in the conduct of life.

1009 *"Christ, our passover."* 7s.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise:
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

Another of Robert Campbell's versions, 1849, and first printed in *St. Andrew's Hymnal*, 1850, given as a communion hymne and serviceable particularly in identifying the Lord's Supper with the Passover feast at the celebration of which the New Testament institution was founded by the Saviour. The Latin piece of which it is given as a translation, "*Ad regias Agni dapes*," is in the Paris *Breviary*; this is, so Mr. S. W. Duffield says, a sixth century form of an older hymn which has sometimes been ascribed to Ambrose, and was known at Sarum.

1010 *"This is my Body."* 7s.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

Josiah Conder included this hymn of his own composition in his book bearing the name of *The Star in the East, and Other Poems*,

1824. He entitled it, "For the Eucharist." and referred to John 6: 51-54, and John 15: 1.

1011 *Wounded for us.* 7s.

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

So meager are the facts to be obtained concerning this hymn, that we can say only that it appears to have been first printed in the Presbyterian collection of *Devotional Hymns*, published in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1842.

1012 *"Thine for ever."* 7s.

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity!

2 Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! thou our Guide—
All our wants by thee supplied—
All our sins by thee forgiven—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

In Episcopal Churches on both sides of the sea the Hymn before us is very generally used in Confirmation services. It was written by Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude in 1847, and printed in her *Twelve Letters on Confirmation*, 1848, a small volume issued for the benefit of the author's Sunday-School class. Mrs. Maude is the daughter of George Henry Hooper, of Stanmore, Middlesex, England. She was married in 1841, to Rev. Joseph Maude, vicar of Chirk, North Wales, who was also an honorary canon of St. Asaph's. Besides the book above mentioned, this writer has published *Memorials of Past Years*, which was privately printed in 1852.

1013 *"Christ the Foundation."* 9s, 8s.

O ROCK of ages, one foundation,
On which the living church doth rest—
The church, whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise—thy name be blest!

2 Son of the living God! oh, call us
Once and again to follow thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

3 And if our coward hearts deny thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

4 Oh, strengthen thou our weak endeavor
Thee in thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to thee for ever,
And find thee with us to the end.

Rev. Henry Arthur Martin, M. A., was born at Exeter, England, July 30, 1831, and studied at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford, graduating in 1855. He took Holy Orders immediately and became curate of Hallow, near Worcester, in 1856. Two years later he was appointed Vicar of Laxton with Moorhouse, Nottinghamshire. Mr. Martin is known in hymnology by some contributions to *Church Hymns*, 1871, the one quoted here being among the most generally used.

1014 *"The living Bread."* 9s, 8s.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead—

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Church Service of the Year*, by Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827. This piece was published after the poet's death. It is entitled, "Before the Sacrament." It never had but these two stanzas in odd meter, but it has gone around the world.

1015 *"Beneath his shadow."* 7s, 6s.

SIT down beneath his shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For he remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden
And gives them kind relief.

4 His righteousness "all glorious"
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until he comes in glory,
Until we meet above—

6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold his beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal wrote this hymn in 1870, and published it in *Under the Surface*, 1874. It is founded upon Canticles 2: 3, and is entitled "Under His Shadow." It

shows the deep and full content to which she had then come in her appreciation of an ordinance that used to give her a kind of alarm or positive distress, She has entered this record in her autobiography:

"One subject *often* occupied my mind in these years which would seem unusual for a child—the Lord's Supper. After coming to St. Nicholas almost every monthly sacrament made me thoughtful. I begged to be allowed to stay in the church and see it administered 'only once;' but this apparently mere curiosity was not gratified, so I used to go round to the vestry and listen to the service through the door. One Sunday the hymn 'My God, and is thy table spread?' was sung before the sermon; it quite upset me, and I cried violently, though, being in a corner of the pew, I managed to conceal it."

She had begun to know the "love that passeth knowledge," and this was the banner over her soul.

1016 "*None other name.*" 7s, 6s. D.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God:
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be like Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

Dr. Horatius Bonar always had a special influence over the young. His winning manner and gentle tones caught their attention, and his weighty words impressed their hearts. His Sabbath-school services in Kelso are still remembered with delight. He wrote for each service a hymn, which was sung by the boys and girls. These hymns have since found their way to most Sabbath-schools. Among them were such favorites as "I lay my sins on Jesus," "I was a wandering sheep," "A few more years shall roll." After the singing came a short address, in which the love of Christ was told. These hours among the lambs of the flock were full of pleasure. They gave rest to the pastor, and were attended with the best results. Hymn succeeded hymn, and some of them are scattered over the globe in millions. There are few honors on earth equal to that of giving harmonious utterance to the deepest thoughts of God's children. A sermon does its work and passes, but a true hymn is sung and sung, and sung again through many generations. This particular piece is found as far back as the first series of *Songs in the Wilderness*, published by Dr. Bonar in 1843. It is one of his earliest compositions, and has proved to be one of the most popular. Its title is "The Substitute."

1017 "*I need thee.*" 7s, 6s. D.

I NEED thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blesséd Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blesséd Jesus!
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on thy throne:
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

Written by Rev. Frederick Whitfield, and entitled "Longing for Jesus." It was first given to the public on a mere sheet for distribution in 1855; then it was included in the author's *Sacred Poems and Prose*, 1861. It has been popular and very useful everywhere. Translations of it have been made into Arabic, French, Dutch, and German.

1018 "*Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.*" P. M.

SION, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure
Of his worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays!

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee,
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That himself to thee he giveth?—
He in faith that eateth, liveth—
For the bread of life is he.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, his mercy showing,
Who this heavenly table spread.
On this day so glad and holy,
To each hungering spirit lowly
Giveth he the living bread.

This is a translation by Rev. Alexander Ramsay Thompson, D. D., who was born at New York, October 16, 1822, and educated at the University of his native city and at Princeton Seminary, graduating from the latter in 1845. He entered the ministry, and became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Stapleton, Staten Island, from 1851 to 1859. Afterward he joined the Reformed Dutch Church, and held pastorates in New York and Brooklyn, becoming acting pastor of Bethany Chapel in the latter city in 1885. Dr. Thompson was joint editor of the Reformed Dutch book, *Hymns of the Church*, 1869, and also of *Hymns of Prayer and Praise*, 1871, to both of which he contributed original poems as well as translations.

The Latin Sequence from which this hymn is taken was the work of St. Thomas Aquinas, and is supposed to have been written about 1260, for the festival of *Corpus Christi*. It is found in a French missal of the latter part of the thirteenth century, and also in one of a little later date, which is in the British Museum. It is of great interest as a historical document, and is characterized by a harmonious and rhythmic flow of verse. The translation by Dr. Thompson first appeared in the American *Sunday-School Times*, 1883.

1019 *The King's Table.* P. M.

HERE the King hath spread his table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able.
Christ the passover to trace.
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

2 Lo, this angels' food descending
Heavenly love is hither sending,
Pilgrim lips on earth to feed.
So the paschal lamb was given,
So the manna came from heaven,
This the manna is indeed.

3 O good Shepherd, bread life-giving,
Us, thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore!
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with thee abiding,
With all saints will thee adore.

This hymn is a portion of the Latin poem from which the preceding translation was made by Rev. Dr. Thompson. The original consists of twelve stanzas of varying length, the fragment here given being an adaptation of two of them. The author, St. Thomas Aquinas, is often called "The Angelical Doctor," because "of the extraordinary gift of understanding wherewith God had blessed him." He was the child of noble parents, his father being the Count of Aquino. His birth is supposed to have been in 1227; at the age of five years he was placed in a Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino to be educated. Later he studied at Naples, Paris, and Rome, achieving everywhere a high reputation for learning and piety. He entered the Dominican order, and his influence was so great that Louis IX. of France insisted upon his becoming a member of the Council of State, where his advice was supreme. His life was one of incessant labor as a writer, lecturer, and preacher, with much fatiguing travel, and he died at Terracina, in Italy, March 7, 1274.

1020 *Beside the Cross.* P. M.

BY the cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessèd Sufferer's face.

2 Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made.
Brightens now the brow, once shaded,
Freshens now the face, once faded,
Peace with God now makes us glad.

3 All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength like dew, is here distilling
Glorious life our souls is filling—
Life eternal, only here!

4 Here the living water welleth,
Here the rock now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given.
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the City,
This the very gate of heaven.

One of Dr. Horatius Bonar's very best compositions. It may be found in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1867. The story is told over and over of a great painting of Jesus in the agony of crucifixion. We find it in Colonel Gardiner's Biography, in Zinzendorf's Life; Norton tells it anew in his *Golden Truths;* always the same, always different. But Gardiner sees it, and it seems to say, "This have I done for thee—what hast thou done for me?" And Zinzendorf sees it, and it seems to say the same to him. And the "gipsy girl" sees it, and it seems to say the same to her. In each case the sinner's soul is pierced with conviction. "All the love of God is yonder!"

1021 *"His house of wine."* P. M.

OH, Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I 've tasted,
More deep I 'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, I am my Belovéd's,
And my Belovéd 's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into "his house of wine!"

I stand upon his merit,
I know no other stand,
Not ev'n where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

The Rev. Samuel Rutherford was born in 1600, at Nisbet, Roxburghshire, in Scotland; he died at St. Andrew's, March 20, 1661. The story of his life has been often told, and is remembered now with an unusual tenderness wherever the English language is spoken or the history of the times of the ancient covenant is revered. He was educated in Edinburgh, and in 1621 received the degree of Master of Arts; soon after this he was appointed Professor of Humanity in that great center of Scottish literary life. But he seems to have preferred to preach the gospel; for his name disappears from the office four years later. Then we find him engaged in the study of theology; then the scant annals of his early career announce that he was settled in the town of Anworth as an impressive and able minister. In one of his fugitive pieces, Dean Stanley is very happy in giving this remarkable man an introduction to us.

It seems that an English merchant had been attending divine service at St. Andrew's, and he said: "I heard one sweet, majestic-looking preacher, and he showed me the majesty of God; afterward, I heard one little fair man, and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." And this last man, remarks Dean Stanley, was Samuel Rutherford, "the true saint of the Scottish Covenant." By this epithet of description has the individual been for ever honored and graced by our great modern scholar.

Of the small town where he earliest ministered little is known; for it has been swept across by the centralization of the villages into cities, and the neighborhood is now much less rural than it was two hundred years ago. The tourist passes the spot on the route across to Stranraer from Dumfries, skirting the extreme southern coast of Scotch territory. Leaving a village called Gatehouse, which the Murrays cover and furnish with their ample estates, one catches a glimpse of the old tower of Cardoness on the right of the path; and then, close by, about a mile off the road, in a secluded little valley, is a picturesque ivy-covered ruin; this is all that is now left of the Anworth Church, where Samuel Rutherford lived and labored. He loved this little parish with all his heart. Of his home there he once said in a letter: "There did I wrestle with the angel and prevail; woods, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses that I drew on a fair match between Christ and Anworth."

But the calmness of his rural retreat was destined to be broken. He is called higher. Before long he issues a theological volume, which is pronounced so fine that it gains him an invitation to become a professor on the Continent; he is asked to Utrecht, and also to Hardewyck. His real troubles began the next year. He was attracting notice evidently as a divine, and making himself dreaded as a writer. On July 27, 1636, he received a citation to appear before the Court of High Commission to answer to his nonconformity to the acts of Episcopacy in Scotland. He was subsequently deprived of his parish in Anworth, and a trying period succeeded, during which he was banished to Aberdeen. But before long in the swift confusions of the time, the changes of which can hardly be followed intelligently at this remote distance, the covenanting party in the realm gained the ascendancy, and Rutherford came back to his old charge. This was in 1638, and in 1639 he was made one of the professors in St. Andrew's; and in 1643 he was sent to London as a member of the historic Westminster Assembly, where he served the Scotch Church faithfully for four serious and perilous years. He wrote several volumes, among which was the famous pamphlet entitled *Lex Rex*. It was his lot to see that treatise burned publicly under his windows after the Restoration in 1660. The Committee of Estates paid the highest compliment in their power to its effectiveness by flashing the fire of its burning against the walls of St. Andrew's. But this was nothing of itself; only it led the way to further and more bitter persecutions. He was abruptly deprived of his offices, and cited to appear before the next Parliament on the charge of high treason. This received a characteristic answer. He was ill, and soon was dying. He sent his final word back to the court: "I am summoned before a higher court and judicatory; that first summons I behoove to answer; and ere a few days arrive, I shall be where few kings and great folks come."

These meager facts are all that are necessary to render clear to the students of hymnology why we attribute to Samuel Rutherford as the author those matchless stanzas which we admit were written by a Scotch lady in

Melrose, and were published as lately as 1857 in *The Christian Treasury*. Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin, the truly gifted daughter of Dr. David Ross Cundell of Leith, married afterwards to the Rev. William Cousin, an honored clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland, composed the poem of nineteen double verses called "Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's Land," now published in tracts all over the world. But the thoughts contained in it, and most of the peculiar expressions among the lines, were uttered by Samuel Rutherford himself while he was lying on his death-bed.

1022 *"The living Bread."* 7s. 3l.

JESUS, to thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All thy wondrous love reveal!

3 While on thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine!

5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us thy peace!

6 Lead us by thy pierced hand,
Till around thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Rev. Robert Hall Baynes, M. A., was born at Wellington, Somerset, England, March 10, 1831, and educated at Oxford, graduating B. A. in 1856. He was ordained in 1855, and was curate first at Christ Church, Blackfriars, afterwards at Whitechapel, Maidstone, and Coventry. He was designated Bishop of Madagascar in 1870, but declined the next year, and in 1873 received the appointment of Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral. In 1880 he became vicar of Holy Trinity, Folkstone. Canon Baynes has compiled several successful books of sacred poetry, and is also known as the author of a number of excellent hymns which are in general use. The one for Communion quoted here is perhaps the most popular. It was first published in his *Canterbury Hymnal*, 1864.

1023 *Bearing the Cross.* 8s, 7s. D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Nearly half a century ago Professor Wilson, in his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, exclaimed: "Have you seen a little volume entitled *Tales in Verse*, by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, which seems to have reached a second edition? Now that is the right kind of religious poetry." It is evident that the critic had a foresight of the merit which the Church would recognize before long. This obscure country rector was to become famous among the singing children of God. The fine poem arrested so much attention at once that for many years it was credited in all the American collections to Sir Robert Grant; for nobody knew even the name of this modest curate, who was dividing his time with working out unwelcome parochial tasks and teaching African freedmen, just liberated from slavery, so that they might go as catechists and school-masters to Sierra Leone. In 1824 this familiar piece of poetry appeared in *Sacred Poetry*, Edinburgh, its general form being the same as now, with six double stanzas. But it must have been composed several years earlier than this. It has a living connection with the most interesting fact that up to 1818 he was not a truly converted man. He was preaching a gospel which experimentally he did not understand. This he did not suspect till, on a certain occasion, he was sent for by a brother clergyman, who was dying and needed counsel. Then he found he knew no more than this unfortunate neighbor about the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. They were both frightened and subdued. Together they commenced an eager and anxious study of the Scriptures, and in turn each was soon changed by the Spirit of divine grace in the whole temper of his mind and life. From this moment the author of the hymn began a career of thorough devotion. It is evident that these verses were inspired by the one great text of the New Testament: "If any man will come

after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

1024 *The Crown coming.* 8s, 6s. D.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy, to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee!
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

This is the latter part of the previous hymn, which has been divided for convenience in singing. Often in the American manuals the last two stanzas are used as a hymn by themselves, commencing "Know, my soul, thy full salvation." The sentiment of the poetry changes rapidly from surrender to triumph. And it is well to know, and sometimes to call to mind, that the last glorious words of this troubled man, who sang almost till breath failed him, were just these: "Peace—joy."

1025 *A spotless soul.* 8s, 7s.

Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's *Plymouth Collection*, 1855, this hymn was taken. It is probably an original; but we can find no trace whatever of its author. It expresses chiefly the writer's belief in the cleansing power of the blood of Christ shed for sinners. "Mark you," said a pious sailor, when explaining to a shipmate at the wheel; "mark you, it is n't breaking off swearing and the like; it is n't reading the Bible, nor praying nor being good; it is none of these; for even if they would answer for the time to come, there's still the old score; and how are you to get over that? It is n't anything that you have done or can do; it 's taking hold of what Jesus did for you; it's forsaking your sins, and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the waves and billows go over him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."

1026 *Before the Cross.* 8s, 7s. D.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

2 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death,
For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze,
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

In the *Kendal Hymn-Book*, edited by Rev. James Allen, 1757, a piece of rather rude poetry appears which it is said the author marked as his own. But Rev. Walter Shirley re-wrote it into the present shape in 1774, and put it in the book used in Lady Huntingdon's Chapels. It began, "While my Jesus I 'm possessing." The alterations are extensive, and all for the better in taste and form of expression; but the hymn is the composition of its maker.

1027 *Parting Hymn.* 8s, 7s.

From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear:
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

Rev. John Rowe was born near Crediton, England, April 17, 1764, and educated at Hoxton Academy and at Hackney College. He entered the ministry on his graduation, and in 1787 was chosen as one of the pastors of a Presbyterian church in Shrewsbury. The length of his stay here is uncertain; but in 1797 he became associate minister of the Unitarian chapel at Lewin's Mead, Bristol; a position which he held until 1831, when he was seized with paralysis. The following year he resigned his charge and went with his daughter to Italy. She was the only surviving member of his family, and her care was with him to the last. He died in Sienna, July 2, 1832. The hymn which was quoted here, dated 1812, is the only one by which

he is known at present, but it is a favorite for Communion services.

1028 *Christ on the Cross.* 8s, 7s. D.

When I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!
Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

2 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated
By the sufferings he endured.
Now the gracious Mediator
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

3 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join,
Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase—
Take possession of thine own.

Richard Lee, the author of this familiar and useful hymn, was an English mechanic. He published in London, 1794, a volume which he entitled, *Flowers from Sharon*, from which five pieces, of which this is one, found a place in Dobell's *Selection*, 1806. This author did what he did for his little book when he was "between the ages of fifteen and nineteen." The most of the pieces were published previously in the *Evangelical Magazine* over the signature of "Ebenezer." At that time the writer lived in Leicester Fields, London. In 1816 he was older, and perhaps not so quiet; for *Living Authors* says he was "a political and religious fanatic." This seems to be all the record which has been made of him. The hymn is excellent, and its sentiment lives through the century for good. A simple vision of Jesus on the cross subdues the whole soul to love.

1029 *"Eben-ezer."* 8s, 7s. D.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.

For a long while this hymn was attributed to the Countess of Huntingdon. But Rev. Robert Robinson, giving a list of his own compositions up to 1781, says: "Mr. Wheatley, of Norwich, published a hymn beginning, 'Come, thou Fount of every blessing,' since repeated in the hymn-books of Messrs. Madan, Wesley, Gifford, and others." This was in 1758. Generally now the authorship is credited to him without dispute. Dr. Joseph Belcher in his *Historical Sketches of Hymns*, 1859, gives an interesting statement concerning the later years of this man. He says: "From a descendant of one of the parties referred to in the narrative we received, some twenty years since, the affecting statement we now make. In the latter part of his life, when Mr. Robinson seemed to have lost much of his devotional feeling, and when he indulged in habits of levity, he was traveling in a stage-coach with a lady, who soon perceived that he was well acquainted with religion. She had just before been reading the hymn of which we are writing, and asked his opinion of it—as she might properly do, since neither of them knew who the other was. He waived the subject and turned her attention to some other topic; but after a short period she contrived to return to it, and described the benefits she had often derived from the hymn and her strong admiration of its sentiments. She observed that the gentleman was strongly agitated, but, as he was dressed in colored clothes, did not suspect the cause. This garb Robinson was compelled to assume in traveling, as wherever he was known he was pressed to stay to preach. At length, entirely overcome by the power of his feelings, he burst into tears and said: 'Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn many years ago; and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I then had.'"

1030 *"Him we pierced."* 8s, 7s. D.

Come, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine.

Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

This piece comes from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, prepared by the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley, 1745. The Methodist *Hymnal*, 1878, which ought to be good authority, makes no hesitation in crediting this familiar Communion song to Charles Wesley. The title it bears is "A Memorial of the Death of Christ."

1031 *I. Peter* 5:5. 8s, 7s. D.

YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

2 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyous song of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

Another of Dr. Horatius Bonar's compositions, taken from *Songs for the Wilderness*, No. 2, 1844. It is entitled there "Christ the Elder Brother," and is founded upon I. Peter 5:6, 7: "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." Such a wonderful suggestion renders these verses a "banquet song" indeed.

1032 *The reproach of Christ.* 8s. 7s. D.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation!
Ye to me are welcome guests
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.
The reproach of Christ is glorious!
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

2 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones,
Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

This poem has made its way from the Latin into German before reaching its present English form. The original, "*Salve crux beata, salve*," was written by Rev. Johann Wilhelm Petersen, who was for a time Court Preacher to the Duke of Holstein, and died in 1727. A German version of the hymn, a free translation in twenty-one stanzas, was made by Rev. Ludwig Andreas Gotter, a contemporary of Mr. Petersen, and like him a Court Preacher. From this version an English translation was made by unknown authors for the *Moravian Hymn Book*, which appeared in 1789, and this has been frequently reprinted in American collections. The poem is a fervent thanksgiving that those who are Christ's servants are considered worthy to share in his sufferings and follow in his footsteps. When Robert Bruce died he laid the solemn charge upon his faithful friend Douglas to bear his heart, enshrined in a silver case, to Jerusalem, that it might be interred near the sepulcher of Christ. The noble Scotchman set out on his long journey, the relic in his bosom. But the way was difficult, and the path was perilous. In Spain he was beset by a party of Moors, and in uttermost danger for his life. Back on him and his few trusted adherents the barbarians were pressing. In the instant when it seemed he must be overpowered, he is related to have flung the sacred casket ahead directly among his enemies, and then, with superhuman energy, to have dashed himself after it, exclaiming: "Where Bruce's heart has gone, a Douglas' hand will never fail to follow!" So he saved himself and all he valued. Let there be one sole, intelligible purpose in our whole being. Where went the heart of Christ? Then shall we follow on.

1033 "*Bread of Heaven.*" 10s. 2l.

O KING of mercy, from thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour, by thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on thee we feed:
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 Oh, come and cheer us with thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of thy glorious face.

7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.

9 Oh, lead us daily with thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

Rev. Thomas Rawson Birks, M. A., was born in September, 1810, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He took Holy Orders in 1837 and in 1844 became rector of Kelshall, Herts, England. After twenty-two years of faithful service in this charge, he was transferred to be vicar of Holy Trinity, Cam-

bridge; and in 1871 he was made Honorary Canon of Ely Catnedral. The next year he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, dying there July 21, 1883. Canon Birks was a man of great ability, and his writings, which number twenty-five volumes, are on biblical, astronomical, scientific, and prophetic subjects. In addition to this he was the author of more than one hundred hymns, most of which appeared in the *Christian Psalmody* of his father-in-law, Rev. Edward Bickersteth, published in 1833. This version of Psalm 80 appeared in his *Companion Psalter*, 1874, and has become very popular.

1034 *"Peace, perfect peace."* 10s. 2l.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Although he was the composer of many sacred songs, it is likely that the Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D. D., now the Bishop of Exeter in England, is better known to the American public through his imaginative poem, *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, than in any other way. A wide circulation has been given to this composition on our side of the sea. It consists of twelve books, written in blank verse; and it has chosen for its theme a picture of the Past, Present, and Future, as the range of a human soul would reach it, in Heaven, Earth, and Hell. Very few poets have attempted to arrest public attention upon a subject so lofty since the days of Dante and Milton; but this effort has been an unusual and brilliant success; the book is full of power and pathos.

The hymn now before us is peculiar in that it consists of several direct questions and their answers: a peculiarity exquisitely rendered by the music to which it is commonly sung; the first strain bearing the plaintive and wistful tone of the questioner, and the following strain replying with a bright and vigorous promise from the words of our Saviour. These seven stanzas, suggested by Isaiah 26: 3, were written in 1875, and printed in a small pamphlet of five hymns, entitled *Songs in the House of Pilgrimage*, published in Hampstead without date. One of the most important services rendered to the hymn-using churches was that which Dr. Bickersteth did when he compiled and somewhat revised the collection of songs published by his father, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, who was the rector of Wotton through many active years, as well as a writer of much repute as author of *The Christian Standard*. This collection contained nine hymns by the compiler.

1035 *"This is his Body."* 10s.

DRAW nigh and take the body of your Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.
Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and himself the priest.

2 He, that in this world rules his saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

3 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.
O Judge of all, our only Saviour thou,
In this thy feast of love be with us now.

Dr. John Mason Neale gives us here a fresh and beautiful translation from an anonymous Latin hymn probably a thousand years old: *"Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite."* The original is printed in full in the *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*, 1878. It was a hymn of the early Irish Church, and it has been conjectured that it was composed within her borders. A copy of it was found in the *Antiphonarium Benchorense*, A. D. 680-691, at the monastery of Bangor, County Down, now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. The version of Dr. Neale appears in *Mediæval Hymns*, 1851.

1036 *"Do this in remembrance."* 10s.

"THIS is my body, which is given for you;
Do this," he said, and brake, "remembering me."
O Lamb of God, our paschal offering true,
To us the bread of life each moment be.

2 "This is my blood, for sins' remission shed;"
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round;
So let us drink, and, on life's fullness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

3 Some will betray thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.

4 But round us fall the evening shadows dim;
A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

This hymn was written by Charles Laurence Ford, who was born at Bath, England, in 1830. He is the son of an artist of ability, and was educated at London University. Since his graduation he has been engaged in scholastic work. Mr. Ford is the author of a

number of hymns and poems which were published in 1874 with the title *Lyra Christi*. The one given here, which was written for Communion service, is perhaps the best known.

1037 *The Memorial.* 10s.

Oh, blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on thee,
And thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

2 Fountain of goodness! Jesus, Lord and God!
Cleanse us, unclean, with thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from thy presence flow.

3 O Christ! whom now beneath a vail we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
To gaze on thee unvailed, and see thy face,
The vision of thy glory and thy grace.

Rev. James Russell Woodford, D. D., Bishop of Ely in the English Church, translated this from the old Latin poem of St. Thomas of Aquino, "*Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas.*" Dr. John Mason Neale has been quoted as saying concerning this ancient hymn that it "was never in public use in the mediæval Church; but it has been appended, as a private devotion, to most missals. It is worthy of notice how the Angelic Doctor, as if afraid to employ any pomp of words on approaching so tremendous a mystery, has used the very simplest expressions throughout." The version now before us was composed in 1850, and first issued in *Hymns Arranged for the Sundays and Holy Days of the Church of England*, 1852. It was intended to commence with the line, "Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, thee."

1038 *The True Bread.* 10s.

True Bread of life, in pitying mercy given,
Long-famished souls to strengthen and to feed;
Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread of heaven,
Thy flesh is meat, thy blood is drink indeed.

2 I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,
Though life through all its fields should pine and die;
Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

3 True Tree of Life! Of thee I eat and live,
Who eateth of thy fruit shall never die;
'T is thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

4 Feeding on thee all weakness turns to power,
The sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

5 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy church's Life and Lord, Immanuel!
At thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
And in thy empty tomb the living well.

Still another of Dr. Horatius Bonar's compositions, taken from *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Second Series, 1864. It is entitled, "The True Bread," and is apparently founded upon John 6:48–58.

1039 *Penitent Prayer.* 10s.

Not worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand, that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child;
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board:
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 And is not mercy thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord! the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And thine the greater glory, only thine.

4 I hear thy voice; thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

Bishop Edward Henry Bickersteth wrote this in 1872, and included it in his *Hymnal Companion revised and enlarged*, 1878. This piece has come into wide use in the United States as a Communion hymn. The passionate humility singularly joined with the intensity of trust is always remarked the moment one attempts to sing it in the presence of the elements which represent the suffering and salvation of the atonement, the suffering Jesus bore, the salvation he wrought.

1040 *Coming to the table.* 10s.

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with thee.

This piece, including the one which immediately follows it, was composed by Dr. Horatius Bonar, in answer to a request from his brother, Dr. John James Bonar, the pastor of St. Andrew's Free Church Presbyterian congregation in Greenock, Scotland. This brother, his elder brother, was in the habit of keeping a memorandum which he printed after the periodical sacrament. This occasion, so honored and perpetuated, was celebrated in October, 1855. The poem was published afterward in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series, 1857. It had ten stanzas, from which these are chosen.

1041 "*Sweet Foretastes.*" 10s.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

2 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

3 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Part of the previous hymn; the earlier verses being used before the celebration, or in introducing it, the other verses following the sacrament and making its grand and beautiful close. It would be difficult to find anywhere in religious literature another poem so full of pathos, tenderness, and doctrinal truth as this is.

1042 *"Till he come."* P. M.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In thy beauty all-resplendent,
In thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, thou art coming!
We shall meet thee on thy way,
We shall see thee, we shall know thee
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At thine own all-glorious feet!

3 Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and vailed to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought!
Oh, how marvelous will be
All the bliss thy pain hath bought!

Written by Miss Frances Ridley Havergal at Winterdyne, and printed in 1873 in the *Rock* newspaper. Miss Havergal believed, like Horatius Bonar and Spurgeon and McCheyne, and hosts of other hymn-writers, in the premillennial advent of our Lord Jesus Christ. This hymn is an illustration of her experience at the time of her conversation with her teacher, which she has herself so picturesquely related:

"One evening I was sitting on the drawing room sofa with her (Miss Cook), and told her again how I longed to know that I was forgiven. She asked me a question which led to the hearty answer that I was sure I desired it above everything on earth. She paused and then said, slowly, 'Then, Fanny, I think—I am sure—it will not be very long before your desire is granted, your hope fulfilled.'" The story of this gifted poet's conversion, which occurred as the almost immediate result of the conversation, has been told in her autobiographical reminiscences, and already quoted in these annotations. See hymn 509.

1043 *"Thou art coming."* P. M.

THOU art coming! At thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss:
Showing not thy death alone,
And thy love exceeding great,
But thy coming and thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

2 Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the vail.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure:
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience shall endure!

3 Oh, the joy to see thee reigning,
Thee, our own beloved Lord!
Every tongue thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to thee with glad accord!
Thee, our Master and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

ASTLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY, WHERE MISS HAVERGAL IS BURIED.

This is part of the preceding poem, as it is found in the *Rock* newspaper, 1873; there, and in her *Life Mosaics*, 1879, it consists of these six stanzas of nine lines each, and is entitled "Advent." This writer had a peculiarity of personal association with Jesus Christ, almost unequaled in Christian biography. To her death seemed only a joyful ush-

ering of her soul into his presence, longed for, hoped for, waited for, with passionate desire. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper deepened the experience, for then she seemed so near the marriage supper of the Lamb. To the vicar of Swansea, who visited her the day before her death, she said, "Oh, I want all of you to speak bright, bright words about Jesus—oh, do, do! It is all perfect peace; I am only waiting for Jesus to take me in." When she was dying the solemn fact of her near departure was communicated to her. In no wise frightened, she exclaimed, "Splendid to be so close to the gates of heaven!" At the very last she sang, "Jesus, I will trust thee," to the tune "Hermas," one of her own compositions now familiar over the world. Then she added, "It is so beautiful to go!" She was buried at Astley, and on her tombstone, as she had requested, was carved the verse which she always declared had been the instrument of her conversion: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

1044 *"Father, forgive them."* P. M.

JESUS, in thy dying woes,
Even while thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for thy foes:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed!

1045 *"To-day in Paradise."*

JESUS, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 May we in our guilt and shame
Still thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on thy name!

3 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to thine:
Cheer our souls with hope divine!

1046 *"Woman, behold thy Son."*

JESUS, loving to the end
Her whose heart thy sorrows rend,
And thy dearest human friend;
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 May we in thy sorrow share,
And for thee all peril dare,
And enjoy thy tender care!

3 May we all thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of thee!

1047 *"Why hast thou forsaken Me?"*

JESUS, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone
While no light from heaven is shown:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 When we vainly seek to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay!

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near!

1048 *"I thirst."*

JESUS, in thy thirst and pain,
While thy wounds thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All thy holy work fulfill—
Satisfy thy loving will!

3 May we thirst thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow!

1049 *"It is finished."*

JESUS, all our ransom paid,
All thy Father's will obeyed,
By thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness!

3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day!

1050 *"Father, into thy hands."*

JESUS—all thy labor vast,
All thy woe and conflict past—
Yielding up thy soul at last:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour!

3 May thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high!

Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock, M. A., the author of these verses, was born in 1836, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, graduating in 1859. He took Holy Orders two years after, and was appointed successively to curacies in Leek, Staffordshire; Stamford Hill, London; and at St. Alban's, Birmingham. Mr. Pollock is a man of decided literary ability, and a number of his hymns are in general use; but he is best known and most successful as a writer of metrical litanies. His works of this class were published in Oxford in 1870, with the title, *Metrical Litanies for Special Services and General Use*, and have been of great value to hymnology. The one given here is perhaps the finest, for it is one piece, the parts being numbered separately for convenience only. It represents the seven utterances of our Lord on the cross. They are significant even when detached and separate; but their full power will be felt the more when one considers their order, the line of consecutive thought in which they occur.

Perhaps there is no way in which they can more vividly be grouped together than by adopting the ancient conventional form of memorizing employed by classic orators in recalling the points of a speech. They used to localize the heads of discourse by fastening them in imaginative connection around on the conspicuous parts of the building. Hence came our phraseology, "in the first place," or "the second place," and so on. Let us reverently conceive the Saviour in the very posture of crucifixion, turning his head and picking up one suggestion after another with the glances of his eye as the progress of his thought shifts the subject of remark. Our question is: Why did he say the first thing first, and the next thing next, and all the rest in just that succession he chose? Imagine him, if you will, surrounded by concentric circles of hearers, some remote, as it were, some near at hand, and touching each in turn.

He looks *away* from him, sees the crucifiers, and utters his cry for their forgiveness. He looks *beside* him, sees the penitent thief, and utters his welcome to paradise. He looks *beneath* him, sees his mother, and utters his bequeathal of her to her new son. He looks *above* him, sees the mantle already drawn across his Father's face, and utters his lament of desolation. He looks *behind* him, feels his poor weakness of thirst, and utters his acknowledgment of the reminder it makes that Scripture must be fulfilled. He looks *around* him, sees the Messiah's work all along the toiling, waiting centuries, and utters his triumphant announcement that he has completed it. He looks *before* him, sees, far through the bounds of earthly vision, his Father's face, and knows his favor is restored, and then utters his peaceful surrender.

Any one, therefore, can readily perceive the journey of Jesus' mind by these impressive words coming out now and then to mark its course. He begins on the extreme outskirts of the kingdom of God, and works up toward the throne which is its center. He starts with the subjects; he continues with the Prince; he ends with the King. He divides the subjects into three classes, according to their spiritual distance; he predicates three conditions of the Prince, according to the progress and achievements of his work; and then he ascribes all supremacy to the King, by yielding himself to his hands.

The Sermon on the Cross, so it follows, is thoroughly logical, and is actually founded upon a symmetrical analysis most exquisite in structure. These may be seen to be the particulars in fair order:

I. The subjects of the kingdom.

1. The hardened and unconcerned. A prayer for them: "Father, forgive them."

2. The penitent and believing. The acceptance of them: "To-day with me in paradise."

3. The accepted and beloved. A care toward them: "Behold thy mother—thy son."

II. The Prince of the kingdom.

1. The priestly Victim. Under vicarious guilt; hence, forsaken.

2. The prophetic Revealer. Under responsibility for all truth; hence, careful.

3. The kingly Leader. Under victorious banners; hence, jubilant.

III. The King of the kingdom.

Only a single word of serene self-announcement, as he starts in person to return through the lifted gates into the glory he had before ever the world was.

105 *Psalm* 46. L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

This is Psalm 46 as Dr. Isaac Watts has given it in his version; it is his First Part, L. M., and it stands to-day without a word changed in a hundred years. What memories it carries in its old familiar strains; how many missionary meetings have thrilled with the valiant and hopeful challenge of that final stanza; in how many hearts has that magnificent tune "Ward" left its notes ringing with good cheer! The title affixed to it is in itself a sermon: "The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations." The title of the Second Part of the same Psalm is the explanation of all the power it possesses: "God fights for his Church." Martin Luther used often to call out to Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm!"

1052 *Psalm 72.* L. M.

GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace, on fainting souls, distills,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

This hymn by Dr. Isaac Watts was first published in his *Psalms of David*, 1719, as the first part of his version of Psalm 72. It is filled with the missionary spirit of its Hebrew original, and anticipates joyously the conversion of the world to Christ. It is well to remember in connection with the early history of our own country that the first colonists came as chartered workers, and that efforts to Christianize the savages were begun at once. The first Indian baptized by an English minister was Manteo, in 1587, in Virginia. Mayhew and Eliot, aided by the first Propagation Society, 1649, made many Indian converts in Massachusetts; and by 1685 there were 28 places for Indian worship in Plymouth colony, 2,000 adult church-members, and 3,000 "Praying Indians" in New England. Some of the Christian beliefs were hard for the Indian mind to understand, and they used to ask of Eliot such questions as these: "What is a Spirit?" "When such die as never heard of Christ, where do they go?" "Do they in heaven dwell in houses, and what do they do?" "Why did not God give all men good hearts?" "Since God is all-powerful, why did he not kill the devil, that made men so bad?" "When you choose magistrates how do you know who are good men, whom you dare trust?" "How shall I find happiness?" The "Indian Apostle, Eliot," was born in England in 1604, and when twenty-seven years old migrated to Massachusetts, where he became much interested in the Indians. He learned their language through a captive Pequot-boy, and spent the rest of his life preaching to them, and translating books into the Indian tongue. His great work, *The Indian Bible*, was printed in Cambridge in 1663, and was the first Bible printed in America. Eliot was assisted by several good men, the Mayhews, Cotton, and others, and many "Praying Indians," as they were called, were gathered into the town of Natick, Mass., where Eliot often preached under the great oak which still bears his name. He died, May 20, 1690, beloved alike by white men and Indians. It is not strange, however, that his memory is fading, for at the present day there is not a man living who can read the language in which his Indian Bible is written.

1053 *"Triumphant Zion."* L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear:
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

When the great Boards of the Church hold their anniversaries this clarion voice of music and poetry fills the air. Who would expect anything to "Triumphant Zion, lift thy head" except "Anvern"? This piece is No. 107 in Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, 1755. He has entitled it "The Holy City Purified and Guarded," and annexed to it a reference to Isaiah 52: 1, 2: "Awake! awake! put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."

1054 *Ancient Israel.* L. M.

WHY on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps thy tuneful string?
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing.

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his scepter sways:
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumphs share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam:
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

Rev. James Joyce, M. A., was born at

Frome, in Somersetshire, England, November 2, 1781. For many years he was vicar of Dorking, and his death occurred there, October 9, 1850. He published one prose work of a devotional nature, and two volumes of poetry and religious meditation. Three of his hymns are in general use, the one quoted here having been printed in the *Christian Observer* for December, 1809, with the title, "A second Hymn applicable to the present condition of the Jews."

1055 *Home Missions.* L. M.

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

The best of all Mr. Bryant's contributions to church services is the one which is called his "Home Missionary Hymn." It was written in 1840, for a public anniversary meeting, and was sung with much enthusiasm. No one could ever doubt the intense patriotism of this excellent man. His heart was always full of love for his country. From the summit of a hill close to "Cedarmere" the eye could look far off, across meadow, orchard, and wood, out upon the lake-like expanse of Hempstead Harbor, and so on into the distance clear to the cloud-line of the horizon. It is one of the fairest landscapes to be found in "this land of light," and of course it was perennially dear to the poet. No wonder, in the center of such a vision of love and peace, he thought of "peopled vale and lonely glen," and wished with a full heart that all the wastes should "grow with living waters green," that faith should dawn and doubt depart, and that God's mighty hand should "awe the bold and stay the weak, should bind and heal the broken heart."

1056 *Psalm* 102. C. M.

Let Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

Dr. Isaac Watts' version of Psalm 102, Second Part, C. M. He has entitled it "Prayer heard, and Zion restored." It is curious to see what work our "restorers" would make with such a case as this—those who fly into vast indignation over alterations in a poet's hymn after he is dead. Would they prefer, in place of the smooth three lines with which the last verse of this fine Psalm closes now, to have the original work of Dr. Watts put in? Read this: "It sha'n't be said, 'That praying breath was ever spent in vain.'"

1057 *"Can a mother forget?"* C. M.

A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail:
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No: thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thine almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan and every sigh
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

In the *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by "Theodosia," 1760, Miss Anne Steele has this hymn, commencing "The Lord forgets his wonted grace," in seven stanzas. The piece before us begins with the fourth verse of that, and uses only the encouraging portion of Isaiah 49: 14-17, upon which the whole poem is founded: "But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me."

1058 *Psalm* 67. C. M.

Shine, mighty God! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

This version of Psalm 67 has in its original form seven stanzas. Dr. Isaac Watts rendered it necessary for us on this side of the sea to make some decisive alterations in his expressions in order to adapt the local and insular form he chose for his purpose to our part of the world. His first line reads, "Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine." This is patriotic, and no one finds any fault with it, "While British tongues exalt his praise, and British hearts rejoice." Hence come the changes noticeable in the phraseology of the first and third stanzas. Thus we fall into possession of one of the finest lyrics for missionary meetings that we have as the common heritage of the Church.

1059 *The Fullness of the Gentiles.* 10s.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

Alexander Pope has had a name in religious literature by reason of his *Messiah*, published in 1712, his *Universal Prayer*, 1732, and his *Dying Christian to his Soul*, 1712. The story of his social life in Twickenham, and of his literary life during the years in which he shone with other stars in one of the brightest galaxies of English history, can be found elsewhere. He was born May 21, 1688; he was never anything but a cripple and an invalid. His soul was princely in its gifts; his body was dwarfed and miserable. He began to write poems at sixteen years of age. For nearly an entire generation his villa at Twickenham was a center of attraction. He died May 30, 1744.

This piece of poetry appeared in the *Spectator*, May 14, 1712. Addison welcomed it with generous praise. It is not a hymn, but an extract from the *Messiah*, and serves well as a lyric song. Small critics and poetasters sometimes repeat the question which was once asked in Dr. Johnson's time, and to which he gave answer specifically in his *Lives of the Poets*: "If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed."

1060 *The Latter Day Glory.* 10s.

LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,
Then happy nations in a day be born!
From east to west thy glorious name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

4 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea!

The name of Dwight is one of the most illustrious in the history of our American literature and jurisprudence, and the Christian name of Timothy seems to have been a favorite in the family. Indeed, it is easy to fall into confusion among the celebrities; for two of the name have been Presidents of Yale College. Dr. Timothy Dwight, the elder in the line, who wrote the hymn we sing so much to old "Savannah," was licensed to preach in 1777; and there being a dearth of chaplains then in the Continental army, he soon afterward became officially attached to Parsons' brigade of the Connecticut line. It is possible that in this may be found an explanation of a certain military air and patriotic tone discoverable in much of his sacred poetry. In his later years he was noted for his dignity of presence; some of us will recollect as a memory of our childhood how our old and dear friend *Peter Parley* (or Honor-

able S. G. Goodrich, as we learned it was better to call him long afterward) used to speak of "the imposing grandeur of President Dwight's personal appearance in the pulpit." In Sprague's *Annals* it is said of him: "His features were regular, his eye black and piercing, but benignant, and his countenance altogether indicative of a high order of mind; his voice was rich and melodious, adapted alike to music and oratory." This gave to his life an unusual power with those who knew him. Such a peculiarity must be taken into account when we remark the great success he achieved. While he was settled in the rural parish of Greenfield Hill he established a school which soon gained a national reputation, showing that its principal possessed the highest qualifications as a teacher of the young. In 1787 he received the degree of doctor of divinity from the College of New Jersey, and in 1810 that of doctor of laws from Harvard. His main reputation was reached, rewarded, and augmented when, in 1795, Dr. Dwight was called to the presidency of Yale College; this office he held until his death. The poem now before us is his version of Psalm 53, and was included in his revision of *Watts*, to which he added several pieces of his own, 1800.

1061 "*Come over and help us.*" 7s, 6s. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

The story of this wonderful hymn of Bishop Reginald Heber has been told over and over again. A fac-simile of the original manuscript is in existence to this day. On the fly-leaf of this appears the following account of its origin, penned by Thomas Edgworth, a solicitor, formerly residing in Wrexham, England, where the fac-simile was made: "On Whitsunday, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and Vicar of Wrexham, preached a sermon in Wrexham Church in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. That day was also fixed upon for the commencement of the Sunday evening lectures intended to be established in the Church, and the late Bishop of Calcutta (Heber), then rector of Hodnet, the Dean's son-in-law, undertook to deliver the first lecture. In the course of the Saturday previous, the Dean and his son-in-law being together in the vicarage, the former requested Heber to write 'something for them to sing in the morning;' and he retired for that purpose from the table, where the Dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time the Dean inquired: 'What have you written?' Heber, having then composed the first three verses, read them over. 'There, there, that will do very well,' said the Dean. 'No, no, the sense is not complete,' replied Heber. Accordingly he added the fourth verse, and, the Dean being inexorable to his repeated request of 'Let me add another, oh, let me add another,' thus completed the hymn, of which the annexed is a fac-simile, and which has since become so celebrated. It was sung the next morning, in Wrexham Church, the first time."

The tune, "Missionary Hymn," to which this piece is universally sung in America, was composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. The history of its composition is in like measure romantic; the family of the now deceased musician have very kindly supplied the facts.

It seems that a lady residing in Savannah, Ga., had in some way become possessed of a copy of the words, sent to this country from England. This was in 1823. She was arrested by the beauty of the poetry and its possibilities as a hymn. But the meter of 7s, 6s, D. was almost new in this period; there was no tune which would fit the measure. She had been told of a young clerk in a bank, Lowell Mason by name, just a few doors away down the street. It was said that he had the gift for making beautiful songs. She sent her son to this genius in music, and in a half-hour's time he returned with this composition. Like the hymn it voices, it was done at a stroke, but it will last through the ages. This young man grew up to be the leading

DR. LOWELL MASON.

spirit in the American Church in all matters of sacred music. He was born in Medfield, Mass., January 8, 1792; he died in Orange, N. J., August 11, 1872.

1062 *The day of Jubilee.* 7s, 6s. D.

How beauteous on the mountains
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness:
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough is the author of this beautiful paraphrase. It was published in *Lyra Sabbatica*, 1865. The passage upon which the entire strain is founded is that in which the return of the Jews from the captivity in Babylon is foretold, Isaiah 52: 7-10. Fallen Jerusalem is represented as a crownless queen, who for years is bewailing her desolation, in poverty and in shame waiting for her deliverance. Day by day she goes out upon the broken ramparts to look for the coming back of her exiled subjects and sons. Day by day she is disappointed, and is sore with longing, The bright morning comes at last, however; she sees upon the ridge of Mount Olivet a long line of soldiers and travelers, men, women, and children, just appearing in the yellow light of the dawn on the crest of the hill! She hears the blast of the trumpets, and the great voices of the people singing the songs of Zion. In an instant she returns the cry of joy: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings, of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." This passage is brought into spiritual service. Just think of it: if there had been for this lost race only one minister of the gospel to show God's grace, and if he were suddenly to stand on the horizon at dawn, like the angel John saw "standing in the sun," how the world would ring with singing his welcome!

1063 *Home Missions.* 7s, 6s. D.

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Miss Maria Frances Hill, daughter of Thomas Hill of Exeter, England, was born in Paris, France, January 30, 1819, and married to G. W. Anderson, a professor in the University of Lewisburg, Pa. Two hymns by her appeared in the *Baptist Harp*, 1849; the one here given has come into general use from its national fervor. It is a call to the men who are pioneers of civilization in our country to

be at the same time true apostles of Christ, and so reflect the spirit of the pilgrims, who, when the "Mayflower" was passing Cape Cod in the midst of a storm, sat down in the little cabin and drafted this covenant, containing the germ of American liberty:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are undermentioned, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, by the grace of God, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the Northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves into a civil body, politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

1064 *Christian Union.* 7s, 6s. D.

AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Miss Jane Borthwick has been exceedingly successful as a translator when associated with her sister in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*. The piece now before us, taken from her *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours*, 1859, will show how admirably she would have pleased God's singing children if she had been willing to compose other original hymns like this. She entitled it, "Anticipations of Heaven," thus seeming to suggest that the grouping of all Christians, and the conversion of all nations, would indeed become a foretaste of the believer's everlasting felicity. The first convert in Europe was a working-woman from Asia. Lydia became a Christian when Paul came to the small enclosure of stones where "prayer was wont to be made." No cathedral, no church, no organization—a mere conference of females, an inconspicuous woman's prayer-meeting. In the history of this world there have always been found an uneasy and immodest few who would claim for their churches and rubrics what the Jews demanded for Zion, and the Samaritans for Gerizim—namely, the exclusive presence of the Lord of Hosts. They imitate the ancient Moors, who arrogated that the paradise of the prophet was situated precisely in that space of heaven which overhung their kingdom of Grenada, so that their citizens had easiest access. But how strikingly is all such bigotry challenged by just one instance like this of prayer heard and prayer answered within a rejected Proseucha thrust contemptuously beyond the Philippian gate. Here, perhaps, is where Paul gained the lesson that he afterward interjects in a letter to Timothy: "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." Out under the great arch of the heavens, on all continents and in all climes, with nothing between them and the very countenance of God, men may always be sure of a fitting place for supplications:

"One grand cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir—the winds and waves, its organ—thunder,
Its dome—the sky."

1065 *Psalm* 72. 7s, 6s, D.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

Written by James Montgomery as an ode, sung at one of the Moravian settlements in Britain on Christmas, 1821. This author was in the habit of repeating, when lecturing on literature or poetry, selected pieces for an occasional illustration. On one occasion, April, 1822, he was present at a meeting of the Wesleyan (Methodist) missionary association in Liverpool. The venerable Dr. Adam Clarke was in the chair. The poet was speaking from the stand. When the climax of his address was reached he closed it with the recital of this fresh version of Psalm 72. It produced so deep an impression upon the audience that it was claimed as the peculiar reminiscence of an assembly so distinguished by the Christian citizens of Liverpool where it was delivered. The moderator asked, in his own behalf, the privilege of embodying it in his volume, as it produced so exquisitely the very thoughts of the Psalmist; and then he requested the Moravian editor to undertake the task of rendering the whole Psalter into English. An intimation like this seems to have abashed the modest poet, for he afterward made reply that his "hand trembled to touch the harp of Zion." The hymn, as used largely in this country, presents only three out of the eight double stanzas which Dr. Clark printed in his *Commentary*, with the grace of an entire quarto page for its display. Some compilers have shown a moderate enterprise in looking after the other lines, and so the churches have learned that there are good verses untouched.

1066 *The morning light.* 7s, 6s. D.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Written in 1832 and printed in Dr. Hastings' *Spiritual Songs*, 1833. No characteristic of Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, the author of the hymn now before us, is more noticeable than his love for mission work at home and abroad. His heart is full and his hopes are confident. A modern annotator speaks of this piece as "pleasantly optimistic," not meaning, of course, any slight upon its spirit. It is so, and it appears to most of the singing Christians that more of this serene trust and bright anticipation is needed in all the churches. It might have been expected that such a lyric would be almost like a war song among the mission converts the world over. It has been widely translated into the languages of the heathen, and it is sung with utmost enthusiasm in Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Chinese, and Siamese. The comfort which one may have in the good that comes back to him from the making of a good hymn has been frankly described in a note from the author of this; he says of it that it "has been a great favorite at missionary gatherings, and I have myself heard it sung in five or six different languages in Europe and Asia. It is a favorite with the Burmans, Karens, and Telugus, from whose lips I have heard it repeatedly." To this he adds afterward that he had listened to it "among the Portuguese Protestants in their own country, as also in Brazil in South America."

1067 *Psalm* 14. 7s, 6s, D.

OH, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

In his *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834, Rev. Henry Francis Lyte gives this as his version of Psalm 14. It bears on only the final verse of it, however. The hymn is useful in its present connection at meetings for the sake of missions among the Jews. One of the most favorable of all our modern signs of Christ's near coming is found in the rapid repopulation of Palestine and the evident "home returning" of Israel.

1068 *Departing Missionaries.* 7s, 6s. D.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be:
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

One of those apparently insignificant but really useful hymns, thoughtfully provided by James Edmeston for any occasion when the people would come together for a farewell greeting to missionaries just about to sail. He published it in his *Missionary Hymns*, 1822.

1069 *Sun of Righteousness.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour! all the world around.

Among the other pet names which the grateful and enthusiastic people applied to Rev. William Williams was "the Watts of Wales." This fine missionary hymn, so familiar in a thousand Monthly Concerts, was published in his *Gloria in Excelsis*, 1772.

1070 *Home Missions.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

SAINTS of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word—
"Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord."

2 Now, O Lord! fulfill thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land—
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit,
Bring thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

Some years ago one of the religious weeklies of New York offered a generous sum of money for the best home missionary hymn; the competition appears to have been vigorous, and quite a number of spirited lyrics were gained for the churches. This one took the prize: but the author desired to remain in the secrecy of her own reserve. It came a while afterwards to the public that she resided in Richmond, and was an estimable Christian whose name was Mrs. Mary Maxwell. She was born in Norfolk, Va., the daughter of a Scotch merchant, Mr. Robert Robertson, an elder in the Presbyterian Church. In 1839 she was married to President William Maxwell of Hampden-Sidney College; his death left her a widow in 1857. During the war she removed to Danville, and at its close she returned to Richmond, where at the latest accounts she still resides.

1071 *The gospel herald.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Rev. Thomas Kelly has given us this in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* issued in Dublin, 1802. It is founded upon Isaiah 52:7, the grand challenge of the prophet concerning the glory of Zion which seems such a favorite with the poets.

1072 *"Hallelujah!"* 8s, 7s, 4s.

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church Victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye Saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see.
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

The ancient Latin poem, "*Alleluia, dulce carmen,*" is said to have been written in the eleventh century, but its author is not known. The translation now before us was made by Rev. John Chandler, and printed in his *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837.

1073 *"Revive thy work."* S. M.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessèd presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry:
Oh, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown, the author of this familiar hymn, written in 1819, accepted certain alterations in its structure made by another hand, more skilled in rhythmical arrangement, and signified that this form, as it was finally prepared for Dr. Elias Nason's *Congregational Hymn-Book*, should henceforward be retained as her choice, 1857. She told one of her correspondents that, while living at East Windsor, she had been in the habit of keeping "a kind of diary;" this she continued at Ellington. She inserted in this book "several scraps of poetry," which were published by her brother, Nathan Whiting, in the *Religious Intelligencer*, at New Haven. She had four little children; life was hard and full of cares at the time; her hymns grew out of her desire for communion with God.

1074 *Declension.* S. M.

OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high!

2 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows
And bless thee as their Lord!

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Rev. George Washington Bethune, D. D., the author of this hymn, was born in New York City, March 18, 1805. His grandmother was the sainted Isabella Graham, and his father was Divie Bethune, a Scotch merchant living in New York. This child of many prayers was graduated from Dickinson College, 1823, and at once studied for the minis-

try in Princeton Theological Seminary. He was married in 1825, and took his license as a minister from the Second Presbytery of New York. He was settled first in the Reformed Dutch Church of Rhinebeck, N. Y. Thereafter he had charges in that denomination for the remainder of his useful and brilliant life. He was most conspicuous, perhaps, in Brooklyn, where the Church on the Heights was organized for him. He left that position in 1859; and shortly afterwards, his health being much broken, he went across the sea, residing in Florence, Italy, where he died on Sunday, April 27, 1862. In his *English Hymns* Rev. Samuel W. Duffield tells us at some length that Dr. George Duffield, Jr., copied certain entries from the diary of Divie Bethune in Detroit, and these were published by his son in an excellent paper treating of Dr. Bethune's history. From these sources, as well as from the ample and interesting biography penned by Dr. Van Nest, all needed information concerning this remarkable pulpit orator, hymnologist, poet, lecturer, fisherman, wit, author, and litterateur, is easily to be obtained. This hymn is said to have been struck off upon a penciled paper during the few moments of waiting for his audience to assemble for a devotional meeting some time in the year 1843. It contains what was probably the dominant thought of its author while those people were coming into their seats: "Oh, that God would revive us and awaken us! How many crowd the house, how few come to open confession!"

Dr. Bethune was consecrated to Christ, and even to the office of the ministry, from the earliest moment of his life. The journal of Divie Bethune contains this record at the date of his birth: "Oh, remember my request this morning! Receive my dedication of my son. Thou knowest what I have all along asked of God, that if he gave us a son, he might be sanctified from the womb, and be made a faithful, honored, and zealous minister of the everlasting Gospel. Oh, let this son be chosen of thee to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ!" Prayers winged by such faith as this are scattered through the entire extent of this wonderful father's diary; it could not be otherwise than that they should be answered, every one. This child grew up as a child of the covenant, became a child of grace, and continued a child of God. His record is in all the churches. He was, like his father, a man of prayer. One Greek Testament there was, his companion for the long years of his life and ministry; in this can even now be read that comprehensive little prayer which bears his name—it was entered upon the fly-leaf: "Lord, pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be, that thine may be the glory and mine the eternal salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord."

1075 *Revival Implored.* 8s, 7s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer:
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

Rev. John Newton wrote this for the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The annotation upon it found in S. W. Duffield's *English Hymns*, 1888, is unusually interesting and altogether original. He says: "It is singular that no one has remarked the imagery of this hymn. The man who wrote it was formerly employed in planting lime and lemon trees upon his master's plantation at the mouth of the Sherbro River, in Africa. When the slips that he had set in the ground were 'no higher than a young gooseberry bush,' his master sneeringly said to him: 'Who knows but by the time these trees grow up and bear, you may go home to England, obtain the command of a ship, and return to reap the fruit of your labors? We see strange things sometimes happen.' It was meant, and understood, as a contemptuous speech, but John Newton really did return, in command of a ship, and with some hope of heaven in his heart, and saw these same trees grown to stature and bearing fruit."

1076 *The Promise.* 11s, 10s.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold:
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean—
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

In Dr. Thomas Hastings' *Spiritual Songs*, 1831, this hymn is found; it was composed by him in 1830. It is always sung to this tune "Wesley," composed by Dr. Lowell Mason, his friend and coadjutor for so many years. He entitled it, "Missionary Success." It is marvelous to look back and see what has been done in the evangelization of the world since the time when this "Spiritual Song" was first sung, sixty-three years ago.

1077 *Home Missions.* 8s, 7s. D.

GOODLY were thy tents, O Israel,
Spread along the river's side,
Bright thy star which rose prophetic,
Herald of dominion wide;
Fairer are the homes of freemen,
Scattered o'er our broad domain;
Brighter is our rising day-star,
Ushering in a purer reign.

2 Welcome to the glorious freedom
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure
Which with constant faith they sought—
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all thy radiant banner,
On these souls thy love impress;
From thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of thine empire
Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Among the pieces sent us for selection in the work of compilation by Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D. D., was found this one with many others fitted for use in both foreign and home missionary service. His heart in his later life had no divided love for these two great causes; for he cherished them alike, as a mother cares for her twin children with an unalterable and indiscriminate affection. In early life he left America for Syria, forsaking the "homes of freemen," of which he sang, for a long and painful career of service among the Arabs and the Druses of Lebanon. When health failed he came home to preach to his countrymen with equal ardor, and gave his best force to a Secretaryship in the Society for prosecuting Home Missions at the West. This hymn was given to the press in the spring of 1881, while he was engaged in the special service of establishing churches in Ohio as a State Superintendent. In his later life he wrote many hymns, and he has left on record an account of how he began to do so. He was fifty-six years old, and had never put two rhymes together, and had taken it for granted that he was as incompetent to write a hymn, or even a stanza, as to work a miracle. "However," he says, "I resolved that I would try to write a hymn of five stanzas, and proceeded to plan it, precisely as I would plan a sermon. I said, The first stanza shall be a recognition of God the Father; the second a recognition of Christ the Redeemer; the third a prayer to God the Father; the fourth a prayer to Christ the Redeemer; the fifth shall blend the two in one address. A more perfect recipe for wooden stanzas it would be difficult to frame." The result was the hymn beginning "Father, I own thy voice," and the author was much surprised to find he had written what could actually be sung. Many of his hymns have become favorites throughout the country.

1078 *"Westward."* 8s, 7s.

HARK! the sound of angel-voices
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'T is the promised day-star gleaming,
'T is the day-spring from on high.

2 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King!

This very fine home missionary piece of poetry found its way into *Spiritual Songs for Church and Choir*, in 1878. Where it was obtained then it is impossible now to say; it appeared there as anonymous, and probably it came under the compiler's notice as a fugitive contribution in some periodical. It consisted of four double stanzas, and was divided into somewhat more available proportions, doing service as two hymns. The next year it was copied into the small manual entitled *Mission Songs*, compiled for use at the great meetings of the American Board. It is within a few months only that we have learned that it was composed by Mrs. Rebecca Phœnix Coe, the honored wife of Rev. David B. Coe, D. D., Secretary of the Home Missionary Society. It is the common exposure of a hymn-maker in our times that she has amiably to submit to the question which affectionate curiosity raises, and suffer herself to be gazetted with whatever details of per-

sonal history can be secured. Mrs. Coe is residing at present in Bloomfield, N. J.; she was born in New York city, however, March 18, 1818. It ought to give her pleasure to know that the singing world is grateful, but she does not need the tardy crediting of this hymn to her to render her beloved by all who know her.

1079 *The Heralds of the Gospel.* 8s, 7s. D.

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel's banner high;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation:
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

Still another of Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney's hymns. There is a real ring of rhythm and feeling in this piece, more than usual in an authoress whose gifts have been supposed to be more in the direction of grace and beauty than in that of eagerness and strength. There are three of these double verses in her piece as she prepared it for singing. She wrote it in 1833, and the text affixed to it is in Mark 16: 15: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

1080 *The last song.* L. M.

Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

This hymn is attributed to Mrs. Vokes, but its authorship has not been identified with absolute certainty. It is an anticipation of Christ's universal reign upon the earth, and a prayer for its speedy realization; but it also suggests the question which Paul puts in his Epistle to the Romans: "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?"

It is impossible to look at the heathen world without feeling the force of Paul's reasoning in this passage. Such an event as the recent massacre by King Theebau of Burmah, the atrocities in countries under even Mohammedan rule, and the barbarous rites that take place from time to time on the west coast of Africa, should provoke the Christian church to greater efforts in the mission field. Paul's question, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" is uttered eighteen hundred years after by a poor Hindoo woman on the banks of the Ganges. She had drowned her children in the sacred river before her conversion to Christianity, and, when she told the missionary of it, she burst into tears, and cried: "Why did you not come before? If you had come before, I would not have lost my children." How should that woman's sorrow touch the heart of every Christian parent! Show how this same question "How shall they hear?" finding entrance into hearts that loved their Saviour, sent out men like Eliot, Brainerd, Judson, Carey, Martyn, and Morrison, whose lives are full of touching instances of their devotion to God's work in this field. They felt that they were God's soldiers, and they would not be faithless in the battle. A young English officer once asked the Duke of Wellington, if he thought there was any need of preaching the gospel to the Hindoos. "Look to your marching orders, sir," said the Duke. Then opening a New Testament, he read: "'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!' These are your marching orders, sir."

1081 *Missionary Convocation.* L. M.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshaled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

Rev. William Bengo Collyer, D. D., was born at Blackheath, England, April 14, 1782, and educated at Homerton College, where in early life he began his studies for the ministry. At the age of twenty-two he was ordained pastor of a little church at Peckham, which numbered only ten communicants;

but his labors were blessed, and he became celebrated among evangelical preachers for his eloquence, courtesy, and ability. In 1817 a new chapel was opened for him in the town, and he remained there throughout his long pastorate of fifty-two years, dying at Peckham, January 8, 1854. Dr. Collyer was an author of much versatility, having written a series of seven volumes on Divine Revelation, as well as a great number of hymns, and poems of nature or of sentiment. Many of his pieces were composed to be sung after sermons which he had preached, and were published in different collections and in various magazines. The one quoted here was first printed in 1812, in his *Hymns, Partly Collected and Partly Original*, and is extensively used in America for missionary gatherings.

1082 *Christ's coming.* L. M.

JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption 's nigh.

3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

This was written as a "Second Advent" hymn by Rev. William Hiley Bathurst, and was so entitled. He published it in his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1831. In sentiment it resembles Bishop Heber's great hymn. It connects the church's triumph, the overthrow of Satan, the evangelization of the nations, and the final glory of Zion, with the personal coming of Christ, that blessed day when "the Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss returns to reign."

1083 *"Ascend thy throne."* L. M.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

This poem by Rev. Benjamin Beddome was first published in Rippon's Baptist *Selection*, 1787, and has attained a wide popularity in America. It was written for use in missionary meetings and is an earnest petition that Christ may be acknowledged by all the nations as their king. In hastening that consummation even the least of his servants may take part, for we are told that he will bless the smallest gift if it is made in his name. In the Shawmut Branch Sunday-school of Boston a successful attempt was recently made to interest the children in the systematic giving of their own money. An envelope was handed to each scholar, on the outside of which was printed a form with space for the scholar's name, the amount of money contributed, and a statement of how the money was earned; these envelopes were to be handed in at the Sunday-evening collections. The first Sunday after the experiment was tried, more than thirty envelopes were returned, containing amounts varying from two cents to a dollar; and among the methods by which the money was earned, as recorded on the envelopes, were "Doing errands," "Carrying coal," "Walking to my work and saving car-fares."

1084 *Psalm 72.* L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Dr. Watts found that the translations of the Psalms made by the devout Francis Rous were no more pleasing to his taste than the hymns he had in some measure supplanted. They were rude in poetic construction and altogether Judaic in their coloring. He felt confident that he could preserve all the fervor and fire of the Old Testament Psalms, and yet present them in the sunshine of the New Testament dispensation for Christians to sing. His own words on this point are significant: "I have expressed as I may suppose David would have done,

had he lived in the days of Christianity. I have entirely omitted some whole Psalms and large pieces of many others, and have chosen out of them such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusions to Christian affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the Gospel. I have chosen rather to imitate than to translate, and thus to compose a psalm-book for Christians after the manner of the Jewish Psalter."

No one can deny that in this undertaking he achieved a wonderful success. Especially is this version one of the grandest lyrics within the compass of Christian literature. It was the one chosen to be sung in 1862, at the great mission gathering when the five thousand converts from Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji surrendered heathenism and came to Christ. The title of the Hymn is "Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles," and it consists of eight stanzas; the Second Part, L. M., of Psalm 72.

1085 *Conversion of the World.* L. M.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

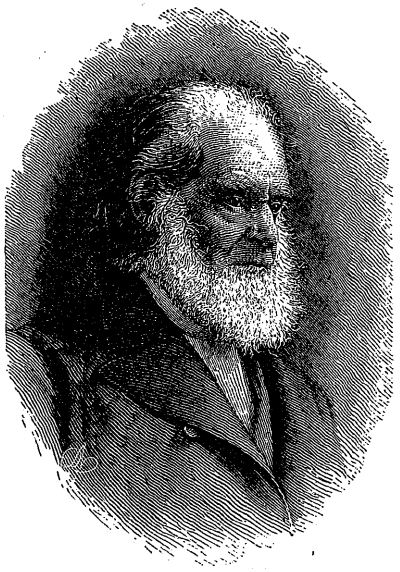
One of the long-standing perplexities of the hymnologist has lately been relieved. This hymn is at last, by general consent, credited to a useful minister in the Baptist denomination, Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, LL. B. He was born at Cumner, near Oxford, 1775, was settled at Southampton, England, where he died October, 1843. It was evidently prepared for some parting occasion, when missionaries were setting out for the distant fields. Out of this poem two of our modern hymns have been compiled; this one, and the other, equally familiar, commencing, "Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim." Both of these have for long years been credited to a somewhat mythical "Mrs. Voke," of whom it has always been regretted there was no Christian name, no social biography, no historical detail, which could be trusted as true. The two little triads of verses first came to notice in our country in an old collection called *Hymns for the Use of Christians*, published in Portland, Me., 1805. To one of these a running title is attached: "On the Departure of the Missionaries: By a Bristol Student." Subsequently the name of Mrs. Voke somehow found a place, and it has since clung with great tenacity.

1086 *"O light of Zion."* L. M.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise, with light divine
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendor of the day.



LEONARD BACON, D. D.

This excellent missionary hymn is now credited fairly to the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D. But the tale of its metamorphoses is unique. In the early part of the present century was published a *Selection* by Dobell. In that there was a poetical piece by Miss Sarah Slinn. Some generations subsequent to this Dr. Bacon prepared a tract for the Society of Inquiry in Andover, in the course of which he quoted some parts of Miss Slinn's production. These he altered and improved, going so far as to write extensive additions to what he borrowed. By and by the five stanzas were reduced to three; Nettleton put the poem into

his *Village Hymns*. Then, after some more years and changes, it was copied into *Church Psalmody*, in 1831. Finally Dr. Bacon took hold of it once more, and gave it such a revision as that he "left no more of Slinn than the faintest touch in the third and last lines;" since which it has borne his name.

Dr. Bacon was born in Detroit, Mich., February 19, 1802. Graduated at Yale College in 1820, and at Andover Seminary in due course, he was installed almost at once as the pastor of the First (Congregational) Church in New Haven, Conn. He continued in that office fifty-seven years. But in 1866 he was relieved of the main burden of his work and became an instructor and lecturer in Yale Theological School, holding his position as pastor *emeritus* until his death, December 24, 1881.

1087 *Zion's Glory.* L. M.

ZION! awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

This is one of the most widely known hymns by William Shrubsole; it appeared first in the *Evangelical Magazine*, 1796, and has since been published in many collections. It was entitled "The Glory of the Church," and is a paraphrase of that portion of the Forty-fifth Psalm in which the Church is represented as a royal bride about to be brought to her husband.

When the terrible days of panic were over the American nation in 1857, crippling every one of our great missionary societies, so that the cry of retrenchment was borne passionately across to the foreign fields of effort, workers were discharged and missions were closed. Report of the embarrassments over here came in due course to a small band of Nestorian Christians in Persia. They instantly summoned an assembly to consider how they might act so as to bestow help the most quickly and with most force. The meeting was called to order by an aged believer, who began the conference by a distinct allusion to the costliness of their wedding ceremonies in those Oriental lands. He insisted that young people might be married in plainer costume. "Now here," he continued, "is the Church, the Bride of our Lord Jesus Christ, and she is compelled to go unprovided for to her Master's palace! Cannot we join hands to-day to give her a fair outfit?" The figure seemed at once to arrest the imagination of those simple-hearted and loving Christians, and they took it up. One arose, saying: "She ought at least to have a ring, and I am ready to offer the price of one now, just such as my wife received when she was wedded to me." Another added: "She needs a vail quite as much, and I will see that the Lamb's Bride does not set out on her journey to her husband's house without it." Another sprang up with the exclamation: "She can never go on foot over the mountains; you may look to me for a horse she can ride." Still another caught the symbol in his grave, sweet way: "How beautiful are thy feet, O Prince's Daughter! If she rides she will have to wear a richer pair of shoes; perhaps I might be permitted to clothe her feet." By this time their invention was put sorely to task. One more spoke out somewhat awkwardly: "Wedding guns are fired for joy; I will give two cannon, and will supply ammunition." Then the women, who knew more of marriage necessities, began to whisper together. A maiden stood up modestly and said: "Now for her ornaments! I have some of my own I can spare." An impulse of affectionate generosity moved every heart. One old man said he had nothing but a mat; but "perhaps the Queen would deign to put her feet on it when she should alight." Then said the leader: "What is she to eat on the way?" One of the landholders answered: "You may look to me for fifteen outside rows of my vineyard next the sun." During this excited colloquy there had been sitting in the assembly no less a personage than Mar Yohannan, their ruler. The aged leader in the chair shrewdly asked the question: "She is a King's daughter and a Prince's bride; who is to give her a crown?" And then the royal guest took the hint and held up his hand.

So the churches in America were thrilled with the news that the Nestorians were going to take care of themselves. When the heart is all right and loving, what is there it will not do for the Bride, which is the Lamb's wife, on her way to her marriage?

1088 *Life's Sunset.* C. M. D.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

Rev. William Bourne Oliver Peabody, D. D., twin-brother of Rev. O. W. B. Peabody, was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, July 9, 1799, and graduated at Harvard College. After teaching for a year at Exeter, he studied theology at the divinity school in Cambridge, was licensed to preach in 1819, and in 1820 became pastor of the Unitarian Church in Springfield, Mass. He retained this position until his death, May 28, 1847. Dr. Peabody was a man of unusual ability as a scholar and a poet; in addition to biographical sketches and work in hymnology, he prepared a *Report on the Birds of the Commonwealth*, as he was one of the commissioners of the Massachusetts zoological survey. A few of his hymns are still in use, the one quoted here having been published first in his *Poetical Catechism for the Young*, 1823.

1089 "*Number our days.*" C. M. D.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

3 Then mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Another of the hymns of Rev. Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. It may be found in full in his book entitled *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. It was prepared for a funeral occasion, and it moves with a stately grace much like a procession. A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed—common mustard-seed; only he charged her to bring it from a house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant, had died. So the woman took her dead baby in her arms and went from door to door asking for the mustard-seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer— "I have lost my husband, or my child is dead," or "our servant has died." So with a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha and told him how she had failed to get a mustard-seed, for she could not find a single house where none had died. Then Buddha showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.

1090 "*We are confident.*" C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

This poem by Dr. Isaac Watts was published first in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, and its words, set to the mournful strains of "China," were for generations associated in this country with funeral occasions. Perhaps nothing else in hymnology would show so clearly the advance which the music of the church has made here. The Puritans, from 1620 to 1693, used *Ainsworth's Psalter*, brought over from England. Then the *Bay*

Psalm-book was employed, of which the New England revision of 1643 was one of the first books printed in America. Toward the end of that century the art of singing by note was acquired, at which "all were amazed, and still more astonished that all could finish a tune together." In 1721 the first book of music, with bars to divide the notes, was published, and in 1764 a collection of one hundred and sixteen tunes, engraved by Paul Revere. A new era in American church music was opened in 1770 by a book of original tunes, composed by Wm. Billings—the first American who published an original composition. He was a zealous patriot, and his melodies did much to excite the spirit of liberty. The life-long exertions of Thos. Hastings and Lowell Mason (1792–1872) greatly advanced the musical culture of the country, and the work of the latter especially deserves the gratitude of New Englanders.

The first book printed in the United States was the *Metrical Psalm-Book*, issued at Cambridge in 1643. The striking qualities of the old hymns, powerful in spite of what seem to us great faults, are well described in a poem by Lucy Larcom:

"The Psalm tunes of the Puritan—
The hymns that dared to go
Down shuddering through the abyss of man—
His gulfs of conscious woe;
That scaled the utmost height of bliss,
Where the vailed seraph sings,
And worlds unseen brought down to this
On music's mighty wings;
The long, quaint words, the humdrum rhyme,
The verse that reads like prose,
Are relics of a sturdier time
Than modern childhood knows.
And when we sing some hard old hymn,
That rings like flint on steel,
Let not a shade of mockery dim
The flame its words reveal."

1091 *Resurrection sure.* C. M.

When downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died from death to save.

Dr. Ray Palmer wrote this hymn at Bath, Me., in 1842. To it, as was his usual custom, he attached the text on which it was founded; in the present instance it was John 11:25. It first appeared in *Parish Hymns*, 1843, and was entitled "Death Contemplated." The poem has a pathetic remembrance connected with it, because it was the one chosen almost universally to be sung at the funeral and commemorative services held in the various churches at the time of his death. It is one of the gladdest and brightest to be found in our hymnaries, and, by its lofty sentiment and ringing words, lifts death out of the valley of wretchedness and gloom into the very sunshine of Christian triumph.

"My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day!"

In 1882 was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Palmer's marriage to Miss Ann M. Ward, of New York. At the golden wedding, which gathered to its hospitality some of the greatest and best of the land, these words, among others, were spoken by his friend, Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., of Brooklyn. Their truth will be recognized by every Christian: "The grandest privilege which God ever gives to his children upon earth, and which he gives to comparatively few, is to write a noble Christian hymn, to be accepted by the churches, to be sung by reverent and loving hearts, in different lands and different tongues, and which still shall be sung as the future opens its brightening centuries. . . . . Such a hymn brings him to whom it is given into most intimate sympathy with the Master, and with the more sensitive and devout spirits of every time." He died on Tuesday, March 29, 1887, at his home in Newark, N. J. The day previous he had faintly murmured to himself a stanza from his hymn entitled "Jesus, these eyes have never seen:"

"When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art."

These were the last words he was heard to utter. Thus the voice of this sweet singer of Israel chanted the praises of his covenant God while waiting in "the border-land."

1092 *Heaven Alone Unfading.* L. M. D.

How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

2 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

Rev. David Everard Ford was born at Long Melford, England, September 13, 1797. He decided to enter the ministry, and in 1821 became pastor of the Congregational Church in Lymington, near the Isle of Wight, where he remained until he was appointed Traveling Secretary to the Congregational Union in 1841. Two years later he took charge of Greengate Chapel, Manchester. He died at Bedford, October 23, 1875. The poem quoted here is taken from a book published by Mr. Ford, entitled *Hymns chiefly on the Parables of Christ*, 1828. It is a fresh statement of an often-repeated truth, that the things which surround us, and which seem so fair and so desirable, are only a passing delusion. "But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." This verse makes direct appeal to common observation. The multitudes rush after wealth and show, and pursue shadows all in the same order and in the same way. Equipages are alike; dresses come in patterns; we put our latch-keys in our neighbor's door, because the houses are built in regular blocks, and we cannot tell our own. Sheer imitation is the law of fashion in both social and business life. Says the thoughtful author of *Lacon:* "He that can be honest only because every one else is honest, or good only because all around him are good, might have continued an angel if he had been born one; but being a man, he will only add to the number—numberless—who go to hell for the bad things they have done, and for not doing the good things they intended to have done." The result of all this is sadness and unutterable dismay. To have tried to meet all the world's demands, and then to be rejected in the end, brings melancholy. And no one feels consoled in his "many sorrows" to remember that he pierced himself "through with them." Think of the indescribable disgust with which the witty Dean Swift, despairing of a living recognition, dedicated one of his books to Prince Posterity! Think of the vast numbers of brilliant men who died in disgust, calling their lives "a failure"!

1093 *Psalm* 17. L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

This is an abbreviation of a poem by Dr. Isaac Watts, first published in his *Psalms of David*, 1719, and headed "The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope, or, the Heaven of Separate Souls and the Resurrection." It is a paraphrase of a portion of Psalm 17, its principal thought being the vast and wonderful surprise with which the experiences of another world will be rushed into disclosure on the human soul when the day of judgment shall usher in the awful realities of eternity. It was the conception of an ancient philosopher that the human soul was standing, as it were, in the recesses of a vast cavern, and gaining all its knowledge of the future state by a careful study of the weird figures from without which traced themselves along on the dimly-lit inner walls. Let us accept the image for a moment. The Christian believer seems now to be waiting as if within a hollow cave, girt by the rock on every side. Often through the narrow fissure which faith has found come struggling in a few faint rays of illumination, that only half reveal the mysteries of this hard and cheerless home; and now and then there is a gleam of a shadowed picture on the stones around him which indicates the existence and shows the beauty of the magnificent realities without. Beyond the stony barriers he can hear the rush and roll of a spiritual life, of which he learns too little to satisfy his yearning. He longs for the rock-rent through which he knows he is one day to pass. He is a child; but the time will come when he shall put away childish things, and be for ever a man.

At last the hour arrives. He hears beforehand, and perhaps trembles as he hears, the groanings and rumblings of the final convulsion. The earth quakes, the ground is opened, the walls divide, the prison is dissolved, and the soul is free. And oh, what a sight is that which now bursts upon his vision! "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

1094 *"His beloved sleep."* L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

In Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, this piece was first published, with the title, "Death Contemplated." It is a picture of the reluctance and dread with which the unconverted meet their end, while for the believer Christ transforms its terrors into peace and joy. Instead of being forced to surrender all he loves, he goes to new and everlasting delights. One of Dean Trench's sermons on the subject, "What we can and what we can not carry away when we die," commences thus appositely: "Alexander the Great, being upon his death-bed, commanded that, when he was carried forth to the grave, his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in the cere cloths, but should be left outside the bier, so that all men might see them, and might see that they were empty." The Christian's hands may be empty at death, but he has in his heart the love of the Lord Jesus, the most precious of all treasures, and that he will carry with him into heaven.

1095 *Death of the Righteous.* L. M.

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

This poem, written by Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, probably about 1773, is to be found entire in the *Works of A. L. Barbauld, with a Memoir*, published in 1825, by Lucy Aikin, her niece, where it is entitled "The Death of the Virtuous." The first line is, "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!" It is, perhaps, the most popular of all her hymns, and many alterations have been made in it by various compilers with a view of bringing it into religious shape in phraseology and sentiment. It is a singular piece to use at the funeral of a Christian; for after all it contains no address to God, no allusion of any sort to an atonement for sin or a meetness for heaven through grace. It is a simple meditation in excellent rhyme and meter, but it does not rise above an ordinary commonplace of merit as an utterance of faith and hope. It is to be ranked as the companion in thought, and as the inferior in poetic imagery, of her remembered and beautiful lines:

"Life! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning."

1096 *"Asleep in Jesus."* L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet!
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay was born in 1802 and was the only daughter of Capt. Mackay, of Hedgefield, Inverness, Scotland. In 1820 she was married to Major William Mackay, an officer distinguished for his bravery. She died at Cheltenham, January 5, 1887. In addition to several prose works she wrote more than seventy hymns, the best known of which is given here. It appeared first in *The Amethyst; or Christian's Annual for 1832*, with this introduction, "Sleeping in Jesus. By Mrs. Mackay of Hedgefield.

This simple but expressive sentence is inscribed on a tombstone in a rural burying-ground in Devonshire, and gave rise to the following verses." In a later reprint Mrs. Mackay says the burying-ground is that of Pennycross Chapel, and adds: "Distant only a few miles from a bustling and crowded seaport town, reached through a succession of those lovely green lanes for which Devonshire is so remarkable, the quiet aspect of Pennycross comes soothingly over the mind. 'Sleeping in Jesus' seems in keeping with all around."

1097 "*For ever.*" S. M. D.

"For ever with the Lord!"
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

3 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

This hymn by James Montgomery first appeared in an annual, *The Amethyst*, in 1835, as a poem of twenty-two stanzas. Numerous arrangements from it have been made, and have attained great popularity; the one given here is perhaps the favorite cento. The hymn was inspired by the concluding verses in the fourth chapter of I. Thessalonians: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." There is comfort in the picture thus offered us, for those who have been bereaved. Our friends are only asleep: they are not lost; they are with Christ now: they will come back to the earth when Jesus comes, no matter how long ago, no matter where, they died; and they will be for ever with him wherever he is. And we shall be with them in the same blessed companionship, shall know them and dwell with them. There is comfort in the suggestion that perhaps we shall not have to die after all. Some Christians are going to be alive at the moment when Jesus shall appear in the air. Nobody loves death; it is the awful curse of the race, the sting of all our experiences. Nobody can think of the grave without shuddering; it seem dark and chill. How fine it would be to escape all that! How glorious to believe it may be possible that the Lord's coming is so near at hand now that even the pale invalid we are watching will not be compelled to have a funeral or to wear a shroud!

1098 "*Nearer.*" S. M. D.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I 've been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down:
Nearer to leave the heavy cross:
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Miss Phœbe Cary was born in the Miami Valley, near Cincinnati, O., September 24, 1824. She was the younger of the two sisters whose names are always associated in the mention of their literary work. Alice was born four years before Phœbe, and in the end achieved a somewhat higher celebrity. The younger sister is known familiarly to the churches almost entirely by this single poem which has had the good fortune to find a place in most of the collections of hymns published in modern times, though it has been altered in order to be used in song. Alice and Phœbe Cary published a small volume of their pieces jointly in 1850. This became almost immediately popular, so that, encouraged by the success of it, they removed to New York city in 1852, and they readily sustained themselves by their writings.

More has been made of the religious views

MISS PHŒBE CARY.

of Phœbe Cary than is necessary for any purpose of good. When she came on from Ohio she at once went under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, widely known as a Congregational minister. Afterward, when he relinquished the Church of the Puritans and removed to New Jersey, she was under the pastoral teaching of Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, and was associated with him in preparing a local book of hymns for use in the services of the Church of the Strangers, an undenominational organization of which this faithful and orthodox preacher has been so long the minister.

Miss Phœbe Cary composed this poem when in her twenty-eighth year. She has related that it was made in a "little back third-story bedroom one Sunday morning after coming from church;" and she added, in her quaint recital, that it made her happy to think that any word she could say had "done a little good in the world." She is known to have been a patient and painstaking writer, often correcting and altering her work repeatedly. Her latest changes in this poem, reducing it to a comparatively tame version, but metrical enough at any rate to be sung in an ordinary tune, appeared in 1869. The compiler of *Songs for the Sanctuary* preferred the original form. He cut the piece from some newspaper in 1850, and pasted it, as a very beautiful composition, in his ancient scrap-book, which has served him well in these long forty years of preservation since it was begun. Whether that can be found elsewhere he does not know, and he is interested to perpetuate it here:

"One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day than I ever have been before.
Nearer my Father's house, where the many mansions be:
Nearer the great white throne; nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life, where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross; nearer gaining the crown.
But lying darkly between, winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream that leads at last to the light.
Father, perfect my trust! strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand on the rock of the shore of death!
Feel as I would when my feet are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I 'm nearer home—nearer now than I think!"

To this there was fitted a simple, and yet exquisite, chant; and so it used to be sung in Brooklyn by the best choir we ever had; and a wide circle of singers learned to love and use it. When, subsequently, *Laudes Domini* was compiled, there were a dozen versions of the poetry floating around in the various hymn-books. Something had to be done, for the people were fond of the sentiment; but the meter was too awkward to manage. So that version which we liked best on the whole was chosen; and it now goes at least comfortably to A. S. Sullivan's arrangement of I. B. Woodbury's tune in double short meter.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, their devoted friend, prepared the biography of these two sisters. She tells us that Phœbe went to Newport, R. I., and was there in feeble health and much saddened by the chronic illness of Alice, whose death at last almost broke her heart. July 31, 1871, Phœbe's summons arrived. The rest is told by the biographer; only we cannot help thinking how much "nearer" than she thought she had for some days really been. "There, without an instant's warning, her death-throe came. She knew it. Throwing up her arm in instinctive fright, this loving, believing, but timid soul, who had never stood alone in all her mortal life, as she felt herself drifting out into the unknown, the eternal—starting on the awful passage from whence there is no return—cried, in a low and piercing voice: 'O God, have mercy on my soul!' and died."

1099 *"A little while."* S. M. D.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:

REF.—Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:—REF.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more:—REF.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:—REF.

5 'T is but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:—REF.

Rev. Dr Horatius Bonar wrote this hymn about the year 1842, and had it printed on a fly-leaf for the use of his congregation on New Year's day. In his *Songs for the Wilderness*, 1844, it was republished, and has become universally popular. It is especially appropriate to services which mark the end of one year and the beginning of another, as its central thought is the brevity of our life in this world, and the quick approach of eternity. There is comfort in the recollection that time hurries. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Is it possible, then, any truly Christian heart can be alarmed in prospect of Christ's coming? What is there that one could wish more devoutly? What sort of a wife must she be, whose husband is suddenly announced as returning from long absence over the sea, if she changes color and seems abashed? The Church is the Lamb's bride; ought she not to make herself ready joyously? If her life be pure, and her heart loyal, will she not hail the signs of the advent?

"So I am watching quietly
Every day,
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
'Surely it is the shining of his face!'
And look upon the gates of his high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If he is come:
And then the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
'Only a few more shadows,
And he will come.'"

1100 *"Where is thy victory?"* S. M.

IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Dr. George Washington Bethune translated this hymn from one written by a distinguished preacher in Switzerland, Dr. Cæsar Malan. The original piece commences with the line "*Non, ce n' est pas mourir.*" It may be found in the author's little volume, containing three hundred religious poems, to which he gave the name of *Chants de Sion*. This rendering, excellent in itself, takes a pathetic interest from the fact that the officiating minister chose it to be sung at the funeral of Dr. Bethune himself. It pictured the singular experience of his departure somewhat fittingly, for Dr. Bethune kept up his work to the very last of life. He preached on Sunday evening and fell away into sleep, from which he awaked "in glorious repose to spend eternal years." He wrote a hymn that very evening before he died, April 27, 1862; in this are given us the lines which are his final testimony to the truth he proclaimed:

"I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thought so high, and deep, and wide.
This is my best theology—
I know the Saviour died for me."

1101 *Death of a Veteran.* S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

This piece of James Montgomery first appeared in his *Greenland and Other Poems*, 1819, with the following title: "The Christian Soldier. Occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor; After having declared in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand." Mr. Taylor, a Methodist preacher, had been found dead in his bed on the morning of October 15, 1816. Singularly enough, a similar fate was in store for Mr. Montgomery, who died in his sleep, April 30, 1854. The hymn has been widely used, as it expresses so eloquently the feeling of one who has been faithful to the trust committed to him, and now enters into the joy of his Lord. The winding up of some grand musical overture is a wonderful exhibition of a general triumph through individual faithfulness. Each violinist sees only the sheet of music before him; each horn and cornet player knows exactly when he is to enter upon the work, and when he is to leave off: the striker of the cymbals, and the man who beats the drums, watch their music as carefully as the most intricate soloist, and while the leader guides them all with his quick-moving baton, and swells the closing triumph of the finale by his skill in generalship, it is, after all, the fidelity of each individual player to the music placed before him which insures the closing triumph and the loud and long applause. John Bunyan thus describes the death of Faithful at Vanity Fair: "They therefore brought him out to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, after that they stoned him with stones, and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end. Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who, so soon as his adversaries had despatched him, was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate."

1102 *The Pious Dead.* S. M.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Rev. Richard Mant, D. D., Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland, is the author of this "Hymn on All Saints," as he entitled it. In 1842 he became Bishop of Dromore. The piece was included in his *Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary for Domestic Use*, 1837, and appears in the *Original Hymns*, which he added to the translations from the Latin. If we judge from the collections in which it has appeared (sometimes with the first line altered to "For all thy saints, O God"), we should reckon it as the most popular of his voluminous productions. It is possible for one to be too protestant for his own good; for indeed we all agree in believing that the biographies of God's holy people are full of cheer and help to the Church.

1103 *Death of a Child.* 7s, 8s, 7s.

Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled,
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it,
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

Miss Catharine Winkworth published this hymn, appropriate for the funeral of a child, in *Lyra Germanica*, Second Series, 1858. It was translated from the poem of Johann Wilhelm Meinhold, beginning, "*Guter Hirt, du hast gestillet.*" In 1868 the first line, which was "Gentle Shepherd," was altered in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, where it appears in the *Appendix* as "Tender Shepherd." From this our copy was taken, and the change has been accepted in many of the modern collections. The author of the original was in 1844 pastor at Rehwinkel, near Stargard. He was born at Netzelkow, February 27, 1797, and died at Charlottenburg, November 30, 1851.

1104 *"Ye shall live also."* 7s, 8s, 7s.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! and well I know
From the dead he will recall me;
Better life will then commence—
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven;
God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
This shall be my confidence!

3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence!

Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox translated this hymn from that of Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, "*Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich.*" It was published in her *Sacred Hymns*, 1841, and was assigned to Easter Day with the text attached to it, Romans 8:11. The German author Gellert was born at Hainichen, Saxony, July 4, 1715; his father was the minister of the parish in that town: the boy's life was hard, and he found it difficult to secure an education. Never really well or rugged, he could not preach; he delivered lectures and wrote poems for the people. He did much good and died in the faith in December, 1769. When he was at the last he was told that he had only an hour longer to live; he raised his hands with a gesture of happy surprise, saying, "Now, God be praised, only an hour more!"

1105 *"The new life."* P. M.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REF.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—REF.

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D., wrote this exquisitely beautiful poem some little time previous to the publication of his *Oratory Hymns* in 1854, in which it was included. He entitled it "The Pilgrims of the Night." Its earliest adoption as a hymn for singing in public service was in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, when the *Appendix* was added in 1868. The immense popularity it achieved was owing somewhat to the music which was set to carry it. Tunes multiplied, written by the best composers, and these were very fine. A place is still left for its use, but it would not be right to leave unsaid the expressions of doubt as to its doctrine. Is it just true that angels are singing all around us so that we "hear them"? The soberest hymnologists are beginning to see that the popular sense has been deceived by music and rhythm and melody of language. The misgiving settles upon what the *Dictionary of Hymnology* calls "its unreality." Still, some would miss it if it were dropped out of the collections now.

1106 *Death at Prime.* P. M.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

REF.—Servant of Jesus, pass to thy rest:
Soldier of Jesus, go dwell among the blest.

2 Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.—REF.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.—REF.

4 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat above!
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.—REF.

Written by James Montgomery to commemorate the death of Rev. John Owen, one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The author included it in his *Original Hymns*, 1853, but it was composed in 1823. The title affixed to it was "On the Death of a Minister, cut off in his Usefulness." The chorus in the music, "Servant of Jesus," etc., is not in the original poem. It was put in, most likely, by some ingenious musician in order to use the remaining strains of the tune. It was taken for *Laudes Domini* from the Reformed Dutch collection, *Hymns of the Church*.

1107 *"All in Jesus sleeping."* P. M.

SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest!
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

This piece of poetry was written by Rev. Edward Arthur Dayman, and published in the *Sarum Hymnal*, 1868. It belongs with the tune to which it is usually set, "Requiescat," by J. Barnby, and then it constitutes an interesting dirge for a funeral occasion. The meter is quaint, the sentiment tender, and its doctrine is as clear as modern eschatology supplies.

1108 *"The Day of the Lord."* 7s, 6l.

DAY of wrath, oh, dreadful day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriv'ling like a parchéd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp, and Sibyl's page.

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come;
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the Archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 Then shall nature stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast;
Then, at her Creator's call,
Near and distant, great and small,
Shall the whole creation rise
Waiting for the great Assize.

4 Then the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

PART II.

WHEN, in that tremendous day,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
What shall I the sinner say?
What shall be the sinner's stay?
When the righteous shrinks for fear,
How shall my frail soul appear?

2 King of kings, enthroned on high,
In thine awful majesty,
Thou who of thy mercy free
Savest those who saved shall be:
In thy boundless charity,
Fount of pity, save thou me.

3 Oh, remember, Saviour dear,
What the cause that brought thee here;
All thy long and toilsome way
Was for me who went astray:
When that day at last is come,
Call, oh, call, the wanderer home.

4 Thou in search of me didst sit
Weary with the noonday heat;
Thou to save my soul hast borne
Cross and grief, and hate and scorn:
Oh, may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain!

PART III.

O JUST Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs:
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past.
Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

2 Thou who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace;
Thou who to the dying thief
Speakest pardon and relief;
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
Ev'n to me, the hope of heaven!

3 Naught of thee my prayers can claim
Save in thy free mercy's name.
Worthless is each tear and cry:
Yet, good Lord, in grace comply;
Spare me: cause me not to go
Into everlasting woe.

4 Make me with thy sheep to stand,
Severed from the guilty band;
When the cursed condemned shall be,
With the blest then call thou me:
Contrite in the dust, I pray,
Save me in that awful day.

5 Full of tears and full of dread
Is the day that wakes the dead,
Calling all, with solemn blast,
From the ashes of the past;
Lord of Mercy, Jesus blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest.

Among the great hymns of the Latin Church the *Dies Iræ* stands preëminent, not only because of the grandeur of its theme, but also from the perfection of its form and rhythm. One of the ablest English critics has said of it: "The meter so grandly devised, fitted to bring out the noblest powers of the Latin language, the solemn effect of the triple rhyme —like blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil—the majestic, unadorned plainness of the style, these merits with many more have given the *Dies Iræ* a foremost place among masterpieces of sacred song." Its author, Thomas of Celano, was a Franciscan monk, born in the small Italian town from which he took his name, but the year of his birth is unknown. He was an inmate of the famous monastery founded by St. Francis at Assisi, and probably one of the earliest students there. His death is supposed to have occurred in 1255. The poem is a portion of the Mass for the Dead, and was first found in Italian missals of the fifteenth century. An evidence of the wonderful hold it has exercised upon men of many nations and varying creeds is the number of attempts to reproduce it in other languages. In German there have been about ninety translations, and in English more than one hundred and sixty. The one used here is the work of a writer whose name is endeared to Americans by his friendship for their country, as well as by his fascinating books on religious history, Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, late Dean of Westminster Abbey. It was published in its present form in the *Appendix to Hymns for Use in the Chapel of Marlborough College*, 1869.

1109 *"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."* 14s.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom his Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us!

3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise, he comes to meet the Bride!

4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five remain without, and knock and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the Son.

5 To thee, O Saviour, now we bring the tribute of our praise,
Too small for thee, O Bridegroom blest, but all that we can raise:
All praise to thee, great Three in One, the God whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done, when time shall be no more.

This is a translation by Rev. Gerard Moultrie from a hymn of the Greek Church, and was first published in *Lyra Messianica*, 1864. It has attained wide use in America from its force and picturesqueness. The original is found in the *Horologion*, the Greek equivalent of the Latin breviary, and is appointed to be sung at the midnight office in regular services of the church. The reference is to the parable of the Ten Virgins, especially to the cry, Matthew 25:6.

1110 *"They Shall Look on Him."* 8s, 7s, 4s.

SEE the eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thine awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thine awful doom!

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move!"

The authorship of this hymn has remained uncertain for nearly a century, as it was printed anonymously, in the *Baltimore Collection* in 1800. It has been said to suggest by its style the poems of Rev. Thomas Kelly, but it cannot be found among his collected works. Like most of the Judgment hymns it was probably suggested by that greatest of all Latin poems, the sequence of Thomas of Celano, *Dies Iræ*. There is comfort in knowing that when the Lord Jesus comes, it will be not as a crucified Nazarene, but as the Son of God. He will have a glorious retinue, and will be known as the King. All over this world, now for eighteen hundred years, millions of devout men and brave-hearted women, together with as many more trustful little children, have been praying, every morning and night, "Thy kingdom come." That prayer will be heard by and by, when the good time arrives. And whoever is on the Lord's side that day will be glad to meet him in the splendor of his advent. He will not be put off with a reed scepter then; he will not wear robes of mockery. The Lamb of God will then be the Lion of Judah!

1111 *"Day of Wonders."* 8s, 7s, 4s.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders;
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

This is one of the most famous of Rev. John Newton's poems. It was written in 1774, and first printed in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The inspiration to this work, which it "took him the most of two days to finish," undoubtedly came from the Latin masterpiece, "*Dies Iræ*," but Newton's poem has been called one of the four finest hymns in the English language. Its central thought is an anticipation of the return of Christ to judge the world.

1112 *Prepare to meet God.* P. M.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

It has been said that this hymn is based upon the *Dies Iræ*, but except for their being upon the same subject, the two poems have no connection with each other. Neither is it a fact that it is the work of Martin Luther. In a book published in Sheffield, England, in 1802, entitled *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Devotion*, the opening stanza appears anonymously in its present form. In 1812 Rev. Dr. William B. Collyer repeated this stanza in his *Hymns partly Collected and partly Original*, with three additional verses by himself. These were altered to their present form by Rev. Thomas Cotterill, compiler of the *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, which was published in the ninth edition in 1820, and had a great effect on modern collections. Although many compilers since that date have introduced changes, the text by Cotterill has been generally adopted.

1113 "*Into thine hand.*" P. M.

When my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken:
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'Tis safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me;
For as I draw my latest breath,
I'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death,
And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since thou death's bonds hast severed:
By hope with thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered,
I'll come to thee, where'er thou art—
Live with thee, from thee never part:
Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending;
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To heaven, to life eternal.

Edgar Alfred Bowring, translator of this hymn, was born in 1826, and entered political life, being M. P. for Exeter in 1868. He published in 1858 *The Most Holy Book of Psalms*, literally rendered into English verse, and is said to have translated two volumes of German hymns, selected by the Queen and privately printed for her own use. The original of this poem is the work of Nicolaus Hermann, an organist and choirmaster in the church at Joachimsthal, Bohemia, who died in 1561, leaving as a legacy many beautiful hymns. They were caught up by the people all over Germany, and no one is more widely used than this prayer for the dying. Among the English-speaking churches it is associated with the funeral of Albert, the Prince Consort, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, December 23, 1861; this translation having been made at the Queen's request and sung on that occasion.

1114 "*No night there.*" S. M. D.

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

2 There is no want in heaven;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.
There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

3 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies!

Rev. Francis Minden Knollis, D. D., son of an Episcopal clergyman, was born November 14, 1816, at Penn, Bucks, England, and educated at Oxford. He took Holy Orders in 1838, and was Fellow of Magdalen, and Incumbent of Fitzhead. He died at Bournemouth, August 25, 1863. Dr. Knollis was the author of a number of poetical works; but of his hymns only the one given here has attained wide usefulness. It was published in 1859, in Rutherford's *Lays of the Sanctuary, and other Poems*, its subject being, "Heaven and its Blessedness," its activity without weariness. It is well to be reminded now and then that even the "rest" which "remaineth" is not a repose of indolent listlessness and inaction. The Hindus be-

lieve that the great god Brahma spends the infinite ages of his eternity evermore asleep. And their most exalted notions of the state of the blessed are only clustered around one lazy anticipation of sharing the slumbers of this deified sluggard. But our Bible tells us that the "works" of the righteous do "follow them." Our trouble here is, not the energy we put forth, but the waste of it and the thwarting of it and the needlessness of much of it. It is not work, but worry, that breaks the human heart; and in heaven there will be work without worry. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and they serve him day and night in his temple." So the Christian's departure is only a sign of relief. "Children," said John Wesley's mother, "when I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God!"

1115 *Rest in Heaven.* S. M.

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

4 For ever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

5 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven!

Written by Dr. Ray Palmer at Bath, Me., in 1843, and printed in *Parish Hymns* in the same year. Even then this spiritually-minded man had begun to look forward through his long and laborious ministry and talk of the welcomeness of rest in heaven. He knew what the "toilsome years" of preparation meant, and he expected "care" and "sorrow." But out of this would grow the manhood and strength he hoped to attain. The rule, from which there seems to have been almost a prohibition of release, is that power for good comes from the endurance of pain. Dr. Palmer once wrote these interesting words to a friend: "Have not the sorrows of life, my dear friend, consciously enriched and sweetened your spiritual life in all the past? It seems to me that this has clearly been my own experience. We have neither of us been able, perhaps, at the time when the deep waters were going over our souls, to comprehend what was taking place within us. But now, in looking back to the by-gone years, we cannot but feel that silently, and by slow degrees, our inward life has taken a deep meaning, a more spiritual tone and habit. The great and precious promises have become more real—our personal contact with Christ, and access to his heart, more full and satisfying—than they were wont to be. The indwelling of the Holy Comforter, and the open vision of God by faith, have made us much less restless, less anxious to choose for ourselves, more desirous that Christ should choose for us in all things. Has it not been so? This seems to be the natural result of spiritual progress: harmony of will with God, personal companionship and sympathy, and so divine rest in him."

1116 *"Eye hath not seen."* L. M.

Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God—to feel his love—
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D. D., wrote this hymn, putting it at the close of one of the fifteen *Sermons on Various Subjects*, 1762. It was entitled "The Return of the Body to Earth, and the Return of the Soul to God," the text of the discourse being found in Ecclesiastes 12:7.

1117 *"A Rest."* P. M.

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day!
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for thine own a rest remains.

2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night;
God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

3 The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes to mortals all unknown
Float on the calm celestial air.

4 Around that throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
And shining forms, an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.

5 O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round!

This hymn came to us in manuscript, and was first published in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865. Dr. Ray Palmer wrote it while he was temporarily in New York city in 1864. An allusion is made to John 14:2: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Dr. A. O. Van Lennep, so many years a resident in Turkey, says the finest of all the palaces he knew is that of "Beyler Bey," the residence of the present Sultan. His description is full of interest: "It is of pure white marble, surmounted with gilded domes, the whole producing a most gorgeous effect in the rays of the sun. It is built on the edge of the waters of the Bosphorus, in full view of steamers and vessels passing up and down the stream; while the great numbers of row-boats (caicks) going to the crowded suburbs lining the Bosphorus are constantly passing close by it. The interior is fitted out in truly Oriental splendor. When in Constantinople, my residence was in the village of Bebeck, and I had to pass the palace every day in my caick in going to my place of business. This beautiful and vast building often reminded me of the words of the Saviour, and gave to them a meaning which I never understood before. 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Yes! room and an abundance of it for all the children of God; and, oh, what splendor in heaven! Again, no visitor or guest is ever admitted in the palace without previous permission, and then he must be introduced by different attendants according to his rank. Ambassadors from great foreign nations are introduced with pomp, but the son of the Sultan never introduces any but princes and persons of the royal blood. But Christ says to all his disciples, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' The Son (not the servant) going to his own Father's house, and he will introduce his disciples himself to these heavenly mansions. What condescension! What love! How precious to all believers!"

1118 "*Many mansions.*" L. M.

THY Father's house! thine own bright home!
And thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3 I know that thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
And waitest to receive me there!

4 Thy love will there array my soul
In thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze while ages roll,
On thee, with raptures ever new!

5 Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet
Shall bring the shining threshold o'er:
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for evermore!

Another of Dr. Ray Palmer's hymns on heaven. It was published first in the *Sabbath Hymn-Book*, 1858. With it he coupled the familiar verse, John 14:3, as its Scriptural basis, and he has reckoned the date of its composition as early as 1854. This enthusiastic poet was in the habit of repeating religious poetry at the bedside of invalids, instead of seeking to hold wearying conversations with them. There is a manifest advantage in this, for generally it does little more than remind the one who is feeble of what he really knew before; and with the aid of the rhyme, and more often the meter, he can follow the line of thinking easily. And everybody knows that in the hymns of every language can be found the best theology and highest spirituality of the evangelical people who speak it; and so one of the wisest counsels to a young clergyman is that he commit such to memory. This particular piece was, with the author, a favorite in such exercises. One who knew him can readily imagine with what grace and impressiveness his musical voice would make its measures to sound. There is a glorious reach in the figure, which fills the soul to the full. What is *all* this life of ours but a mere wrestle at the side of a mighty stream, just beyond which waits the flashing sunrise of triumph to the trusted and the true? John, the beloved disciple, believed he looked upon one of the fairest sights of heaven: "And I saw an angel *standing in the sun!*" But there will be even finer things to see than that in the halls of victory, in the palace of God. When the fierce wrestle is over, and the triumph is reached, there on the other side of the mysterious stream will stand any princely prevailer who fought the good fight and kept the faith. Away from him sinks all that is earthly. On his form rests the shining of the Sun of righteousness. Oh, the splendor of that purity and peace that lights his face, as they swing open the beautiful gates and bid him enter his Father's house, at the Father's invitation!

1119 "*Lord, tarry not.*" P. M.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ‖
REF.—Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

In the *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, by Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, 1857, this well-known poem first appeared, bearing the title, "Heaven Anticipated." It has owed much of its popularity to its unusual rhythm and the beauty of the refrain. The hymn leads us to the conclusion that life is a melancholy affair if left to itself, but the sure hope of redemption illumines the outlook. So, in the catacombs underneath Rome, on one side of the devious paths the inscriptions on the heathen's tombs are sad and desponding, while on the other side, where the Christians are buried, they are bright and full of hope. Death is not the end; the sense of despair yields to the blessed certainty of a happy immortality. We shall find our old friends in heaven; we shall know them when we see them. The new life will be occupied partly in "knitting severed friendships up." And as for that awful dread of divine justice, it will be displaced by a wonderful peace; for we can rest implicitly in God's justice when Jesus the Saviour stands by, with the sure pardon in his hands!

It is according to one's hearty confidence in receiving this information that he will look forward toward the inevitable crisis. I sometimes think that people will enter heaven as the miscellaneous vessels enter New York Bay through the Narrows. Some will actually have to be tugged in by the violent faith and prayer of others, who will be at hand to help their feebleness as Christiana helped Ready-to-Halt. Some will come in slowly and undecidedly, as if they dared to put up only a sail or two, and the wind was uncertain. But there will be many proud, glad ships, with all their spars covered with white canvas. To them will be "an entrance ministered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

1120 "*Immanuel's Land.*" P. M.

THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered by his love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

This is a part of the same poem to which allusion has been made (Hymn 1021) already. Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin wrote the small poetic tractlet called, "The Last Words of Samuel Rutherford."

Out of this exquisite piece of poetry have been compiled two very acceptable hymns. The refrain is what gives the title to each; and this was the exclamation of the dying man, as it has been recorded for more than two hundred years in the annals of Scotland. At the sinking of the sun, late in the afternoon of the final day of his life, one of his friends, standing beside the couch, asked him, "What think ye now of Christ?" To that this "true saint of the covenant" replied thus: "Oh, that all my brethren in the land may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day! I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness. This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the vail; and I shall go away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morning. Glory! glory to my Creator and my Redeemer for ever! I shall live and adore him. Oh, for arms to embrace him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp! Glory! glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" The prediction concerning his departure was fulfilled exactly, and these telling and intense expressions of the dying saint, with a few others like them, were wrought skillfully into the poem.

"Ev'n Anworth was not heaven—ev'n preaching was not Christ;
And in my sea-beat prison, my Lord and I held tryst:
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling—in Immanuel's land.

"The little birds at Anworth, I used to count them blest;
Now, beside happier altars, I go to build my nest;
O'er these there broods no silence, no graves around them stand;
For glory, deathless, dwelleth—in Immanuel's land.

"Fair Anworth by the Solway, to me thou still art dear!
Ev'n from the verge of heaven I drop for thee a tear.
Oh, if one soul from Anworth meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens—in Immanuel's land."

A short time previous to this he broke out into a sort of sacred rapture, exalting and commending the Lord Jesus as his blessed Master, calling him his "kingly King." He cried: "I shall shine—I shall see him as he is; I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him, and I shall have my large share. Mine eyes shall behold my Redeemer—these very eyes of mine, and none other for me. This may seem a wide word, but it is no fancy or delusion; it is true. Let my Lord's name be exalted; and, if he will, let my name be grinded to pieces, that he may be all in all. If he slay me ten thousand times, I will trust." He died March 20, 1661.

1121 *"No more death."* C. M. 5l.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed;
A balm for every wounded breast:
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

This piece has long been a favorite in the American churches. It was composed by Rev. William Bingham Tappan, so long the superintendent of the American Sunday-School Union. In a volume called *Gems of Sacred Poetry*, 1860, he says of this hymn: "It was written by me in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1818, for the *Franklin Gazette*, edited by Richard Bache, Esq., and was introduced by him to the public in terms sufficiently flattering to a young man who then certainly lacked confidence in himself. The piece was republished in England and on the Continent, in various newspapers and magazines, and was also extensively circulated in my own native land, where it has found a place in several hymn and music-books. It was published in my first volume of *Poems*, at Philadelphia, in 1819, and soon after was set to music by A. P. Heinrich, Esq., in the same city." It is in *Lyra Sacra Americana*, 1868.

1122 *"Darkness cometh never."* 7s, 6s. D.

OH, land relieved from sorrow!
Oh, land secure from tears!
Oh, respite on the morrow
From all the toil of years!
To thee we hasten ever,
To thee our steps ascend,
Where darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

2 Oh happy, holy portal
For God's own blest elect:
Oh, region, pure, immortal,
With better spring bedecked:
Thy pearly doors for ever
Their welcome shall extend,
Where darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

3 Oh, home where God the Father
Takes all his children in:
Where Christ the Son shall gather
The sinners saved from sin;
No night nor fear shall sever
A friend from any friend,
For darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

4 Rise, then, O brightest morning!
Come, then, triumphant day!
When into new adorning
We change and pass away:
For so with firm endeavor
Our spirits gladly tend
Where darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield wrote this piece. He had a keen sense of the sweetness of sound and the agreeableness of true rhythm. And then he was a sincere Christian; and was going to die young, though he did not know that. He loved home, and he loved heaven. This piece voiced his nature well. In his *English Hymns*, 1888, he has given his own account of its composition: "This is an original hymn, composed in 1875 under circumstances peculiarly calculated to draw the thought to things above. It has existed in manuscript, unpublished, until the preparation of *Laudes Domini* called it out. The first draft of the hymn is on two crumpled pieces of paper which have been several times cast aside and nearly destroyed; but they have mysteriously reappeared, even from the depths of waste-paper baskets and the wild confusion of disintegrated material! The refrain really produced the hymn. Perhaps it grew up, primarily, from the rhythm of Bernard of Cluny, which the author has always loved, and the cento from which he rendered, in its original meter, in 1868. The '*Heimweh*'—the heavenly longing—has many hymns besides this which express it."

1123 *"Mighty to Save."* 7s, 6s. D.

HE comes in blood-stained garments;
Upon his brow a crown;
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down;

From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all.

2 Oh, Christ, his love is mighty!
Long-suffering is his grace:
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from his face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with him above.

In the *Lyra Britannica*, 1867, this hymn by Mrs. Charitie Lees Bancroft first appeared, its form being seven stanzas of eight lines each. It has been considerably abbreviated to fit it for common use, the present cento beginning with the third verse. Thus it becomes a spirited lyric, which anticipates with joyous triumph the end of life, and the vision of Christ in glory which will burst upon the believer on his entrance into a higher world. But now comes the interruption—do not many men, who are not at all ready in any Christian sense to die, seem to make a most dignified and courageous departure? Yes—Mirabeau, in the last languor of his feebleness, is observed to hush that tremendous voice of his, just to sigh softly to the attendants, "Let me die to the sound of delicious music!" Nelson at Trafalgar, when the last pulse of living energy is welling up, is heard to say grandly, "Now for a peerage or Westminster Abbey!" And even the great Cæsar, looking only to his own robes, and folding them with care about his person, is recorded to have died with dignity, as an immortal Roman should. This is admitted: thus the world's heroes and statesmen and monarchs are sometimes found at the final hour, looking far and looking near. But no one of them, save here and there a believer in Christ, do we discover looking where Stephen looked, or seeing what Stephen saw. That blessed vision is not unvailed. Acts 7:55, 56.

1124 *"O Paradise."* P. M.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—REF.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.—REF.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above!

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

This is perhaps out of the best loved of all the poems by Dr. Frederick William Faber, whose many fine compositions have given him so high a place in the affection of Christians. It appeared first in his collected *Hymns*, 1862, having originally seven stanzas with the refrain. It puts into words the longing of the soul for its true home, far from the strife and bitterness and disappointment of this every-day life. So the traditions of human history have kept the hopes of men, ill and weak and miserable, alive. There must be somewhere on this planet of ours a home for the soul, tired with wrestling, fatigued with fight. Call it the "field" of Avalon, the "beautiful vale" of Tempe, the "Hill of the Serene;" always the same, it meant a locality, outside of the roar and the rush, the anguish and the turmoil, of time and toiling, in which one could find peace at last, where weapons were not tearing one's nerves to pieces with clashing, and horns could hang contented on the walls with no challenge to make for any more war.

But it all meant nothing; the rude world rolled along, and rough gibes of ridicule and rougher oaths of cursing were hurled against the man who would not laugh with the rest, and, when disgusted, swear as other disgusted people did, and so soothe his feelings in the hard pressures of wrath and pain.

Well, then, if no better spot, surely one can find a breathing-time of release now and then! So bright minds went a step further down into the regions of fable. They talked about halcyon days and related a tender little story about a daughter of Æolus, whose husband was drowned in a cruel sea; when the body was washed upon the shore next day this bereaved widow clung to it, and was drifted back with it into the same waves and strangled in the same embrace. To reward their pitiable affection, the gods metamorphosed them both into kingfishers and changed the name of the birds into Halcyons, and afterward decreed that all oceans should for ever remain calm while these devoted creatures built their nests directly on the water. Thus men had fourteen days called "halcyon days," in which vessels were never even tossed on the billows of the unresting sea; seven days just before the winter-solstice, in which the kingfishers built their nests, and other seven days just after, in

which the birds laid their eggs. And down to this day the sailors tell us of the tranquil fortnight in which oceans are merciful and tempests are still, for the halcyons are brooding and the skies are stormless and blue. And they wait, and sometimes sing:

"And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave, toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest."

It is all useless, fable and poem alike; for there is no time to be given, no spot to be found, when one may be tranquil or where souls can get a release. Yet the whole world goes on sighing just the same.

1125 *"The sea of glass."* 8s, 7s.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to thee!

2 Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were and firm they stood.

4 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

5 Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

One of the best known and most musical pieces that Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, has given in his *Holy Year*, 1862. The author added a manuscript note, with a special reference to the closing stanza "The whole hymn from beginning to end is in harmony with the Epistle for the festival of the day, Revelation 7:12, and like it is the utterance in triumphant song of a vision of the final gathering of the saints."

1126 *The City.* 8s, 7s.

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.

2 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on his seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about his feet.

3 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.

4 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.

5 Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!

This is one of the most beautiful and popular hymns written by Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, some of whose poems are to be found in many different collections. It is a description of that celestial city in which Christ reigns, an dwhere, as it is told us in the vision of St. John, Revelation 4:3, the sign of God's love surrounds that of his power. Love is symbolized in the rainbow, and power in the throne; and the rainbow is round about the throne. The attribute of omnipotence is not a pleasant one in itself to contemplate. If we should look up at this glorious spectacle and see only the throne, we might be frightened. We should be hushed into trembling silence before the thunder which shakes the cedars, tosses the waves of the ocean, and counts the mountains but as a very little thing. But we see the bow round about the throne; our eyes behold and our hearts believe that whatever is alarming in our thought of the Supreme Being who rules us is embraced in a beautiful circle of emerald promise which gives peace. And this is better than to be told merely by words. The venerable Hooker was uttering something more than a simple rule of rhetoric when he once said, "What we drink in at our ears doth not so piercingly enter as what the mind doth conceive by sight." It does not seem as if any one could ever forget this arch of promise above and around this seat of power.

1127 *Not our Rest.* 8s, 7s.

THIS is not my place of resting—
Mine 's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

This was cut from the *Bible Hymn-Book*, 1845, away back in those early days when there was hardly a hymn-book with tunes published or used in the American churches. The name of Dr. Horatius Bonar had not become a household word, and few people cared to know who the authors of hymns

were, though they knew a good one when they found it. It was entitled, "Pressing toward Heaven," and it reproduced the sentiment of Deuteronomy 12:9: "For ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you."

1128 *"The King in his beauty."* 8s, 7s.

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with Him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face.
Here is naught but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Onward then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.
Oh, the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh, the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

Miss Catharine Winkworth published these stanzas in the *Lyra Germanica*, Series II., 1858. The poem included much more, but these lines of it seemed the fittest for public use. It is a translation of one of the German hymns of Johann Georg Albinus, once pastor at Unter Nessa, in Saxony. This author was born March 6, 1624, and died May 25, 1679.

1129 *The Consummation.* 8s, 7s. D.

JESUS, blessèd Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;
Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!
Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.

2 Blessèd fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their center,
And their shield—Omnipotence!
Blessèd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hadés' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall;
Oh, the ineffable For ever!
And the eternal All in All!

This hymn by Josiah Conder was first published in Collyer's *Collection*, 1812, having originally eight stanzas of eight lines each. The abbreviation of it, as given here, is the form in common use. The poem is a glowing picture of the peace and joy which Christ's love will shed around believers as they enter the unknown world.

Christian faith loves to repeat the last words of the martyr Stephen. He did not appear very anxious to know any details of that new life. He was satisfied to put his soul *in the hands of God who gave it*. God would do with it just what he pleased. Oh, it is easy for one, who, while living, has given his spirit to God, in the covenant hope of redemption, to surrender it joyfully in the hour of death! Stephen knew just where he was. Through the opened rift of the blue sky over his head came a blessed vision to give him welcome and encouragement. There he saw the Lord Jesus at the right hand of his Father. It was into no strange companionship he was going. That mysterious indweller of his mutilated and dying body, which he called his *spirit*, was on the point now of being cared for better than ever it had been before. Up to this last moment that redeemed nature of his had been, like a militant prince, absent from his royal abode, out in the campaign, dwelling in a tent, roughing it in innumerable hardships. It had had a fight to make to hold fast its crown. Now, in the high utterance of this tranquil surrender, it resembled the same prince, in the hour of triumph, going home to the palace. It mattered little thereafter that the old tent was battered and torn. He would not need it any more. The victory was gained, the pageant of entrance begun. Think of that martyr as he is to-day, now that eighteen centuries have passed on! There he stands on the plains of eternity, tearless and scarless, in the presence of the Lord Jesus who received his spirit. And close beside him, having likewise kept the faith, stands the young man named Saul!

1130 *"Hold fast."* C. M. D.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

This poem by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander was contributed to the *Psalms and Hymns* published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1852, and has become endeared to believers on both sides of the ocean. With glowing imagery it contrasts the passing beauties and pleasures of earth with the undying joys of heaven, and longs for that other, fairer world where sorrow is unknown.

There is a weariness of life in its present form which grows out of simple disgust with the world. We have learned the precise worth, or, rather, precise worthlessness, of all it has to offer. In a reply to a salutation of "Happy New Year," Lord Dundas once said: "Well, it has need to be better than the last, for I had never a happy day in it!" Though he was a peer in the realm of Britain, he was ready to admit with the Royal Preacher, "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and, behold! all is vanity and vexation of spirit." The behavior of Absalom outraged every feeling David cherished. His whole confidence was betrayed; he lost his trust in men. We understand this burst of emotion; we almost reciprocate the wish for a dove's wings.

Then, too, there is a weariness that comes from circumstances of personal trial. It may be bereavement in the circle of one's friends has affected him unduly. Edmund Burke's son died, and the statesman's heart was half broken. He wept bitter tears as he hung with childish fondness around the very neck of the horse his boy used to ride. Then all England stood still while he wrote: "I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world!" He lived to be happier afterward. Ill health, bodily suffering, disappointed ambition, ingratitude from others, jealousy, that is cruel as the grave—all these may make us uneasy and cause us to sigh for rest. Want of appreciation, old estrangements which cannot be healed, clouded reputation that we cannot clear, but that another gave to us by his crime, which was not ours—these mortify our proud spirits and shatter hopes of redemption or rescue. Some of us have known the hour when we would have been content to see the night come; willing to lie down speedily, and, like children going to sleep, wait calmly for the darkness of the great shadow. We wanted to be out of this—out of this—anywhere! But with all this experience of sorrow, we should not dwell too much on weariness or satiety, but turn from it to the antidote, work. In that lies, with God's blessing, our salvation from the bitterness of existence.

1131 *"Let us go over!"* C. M. D.

On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, D. D., wrote this hymn, and it was first published in Rippon's *Selection*, 1787. It is the one by which this author is best and most widely known. In illustrating such a poem it seems as if a full quotation might be helpful, made from a fugitive description of one of our modern tourists published lately in *The Congregationalist*, entitled, "The Jordan in our Hymns." "It may seem a little singular that one of the first intellectual acts I performed upon the borders of the Jordan was the utterance of a cool literary criticism. But it is easy for any one to see how this came about. Of course, a man must say something when he earliest catches a glimpse of such a notability as this most interesting river, which indeed he has crossed two seas to visit; and if he is in company he will try to render his remark as original as possible, or else will seek to evade so awkward a pressure by venturing upon a quotation outright. For personal reasons I chose the latter alternative. With the modest enthusiasm of a hymn-hunter, I indulged in the forcible recital of one of those strikingly appropriate stanzas of poetry that I had in times past been wont to use in the performance of professional duty in the pulpit, and with which I knew myself to be quite safely familiar. As I dismounted from my horse, I said with the air of one whose emotion demanded that the sentiments he pronounced might be implicitly trusted on the present occasion: 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.'

"The instant I perpetrated the rehearsal of the opening line I found myself compelled to

render the criticism; and I exclaimed with a noble candor of apology for the author, 'Why, these banks are not in the least stormy.' And, for my brethren and companions' sakes, I added my intelligent acquiescence in the latest emendations of the venerated Stennett's hymn, 'On Jordan's rugged banks I stand.' That was better, for the facts were before our eyes, and they corrected the poetry.

"It would not be worth while to pursue a mere epithet with speech or pen acrimoniously, and indeed the change of a word amounts to small gain or loss either way, unless false ideas are inculcated in the service of praise. But whoever will bethink himself beside this suddenly disclosed stream of the toils he has had in approaching it, and soberly draw near the abrupt brink so that he can look sheer down the washed and torn precipice of ten or twenty feet to the surface of the very swiftly running water, there discovering only a roaring volume of dark yellowish fluid, foam-covered and thick with soil, hurrying along with torrent-like violence through that narrow gorge of less than a hundred feet wide, will begin to understand the tremendous force needed to put in a barrier across it so as to pile up the mass into a heap on either side like a wall. Something 'ailed' Jordan when it was 'driven back.'"

1132 "*Go over this Jordan.*" C. M. D.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

This hymn will always be associated with and compared with the one just before it. It is the familiar song of the ages now, one of the "folk-songs" of the American people at least. It is No. 66 of Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, Book II. He entitled it oddly, "A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy." We continue the quotation we began just before: "Suddenly the thought occurred to me that here, on the very banks where we were sitting, perhaps, or close by the spot, must have been a pathetic line of land on which the first step of an Israelite was made as he emerged from the transit across the river. Ah, what a step that would seem to the man, whoever he was, as in one exalted moment he saw he was passing from bondage into freedom, from danger into safety; out of doubts and worries, surmises and hopes only, into fruition and home, in the land covenanted to the old fathers! Here was the Plymouth Rock of the Hebrew history. It was necessary for us to cast our imagination across to the other side and seem to be facing the opposite way, in order to catch the full force of such a consideration; but it forcibly occurred to more than one of our company that the enthusiasm of a long train, like that made by the two millions of Israel, must have finally attained its height at the moment when those behind caught a vision of the foremost rank positively landing on the soil of Canaan and mounting up the rugged banks of the stream divided for their passing.

"For all the years, this crossing of the Jordan River has been an understood symbol for the Christian's death; and the region beyond it, more faintly the symbol of heaven. Isaac Watts used to look across an arm of the English Channel, over towards Southampton Water, beyond the broad expanse of which lay the rich meadows and copses of the New Forest. As in most instances, this wonderful hymnist has far outstripped his predecessors, and proved himself the sweetest singer of all. This was the farewell song which we sang that day as we left the stream:

"'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.'"

1133 *The New Jerusalem.* C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

The authorship of this poem has been much disputed, as it has been confounded with the "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," of "F. B. P."; but later researches seem to prove beyond a doubt that it was the work of James Montgomery. It was first published in Williams and Boden's *Collection of above Six Hundred Hymns*, in 1801, with the signature, "Eckinton, C." Montgomery was for some time an assistant in the printing business in Sheffield to Joseph Gales, whose parents and sisters resided at Eckington, six miles away, and he was in the habit of visiting them frequently. The sisters were members of the Parish Church choir, and among Montgomery's manuscripts was found a copy of Dickson's version of the New Jerusalem hymn, which had been sent him by a friend with the request that he would condense it into a suitable form for church use. Soon after, 1796–1800, a small book of hymns was printed by him for the choir, and in this the text of our version is given. The poem has attained a place in general favor, and is in use on both sides of the sea.

1134 *Paradise of joy.* 7s, 6s. D.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 Oh, sweet and blessèd Country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessèd Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

In the group of famous Latin hymns where the *Dies Iræ* stands first for its majesty, and the *Stabat Mater* for its pathos, the great poem of Bernard of Morlaix, known to us in English as *The Celestial Country*, holds a place of its own. No other song of the joys of heaven is so full of loveliness and so glowing in its descriptions as this work of an obscure monk in the Abbey of Cluny. Neither the date of his birth or his death is known to us, but he was the child of English parents, and born at Morlaix in Brittany, early in the twelfth century. As far as we can tell, the greater part of his life was spent in the famous abbey, which was then at the height of its power and splendor; its head from 1122–1156 being the noble and lovable man called Peter the Venerable. About 1145, among surroundings of the greatest ecclesiastical splendor, the poem *De Contemptu Mundi* was written, a biting satire on the vices and follies of the time, yet containing this unequaled song of love and joy. The meter is one of such difficulty that all attempts to reproduce it in English have failed, and its author believed that he accomplished it only by special divine grace. The first translation was made by Rev. Dr. John M. Neale and published in his *Mediæval Hymns*, 1851. This included only ninety-six lines, but in 1858 he gave to the world a version of two hundred and eighteen lines, from which all the centos in use at present are taken.

1135 *"Follow in His Steps."* 7s, 6s. D.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.
The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

2 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn:
What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;
What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?

In the *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862, Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D., without giving the original Greek, has published this as a translation from one of the poems of St. Joseph the Hymnographer. It is a very beauti-

ful and inspiriting song for such as love to sing in this the earthly house of their pilgrimage, and render the way joyful as they journey. It was the voice of another pilgrim that Christian heard on before him in the valley which filled his heart with cheer. This figure of each child of God as a pilgrim is a frequent one in the Scriptures both of the Old and the New Testament: it refers to the whole purpose of life. Abraham and those before him "confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers in the earth." Jacob speaks of his life as "The days of the years of my pilgrimage;" to Moses and Israel the Lord says: "Ye are strangers and sojourners with me;" and David elsewhere speaks more emphatically: "For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow." The same truth is well set forth in the legend of the traveler who asked for a night's lodging on his way. The reply was: "This house is not an *inn*." "But who lived here before you?" "My father." "And who before him?" "My grandfather." "And who shall live here after you?" "If God will, my son." "Are you not each but travelers stopping for a while, and is this not an inn?" The brevity of this journey is finely indicated by Joseph Cook's words: "If you stand in the school-house yard on tiptoe, you can see the top of the cemetery gate." In general literature the figure of the text has prominence, while the most familiar and most influential book written by man is but the tracing of the progress of the pilgrim from the beginning to the joyful end of the Christian journey.

1136 *"A City."* 7s, 6s. D.

JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blesséd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blesséd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

This is another fragment from the great poem of Bernard of Cluny, translated by Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale. Archbishop Trench speaks of it as "the lovely hymn which within a few years has been added to those already possessed by the Church. A new hymn which has won such a place in the affections of Christian people is an acquisition that is priceless."

1137 *"The glory that excelleth."* 7s, 6s. D.

OH, fair the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth,
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;
But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Ours, ours in heavenly measure
The glory that excels.

2 The lamplight faintly gleameth
Where shines the noonday ray:
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights, all faded,
The Light from heaven dispels;
But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

3 No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills;
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.
Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

4 Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love,
Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
Till, through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells,
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.

Rev. Charles Innes Cameron was born at Kilmallie, near Fort William, Scotland, in 1837, and removed to Canada in 1858. He entered Queen's College, Kingston where he graduated, and then studied for three years at the Theological Hall and in Glasgow. He was ordained in 1865, and immediately went to India as a missionary of the Church of Scotland; but his health became impaired, and he was obliged to leave the country. He attempted work in Australia for a time, but returned to Canada in 1875, and took charge of a congregation at New Edinburgh, in the Presbytery of Ottawa. In a brief time his health again gave way, and he was compelled to resign his work, dying shortly afterwards. Mr. Cameron wrote a number of poems which were published in a small volume after his death, and from this the hymn is taken. The Scripture verse which suggests the refrain is found in II. Corinthians 3:11.

1138 *The New Jerusalem.* 7s, 6s. D.

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

This hymn of three stanzas is taken from the translation which Rev. John M. Neale, D. D., made of the famous poem of Bernard of Cluny, composed in 1122–1156. Of this piece Bernard writes: "I said, Lord, to the end that my heart may think, that my pen may write, and that my mouth may show forth thy praise, pour both into my heart and pen and mouth thy grace. And the Lord said, Open thy mouth, which he straightway filled with the spirit of wisdom and understanding: that by one I might speak truly, by the other perspicuously. And I say it in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly, that unless that spirit of wisdom and understanding had been with me, and flowed in upon so difficult a meter, I could not have composed so long a work."

Dr. Neale writes of his version in 1861: "I am deeply thankful that Bernard's lines seem to have spoken to the hearts of so many; I can reckon up at least fourteen new hymnals in which more or fewer of them have found a place." In 1864: "I am yet more thankful that the Cluniac's verses have been permitted to solace the death-beds of so many of God's servants, and not seldom to have supplied them with the last earthly language of praise." And in 1865: "Bernard would have been surprised could he have foreseen by how many varying sects his poem would be sung. The course of a few days brought me requests to use it from a minister of the Scotch Establishment and a Swedenborgian minister; also a hymn-book for the use of the American Evangelical Lutheran Church, sanctioned by the *Ministerium of Pennsylvania*, which extracts largely from it." In fact, it may be said to be common now to every good hymn-book in the language. The meter of the ancient Latin piece is so odd and difficult that the eminent success of Dr. Neale is conspicuous and remarkable.

1139 *"Short toil."* 7s, 6s. D.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, sort-lived care;
The life, that knowns no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light, that hath no evening,
The health, that hath no sore,
The life, that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine;
Whence earthly love is chased:
Yes! God my King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Here we have another group of stanzas taken from the matchless translation Dr. John Mason Neale made of the poem of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny. It was issued, like the rest, in his *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, 1851. The publication of such work as this was an event in hymnology. No one can read "Jerusalem, the golden," "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, O dear, dear Country," "Jerusalem, the glorious," without thinking aloud, "Happy indeed was Bernard in that he had Neale to put his glowing words within reach of English-speaking singers in the churches of Christendom!"

1140 *The armies of God.* 7s, 6s. D.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints,
Throng up the steeps of light;
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy, for all its former woes,
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power, and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations—
Thine exiles long for home—
Show in the heaven thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Most of those whose taste would be considered the highest pronounce this one the finest of all the hymns Dean Alford has given to the churches. It was written in 1866, and published in the *Year of Praise*, 1867. There was an unusual felicity in the choice made of the hymn he had rendered significant by his special care as the one to be used at his funeral. This piece was sung at the closing services out in the church-yard, after the solemn obsequies in the cathedral. There those who loved him gathered more closely around his grave; a new intensity seemed then to be given to the thought of that other life, the Christian's only true home, where "knitting severed friendships up" is to be one part of the blessed employment of the saved and sanctified children of God. The epitaph on Dean Alford's tomb is in Latin: *Deversorium viatoris proficientis Hierosolyman:* "The inn of a pilgrim journeying to Jerusalem."

1141 *"Who are these?"* 8s, 7s, 7s.

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried.
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

4 These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated:
Day and night they serve him still;
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.

5 Lo, the Lamb himself now feeds them
On Mount Sion's pastures fair;
From his central throne he leads them
By the living fountains there;
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
Free he gives the cooling stream.

Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox published this translation in her *Sacred Hymns from the German*, 1841. It is an excellent and popular version of Heinrich Theobald Schenk's "*Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne?*" The author of this was pastor at Heidelbach in Hesse, in which place he was born, April 10, 1656. He died at Geissen, April 11, 1727. The Scripture reference is to Revelation 7: 13-17.

1142 *"What is your life."* 8s, 7s, 7s.

WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper—
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns—the King of saints.
Why not spread, etc.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Why not spread, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread, etc.

In the third edition of *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, by Rev. Thomas Kelly, published in 1809, this poem is found. The sentiment is very beautiful, but it may easily be perverted. The question suggests itself whether it is right ever for one to cry out in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!" No, we answer, it may not be a moral sin, but it is wrong; it is needless, it is useless, it is distrustful, it is cowardly; it bodes no good, it brings no peace.

It is needless. This world is not altogether bad. Much comfort is to be found in it. The little child has her rag doll, the boy gets a pair of skates, the bride has a husband and a home, the mother has a baby in her arms, the sailor-boy has a ship, the merchant is gaining a livelihood in his business. There are flowers around the edges of the dustiest of parks; there are grand old trees in the forests; there are beautiful paintings and exquisite statues in the galleries. We are not without friends that are true and affectionate. The husband loves his wife, the wife sees with her two eyes that he is glad as he enters the door where she stands waiting to give him welcome. It is not fair for any one to say that life is all threadbare and worn out, and then wail out a great forlorn cry for wings like a dove to get away from it.

It is useless, too. The wings never come in answer to the call. There is no other place to go to. Dreamland never feeds the

children. The far-off look in a melancholy maiden's eyes is not interesting to a brave man who wants to be her friend. There are no castles to let now in Spain. The ships are not coming in for several years yet. Life is very practical nowadays; most doves keep their wings for themselves.

1143 *"Wistful and athirst."* 8s, 7s, 7s.

ON the fount of life eternal
Gazing wistful and athirst;
Yearning, straining, from the prison
Of confining flesh to burst;
Here the soul an exile sighs
For her native Paradise.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates for ever open
Each in pearly splendor shine;
Whose abodes of glory clear
Naught defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages;
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial spring-tide
Blooms the lily with the rose;
And the Lamb, with purest ray,
Scatters round eternal day.

4 There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all his might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crowned with diadems of light;
And from peril safe at last,
Reckon up their triumphs past.

5 Happy they, who with them seated
Shall in all their glory share!
Oh, that we, our days completed,
Might be but admitted there!
There with them the praise to sing
Of our glorious God and King.

6 Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, oh, grant us rest for ever,
In thy beatific sight,
And thyself our guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

This translation by Rev. Edward Caswall first appeared in his *Masque of Mary*, 1858. The Latin original was formerly ascribed to St. Augustine, but later research has proved that it is the work of Cardinal Peter Damiani, who was called "The austere reformer of the eleventh century." He was a man of intense earnestness in correcting abuses and preaching morality, and his hymns are vivid word-pictures. Yet, beautiful as the poem is, it is distrustful for us to sigh too much for something different from what we already possess. God is good in giving us what we have; we should make the most of it. It may not be just such a world as you and I would make if we had the contract for a new one. But it is next to the best one in the universe, next to the best one we ever shall know. The Lord is still overhead; he is in the lead of history yet. It is of the essence of highest unbelief for us to wish to fly away from the allotments of Divine Providence.

It is cowardly to ask for wings to fly; it is unmanly, unwomanly, to seek to flit away and shirk duty. What if things are disagreeable and lonely and perplexing and sad? You make them more so the moment a friend sees you and hears your voice; you take down the high spirits of the world just as soon as you begin to mope and sing for wings to soar off upon. You thrust a burden on those dear souls that love you, when you ought to be helping them to bear what they are trying to carry now. It does no service, it bodes no good, it brings no peace. For a sighing world like ours more sighs are not a benefaction. The burdens are heavier, the pains are sorer, the lights are darker, and the rests never come. So the lesson reaches its end for us exactly here. Stand in the place where the dear Lord has put you, and there do your best.

1144 *The New Jerusalem.* C. M.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

This familiar and beautiful hymn has been ascribed to several authors, but it seems certain that its original form was a Latin poem beginning *Urbs beata Hierusalem*, suggested by the Meditations of St. Augustine, and dating probably from the eighth century. The writer's name is unknown, but like the two Bernards he has been a fount of inspiration for many a later poem. There is in the British Museum an undated manuscript bearing the title "A Song Mad by F. B. P. To the Tune of Diana." It is supposed to have been written in the latter part of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth, and it has been asserted that the initials stand for "Francis Baker, Pater," or Priest; a Catholic ecclesiastic who was imprisoned in the Tower of London during the persecutions under either Elizabeth or James I. Our version is made up of the first, second, fourth, and seventh stanzas with a fragment of the ninth, the whole poem consisting of twenty-six stanzas

in the quaint English of that period, but glowing with beauty and tenderness. The version by Dickson is of later date and far inferior as poetry.

1145 *The better portion.* 7s, 6s. D.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Rev. Robert Seagrave, M. A.,* was born at Twyford in Leicestershire, England, November 22, 1693, and educated at Cambridge, graduating in 1714. Soon after taking Holy Orders he became much interested in the movement then in progress under the Wesleys and Whitefield, and for fifteen years he wrote a succession of pamphlets designed to arouse the clergy to deeper interest in their work. In 1739 he was appointed Sunday Evening Lecturer at Loriner's Hall in London, where he preached until 1750. He wrote a number of hymns which were highly appreciated at the time, and were published in 1742, in a collection made by him for the use of his congregation. Of them all only one has retained a place in popular favor. It is given here with the title, "The Better Portion." It is a comment on the fact that the things which surround us are only transitory, and will be spurned as worthless by a soul which is filled with a sense of the unseen realities.

Rhampsinitus, an Egyptian king, built a huge vault, for his treasures, of solid masonry. In it he deposited his jewels and vessels of gold, and, locking the door at night, conveyed the key to the royal bed-chamber. But in the morning some of his jewels were missing. Who could have stolen them? The vault was burglar-proof and had not been entered. It was impossible to pick the lock. The builder of the vault, however, was more cunning than the selfish king. One of the stones was so fitted in the side of the treasure-house that it could be turned on a pivot, and thus the thief secured an easy access to the treasures within. In our feverish dreams of wealth, many an air-castle with shining battlements rises before us. But there is a loose stone in the edifice, and it is not proof against thieves and the ravages of time. In our abstruse calculations there is an unknown quantity which we do not take into account. Men fancy they know a rogue when they see one, but the wisest of them is deceived by the cunningest of all rogues—the man's self.

1146 *O Quanta Qualia.*—PART I. C. M. D.

OH, what shall be, oh, when shall be,
That holy Sabbath day,
Which heavenly care shall ever keep,
And celebrate alway;
When rest is found for weary limbs,
When labor hath reward,
When everything, for evermore,
Is joyful in the Lord?

2 The true Jerusalem above,
The holy town, is there,
Whose duties are so full of joy,
Whose joy so free from care;
Where disappointment cometh not
To check the longing heart,
And where the soul in ecstasy
Hath gained her better part.

3 There, there, secure from every ill,
In freedom we shall sing
The songs of Zion, hindered here
By days of suffering;
And unto thee our gracious Lord
Our praises shall confess
That all our sorrow hath been good,
And thou by pain canst bless.

PART II.

4 O glorious King! O happy State!
O Palace of the blest!
O sacred peace, and holy joy,
And perfect heavenly rest!
To thee aspire thy citizens
In glory's bright array,
And what they feel and what they know
They strive in vain to say.

5 But while we wait and long for home,
It shall be ours to raise
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers
In that dear country's praise;
And from these Babylonian streams
To lift our weary eyes,
And view the city that we love
Descending from the skies.

6 There Sabbath day to Sabbath day
Sheds on a ceaseless light;
Eternal pleasure of the saints
Who keep that Sabbath bright;
Nor shall the chant ineffable
Decline, nor ever cease,
Which we with all the angels sing
In that sweet realm of peace.

We look upon this long hymn, divided for convenience's sake into two portions, as the best work ever done by our old friend, Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield, and one of the brightest memorials of him we possess. In the *English Hymns*, 1888, he gives his own

account of it: "Together these pieces form a translation of the "*O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata*" of Peter Abelard, which was composed about the year 1134. Abelard was at that time abbot of St. Gildas, where the monks did their worst to poison him. He sent this, with other hymns, to Heloise, who was then abbess of the Paraclete. The present translation was made in the alcoves of the Astor Library, New York, in 1883. In examining the hymns prepared by Abelard for Heloise and her nuns, this struck the translator's eye, and he at once rendered it into English. Some months later an inquiry was made for this particular Latin hymn through the columns of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Duffield responded by giving its history and publishing this version, which was then taken entire by Dr. Robinson for *Laudes Domini*."

1147 *Song for Harvest.* 7s. D.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

Dean Alford published a volume called *Psalms and Hymns* in 1844, in which this hymn appears, with the title "After Harvest." When, in 1867, he issued his *Year of Praise*, he seems to have made some verbal alterations in some of the stanzas; there the hymn appears in the form now generally accepted. The changes, which are all improvements, are his own. The poem is evidently suggested by the note of a text which is attached to it: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

1148 *The close of the year.* 7s. D.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain:
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

It is not often that we find a hymn exactly fitting for the last days of the year. But in this Dr. Ray Palmer has been very successful in meeting a need generally felt. It is said to have been prepared for an occasion eminently interesting to the beloved author personally, namely, the celebration of his first New Year after his marriage. It gives as its motto-text Psa. 65:11, and is dated 1832. The sacred poets are more frequently thinking of the holiday joys, and yet there are in such a season many themes of sober and tender thought to be pondered. Let us walk courageously. Let us put on the whole armor of light. This will afford ample protection, for it includes the shield of faith and the weapon of all-prayer. If we are ever saved, it will be said of us: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!" Be willing therefore, to owe all to him. Said the good Lady Huntingdon: "Oh, I want no holiness that Christ does not give me. I wish for no liberty but what he likes for me. And I am satisfied with every misery he does not redeem me from!" So let the New Year open cheerfully, and the hearty salutation come with a welcome, "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." There need be to the Christian no view of sadness in all the joyous prospects of the opening year. We are all growing older; let us hopefully see to it we are, by the grace of God, growing better likewise. It is folly to look back longingly; let the dead past bury its dead.

1149 *New Year.* 7s. D.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait—
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

Rev. John Newton put this in Book II. of his *Olney Hymns*, 1779, as a New Year's song, with the title, "Time, how Swift," but it was first published in his *Twenty-six Sermons on Religious Subjects*, 1774. It is likely that almost all the children in our land know this hymn next to "Rock of Ages." We have heard of a custom kept up by some good men of choosing, each New Year's morning, a word or a sentence which should be their motto for the months which succeeded. But Jesus of Nazareth seems to have made this choice once for all early in his career. He has recorded it; and we now give it full recognition as the pervading and controlling principle of his wonderful life. "I must be about my Father's business," was his annunciation of purpose. And this concerns ourselves only so far as we admit him to be the master and model of our lives. If it be true, as we so often assert, that the Christian life is merely Christ's life imitated and reproduced, then his motto is ours also. We wrote it up over our doorway; we made it the seal of our correspondence; we emblazoned it upon our carriage-panels; it was engraved on our plate; it was stamped on our coin; even the ring on our finger and the buckle on our shoe's latchet bore the same inscription and device. That is to say, each devout and true Christian gave himself and signed himself over unto God, writing on the gift this symbol of clear consecration: "Henceforth and for evermore I am to be about my Father's business." Really, now, it is worth something to remember this in a world where there is so much sham and so much hypocrisy. It is not a welcome thing to be false even to the standard others set up for us; yet have we one measure of relief when thus reproached. We can plead want of jurisdiction, and declare against the judgment. But to be false to our own standard is a misfortune without any possible alleviation; for it is then our own tongue which tells us we lie. The ancient knight could always abide slander unmoved; for a clear way was opened for him to vindicate his honor by his courage; but a real blot on his escutcheon was beyond remedy; it was a trial and a shame.

1150 *Independence Day.* 7s. D.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Rev. Nathan Strong, D. D., was born at Coventry, Conn., October 16, 1748, and educated at Yale College, graduating in 1769. He studied law at first, but decided to enter the ministry, and in 1774 he became pastor of the First Congregational Church in Hartford, remaining in the same charge for forty-two years. He died there in 1816, greatly honored and beloved. Dr. Strong's services to hymnology in this country were very valuable. He was principal editor of one collection in which a number of his own poems appeared. The one quoted here was published in the *Hartford Selection*, 1799, and is perhaps the best known and most popular. It was written to be used on occasions of national thanksgiving, and is glowing with the same patriotism that inspired the famous and prophetic words of Daniel Webster, spoken more than sixty years ago, but still dear to every loyal heart: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as

they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, the sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

1151 *Thanksgiving.* 7s. D.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

This fine lyric was published first in Enfield's *Hymns*, 1772, and in *Poems of Anna Lætitia Aikin* in 1773; it was written therefore the year previous to her marriage. Her work was more devotional and spiritual before she married Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, her singular husband. This poem has nine stanzas, from which those in use have been compiled as a Thanksgiving hymn.

1152 *National.* C. M.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

Rev. Dr. John Reynell Wreford composed this poem as a national hymn for England about the time of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. It was published among those pieces which he contributed to Dr. Beard's *Collection*, 1837, and has become more widely popular than any other work of his. It breathes an ardent patriotism which endears it to every man who loves his native land. The poem recalls those solemnly reiterated declarations and counsels which might also be called the confession and creed of George Washington, and which can never be forgotten by any Christian patriot: "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the general Government, and in conciliating the good-will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country." "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential Agency." "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

1153 *Close of the Year.* C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

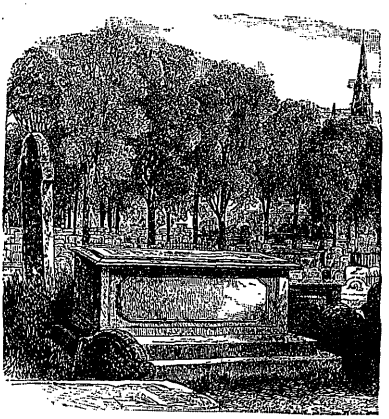
2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath:
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Our annotations of Dr. Isaac Watts' poetic pieces in *Laudes Domini* very fitly end with this monologue on death, which he entitled, "Frail Life, and Succeeding Eternity." It is found with seven stanzas in his Book II., No. 55. This "Father of English Hymnody" died November 25, 1748; died in the faith he had preached and sung for a generation. He said, only the day before he drew his last breath: "There is nothing but the simple truth that will be of any avail to us in extremity. I am a sinner; Christ is my Saviour. I can let all



DR. WATTS' TOMB: BUNHILL FIELDS.

else go; the finished work of Christ is all my hope. To depart and be with Christ will be far better. I am ready to go whenever my Master may call me hence. He has been a good Master; there is nothing like being employed in his service: never mind the trials; we shall find success and encouragement where we expected disappointment." Those who visit Bunhill Fields in London, the old Nonconformist burial-ground, will find the low square block of stone with its white slab to mark the spot where he was interred. It is much simpler than his grand tomb-stone in Westminster Abbey, but it will touch one's heart far more tenderly. On it he will read this inscription: "Isaac Watts, D. D., pastor of a church of Christ in London, successor of the Rev. Joseph Caryl, Dr. John Owen, Mr. David Clarkson and Dr. Isaac Chauncy; after fifty years of feeble labors in the gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness, was at last dismissed to rest, Nov. 25, 1748, æt. 75, 2 Cor. v: 8: 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord.' Col. iii: 4: 'When Christ who is our life shall appear, I shall also appear with him in glory." We need not say that this monument, erected by Sir John Hartopp, Bart., and Dame Mary Abury, is not the only one erected to the memory of the distinguished man whose ashes repose beneath. Yet, as Dr. Gibbons well says, "Dr. Watts' works have been so widely dispersed both at home and abroad, are in such constant use, and withal translated into such a variety of languages, that many of them will remain more durable monuments of his great talents than any representation that can be made of them, though it were graven on pillars of brass."

1154 *New Year.* C. M.

OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain:
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

Rev. William Gaskell, M. A., was born at Latchford, near Warrington, England, July 24, 1805, and educated at Manchester New College and at the University of Glasgow, graduating in 1825. Three years later he became co-pastor with Rev. J. G. Robberds at Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester, holding this position until his death. He married in 1832 Miss Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, who afterwards became well known as an authoress. His death occurred June 11, 1884, and he was buried at Knutsford. Mr. Gaskell wrote a number of hymns which were published in various books, the one quoted here being from Beard's Unitarian *Collection of Hymns for Public and Private Worship*, 1837. About thirty of his pieces remain in common use, though chiefly in the denomination to which he belonged.

1155 *Prayer for Seamen.* C. M.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

This small poem, with its title, "The Seamen's Concert," is given in Dr. Elias Nason's *Congregational Hymn-Book*, 1857. It is there credited to Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown, and is dated 1836. It was first printed in Linsley and Davis' *Select Hymns*,

1836. Some years ago the author of these annotations caught a glimpse of the three verses in a religious newspaper, printed as a fugitive contribution without any name attached. He introduced them with a sincere welcome in a part of one of his publications which needed good hymns for sailors' anniversaries and the like. But he had no notion of the authorship of the piece. Some long time afterward Rev. John Spaulding, D. D., once Secretary of the Seaman's Friends' Society, then in his very advanced age, thanked him publicly for his acceptance of the poem as a hymn: Dr. Spaulding related the circumstances of its composition, and claimed authorship in the case. Of course, he was credited with what he sought. So other years passed on, and that dear old man grew older and older. Then the compiler found out that Mrs. Brown wrote the hymn, and so reported progress on the case once more. Dr. Spaulding was absolutely surprised; but yielded on the instant. He looked it up, and found he had printed it in a little collection for meetings, scores of years before, and had sung it over and over till he thought he made it. And then the bookplate of the *Spiritual Songs* was changed again, and the piece is now marked as it ought to be. Surely, no higher compliment could be paid to any writer than this excellent man, honest as the daylight he lived in, paid to her who wrote these stanzas, when he sang them, and sang them again, for forty years and over, till he thought they were his own.

1156 *Forefathers' Day.* L. M.

O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove
And spring adorns the earth no more.

This hymn was composed by Dr. Leonard Bacon for use at the second Centennial of New Haven, April 25, 1838. It quickly passed into the various hymnals of the churches and is now one of the standards, in the estimation of all who love New England or care for the "forefathers" that settled and founded it.

Dr. Bacon might almost be said to have incarnated himself in this hymn. If he understood anything he understood the polity of the Congregational Church. If he loved and honored anything he loved and honored the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. It must have rejoiced his heart to see so many Yankees walking the streets as if they were keeping time to the long-meter rhythm of his grand hymn and humming its stanzas to "Duke Street." This honored man was sometimes called belligerent. He was in the midst of conflict almost always where there was one ranging. He helped to start the New York *Independent* and the *New Englander*. He edited each in turn and wrote voluminously for both as a contributor. He made books and took part in discussions. He believed something, and he was afraid of nobody. His face was a part of every photograph of the American Board of Foreign Missions. His voice rang in every debate which disrupted the Tract Society. For he was early in the antislavery agitation and was a tremendous orator on a platform. Yet all this time he was gentle and kind, and those who knew him the most were those who loved him the best. Any one can see in his face the indomitable resolution of a leader. He had convictions. He thought the Pilgrim faith was founded on the Scriptures, and so would stand. In his opinion the "guiding hand" of God led the "exiled fathers" across the sea. So one never found him spiting the creed he stood upon. Really it is glorious to contemplate a man who had confidence in something.

1157 *The New Year.* L. M.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

This poem by Rev. Dr. Philip Doddrige was first published in his *Hymns*, 1755, and has retained a place in common use from its fitness for services at the New Year. It is a grateful acknowledgment of God's mercies in the past, as well as a prayer for the present, and an anticipation of the future, when all things shall have become new. Our pilgrimage is the nearer its end by a twelvemonth. Travel is almost ended, home is almost reached. An old martyr, looking across the meadows between him and the place where he was immediately to be burned, exclaimed, "Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house!"

1158 *The New Year.* L. M.

OUR Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Dr. Philip Doddridge has entitled this hymn, "Ebenezer; or, God's Helping Hand, Reviewed and Acknowledged. I. Samuel 7:12." It is from his *Hymns*, 1755. He makes it almost personal in his first line: "My Helper, God! I bless his name." A reminiscence of the days that are gone should be followed instantly by a fresh rehearsal of the promises of God concerning the days to come. Each New Year's morning we are a twelvemonth nearer the downfall of all the foes of Zion. Antichrist is growing bolder and more daring; that, however, is the signal for hastening ruin. The false prophet is losing his hold over many minds, and the ancient political dynasties are breaking, by the force of which that false faith was furthered. The Church grows almost impatient with its prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." The martyrs are redoubling their cries from under the throne, "How long, O Lord, how long." The wheels in the middle of the wheels of providence are hastening on their axles. "That Wicked" is revealing whom the Saviour is to destroy with the brightness of his coming. We are one year nigher the crowning victory of that cause for which the fathers prayed, though they died without the sight.

And, further, prophecy is fulfilling with the change of the seasons. The owl hoots in the palaces of cities that, when Revelation was written, were only doomed to fall. The weary Jew has been wandering many a desolate year since the blood of the Redeemer fell on his head. The fable of the man is real in the nation, for it wanders homeless still. But even Israel is beginning to look for the latter-day glory. Lights are flaming in the distance that in Paul's own day were only promised to be kindled. The earth rocks to and fro with the unseen forces which are waking from the ancient slumber. The voices of the seasons are almost hoarse with singing. He whose right it is to reign shall come. Predictions are registering themselves daily on the books and reporting for duty as histories. Events are marshaling into order for the final pageant.

And still further: the crowns are gathering for the head of him who has many to wear. The children of the kingdom are cutting the palms they will throw in the pathway of the new King. Go up on the outlook of any New Year's day, and cast your eye off on the nations. Can you see what Daniel saw—that little stone cut out without hands, destined to fill the whole earth? Take down the harps from the willows—be ready for a new song. The kingdom we have so long prayed for is surely coming.

1159 *Prayer for the Seamen.* L. M. 6l.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting was born in Kensington, London, November 1, 1825, and educated at Clapham and Winchester. In the latter town he held for more than twenty years the position of Master of the Winchester College Choristers' School, dying there in 1878. The poem by which Mr. Whiting is so widely

known was written for *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and published in 1861 in its present form. It has always been associated with Dr. Dykes' beautiful tune called "Melita," the ancient name of Malta, on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, and words and music have become endeared to the world. Not only the dwellers by the sea, but those who from their inland homes follow in imagination the ship that bears the husband or son over the tossing waves, will join with a full heart in the refrain:

"Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!"

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening of our daily life: "Keep me, my God; for my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide!" Keep me, my God, keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties. "My boat is so small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of thy loving-kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for "thy ocean is so wide"—the journey is so long, and the days and the years are many. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in thy righteousness."

1160 *Last Day of the Year.* 8s, 7s.

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3 Jesus, *infinite* Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh! teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came:—

4 Whence we came and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

From the *Masque of Mary and Other Poems*, 1858, by Rev. Edward Caswall. This is one of the most effective pieces of the kind to be used on the last Sabbath of the year. The Scripture allusion in the closing stanza is to Ecclesiastes 11:3: "And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."

1161 *National Song.* 6s, 4s.

MY country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

It is likely that this would be pronounced the best known and of course the most popular of all the hymns Dr. Samuel Francis Smith has written. If it be not universally admitted now that it is our national hymn, it certainly must be confessed that it is the nearest to it of all the religious lyrics we possess. The story of its composition is thus told by the author. It was first published in the *Psalmist*, 1843. He says it "was written in 1832. I found the tune in a German music-book brought to this country by the late William C. Woodbridge, and put into my hands by Lowell Mason, because (so he said) I could read German books and he could not. It is, however, not a translation, but the expression of my thought at the moment of glancing at the tune." Of the music, to which in our land the words are usually sung, it is perhaps worth while to say that its real origin is not known. It is used in Great Britain as "God Save the King," and is considered the national song. The name "America" was added by Lowell Mason, who arranged it for use in our country. Some consider it as an amendment made by Henry Carey, near the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, from Dr. John Bull, who died in 1622. The tune was first published in England in honor of George II. But French critics claim that

the original music was composed by Lulli, and that it was sung by 300 young ladies before Louis XIV. at St. Cyr, where Handel found it in 1721. They even go so far as to insist that the words were composed by Madame de Brinon, the Mother Superior, beginning "*Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi.*"

1162 *A bright summer day.* 6s, 5s.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Makes us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the vail uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou vail thy light;
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

From the *Church Hymns* of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, 1871; it is one of Bishop William Walsham How's compositions, designed for children at first, but taken up easily into the songs and memories of all those who wish to praise God with the heart and the understanding also.

1163 *Glad Thanksgiving.* 6s, 5s.

ON our way rejoicing,
Homeward as we move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness,
Firm our trust shall be;
Is our sky beclouded,
Light shall come from thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou, who givest seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown our heads with blessing,
Fill our hearts with peace.

3 Jesus Christ hath triumphed,
Vanquished is our foe;
On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go.
Christ without—our safety;
Christ within—our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Now and evermore!

Written by Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL. D., and published in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863. It has several more stanzas than could be made available here, as it was designed to be a processional. The title affixed to it is "A Song of joy," and the reference is made to Acts 8: 39.

1164 *New Year.* 6s, 5s.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing ever fear:
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

Cho.—Onward then, and fear not, Children of the Day!
For his word shall never, Never pass away.

2 "I the Lord am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yes, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand!
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand."—CHO.

3 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake,
His eternal covenant
He will never break:
Resting on his promise,
What have we to fear?
God is All-Sufficient
For the coming year!—CHO.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal wrote this hymn January 4, 1873, and published it in her *Under the Surface*, 1874. She entitled it, "Faithful Promises," and referred to Isaiah 41:10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

1165 *Harvest Hymn.* 6s, 5s.

EARTH below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above;
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love:
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days:

Cho.—O Almighty Giver, Bountiful and free!
As the joy in harvest, Joy we before thee.

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the happy hours
Spring and summer knew;
For the golden autumn
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—CHO.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter Sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon:
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave;
And the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—CHO.

This is by Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL. D., and is found in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, London Edition, 1863. He calls it a "Harvest Hymn," and makes reference to Isaiah 9:3.

1166 *Harvest Thanksgiving.* P. M.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

REF.—All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
For all his love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed:
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.—REF.

3 We thank thee then, O, Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.—REF.

This is a translation by Miss Jane M. Campbell, who was born in London, 1817, and died at Bovey Tracey, November 15, 1878. She was the daughter of an English clergyman, and her life seems to have been merged in the work of her father's parish. In 1861 she contributed to the Rev. C. S. Bere's *Garland of Songs; or an English Liederkranz*, a number of translations from the German. The best known of these is the hymn given here, which is a version of a harvest song, "*Im Anfang war's auf Erden*," by Matthias Claudius, a scholar and newspaper editor, who was born at Reinfeld near Lübeck, August 15, 1740, and died at Hamburg, January 21, 1815. He wrote many poems, but only this one has passed into general use in English, although a few of them are found in Lutheran hymn books.

1167 *John* 11:12. P. M.

"LORD, if he sleep, he shall do well!"
Why should we weep? why should a knell,
Dirging and deep, over him swell?
He shall do well!

2 Long was his way, rugged and drear:
All his sad day trouble was near—
Now doth he lay every load here!
He shall do well!

3 Nobly he wrought; strongly he ran;
Bravely he fought, fought in the van:
Rest hath he sought—he was but man!
He shall do well!

4 Till the day break, here let him be;
Then shall he wake, glorious and free,
For thy dear sake, like unto thee!
He shall do well!

Taken from *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*, second edition, 1879. It was written by Rev. William Pollock, D. D., a clergyman of the Church of England. He was born April 22, 1812, vicar of Bowden in Cheshire, 1856, Archdeacon of Chester, 1867, and died October 11, 1873. The Scripture reference of the hymn is to John 11:12: "Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well."

1168 *The waters stilled.* P. M.

FIERCE was the wild billow, dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily, foam glittered white,
Trembled the mariners, peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God—"Peace! it is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave, lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest-wind, be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be, darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light—"Peace! it is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer, near us to be,
Soothe thou our voyaging over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, thou Truth of Truth—"Peace! it is I!"

The original poem from which this is translated was composed in Greek by Anatolius, one of those writers in the seventh or eighth centuries of whom so little is known. He wrote as many as a hundred pieces of poetry, and is said to have been a pupil of Theodore of the Studium. The version before us was made by Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D., and published in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. The Scripture reference is to Mark 4:37–41.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

IN THE BAPTIST EDITION: LAUDES DOMINI.

954 *Imitation of Christ.* L. M.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who vailed his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

This piece was written by Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D. D., and published in *A Collection of Sacred and Devotional Hymns*, Boston, 1808. It began originally with the line, "Ye happy saints, the Lamb adore." It has always been a favorite in the Baptist denomination, and has had force to cross the ocean and find a place in *Our Own Hymn-Book*, edited by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, 1866.

The author was born in Bozrah, Conn., December 23, 1753. He united with the Baptist church in 1780, and was ordained as an evangelist in June, 1783. He itinerated for some years, acting as a sort of missionary to the weak congregations, until in 1790 he became the installed pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston. He was editor of the *American Baptist Missionary Magazine* until his death, which occurred at Waterville, Me., August 29, 1825.

955 *"Buried with Him."* L. M.

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restored;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

3 He by his blood atoned for sin;
This precious blood can wash us clean;
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

The names of authors and translators are in most cases omitted from the pieces in the Moravian *Liturgy and Hymns*, 1849, from which this composition is taken. It seems to be a cento, part of which was the work of Rev. Joseph Hart.

956 *The Pleasant Path.* L. M.

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

REV A. JUDSON, D. D.

This hymn was written in 1829 by Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D. The author was one of the most distinguished and useful missionaries to the heathen ever sent forth from the American churches. His father was a Congregational minister in Malden, Mass., where he was born August 9, 1788. He did not manifest much inclination for religious life at first; indeed, he was somewhat skeptical. But in 1808 he began study for the ministry at Andovor Theological Seminary, in a

special course. His entire nature showed radical change of sentiment and choice of purpose. As early as 1810 he decided to become a preacher to the heathen in Burmah, and addressed a letter in behalf of himself and a few associates to the London Missionary Society, offering to go into its service. His proposition was accepted. On February 5, 1812, he married Ann Haseltine, of Bradford, Mass., and that same month they sailed for Calcutta. The voyage was long; they studied hard on the way; when the ship arrived at its destination Dr. Judson announced his change of views on the subject of Christian baptism; both he and his wife were immersed, and became Baptists in Calcutta.

This, of course, severed his connection with the Association that sent him out, and they were for a while in much uncertainty as to support. They were not welcomed among the brethren from whom they had separated themselves; they went to the Isle of France, then to Madras, then at last to Burmah. In 1814 the Baptists of America formed a Society; this took the missionaries of their faith under its care.

Th story of this great man's life during the years that followed is exciting and full of power. It cannot be told here. He was persecuted, imprisoned, and impoverished. He translated the Scriptures for the Karens. His devoted wife died in Amherst, India, in 1826. He worked on alone till 1834; then he married Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, and removed to Maulmain. Then came more labors, more persecutions, more sufferings. The wife lost her health, and her husband started with her for America. She died on the way, and was buried on the island of St. Helena, September 1, 1845. He continued the voyage with the children, and landed in Boston. The next year he returned to Maulmain, taking with him "Fanny Forrester," the pet of the literary world, Miss Emily Chubbuck. They were married June 2, 1846; and now followed the story of a new course of work and sacrifice. But health failed, and a sea-voyage was prescribed. On the way to the Isle of France the famous missionary died, April 12, 1850, and was buried in the ocean.

957 *Invocation.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood,
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

This is also the work of Dr. Adoniram Judson, and is found in Winchell's *Collection*, 1832. Perhaps it might as well be said here, as a fit conclusion of the author's history, that "Fanny Forrester" did not hear of his death at sea until four months afterwards. She embarked for the United States, January 22, 1851, taking with her the rest of the broken family. Arriving in America, she set up a home in Hamilton, N. Y., into which she gathered all her husband's children that were still young. She wrote biographies, poems, stories, until her health broke down, and she died of consumption, June 1, 1854.

958 *Following Jesus.* 11s.

O THOU who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head,
And whelmed in our sorrow, didst sink to the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for thy chosen the kingdom of love—

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with thee in the death thou hast died,
Then wake in thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.

3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from sin.

4 Till crowned with thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

Written by Rev. George Washington Bethune, D.D., of the Reformed Dutch Church on the Heights in Brooklyn, N. Y., as a courtesy to his friend, Rev. J. S. Holme, D. D., for the Baptist edition of *The Plymouth Collection*, 1857.

Some of the most preposterous and absurd conceptions possible as to matters of literal facts in Palestine appear in religious poetry. A Bible in one of our libraries that I myself have seen has an engraving assuming to represent the crossing of the Red Sea. It is strong, full, vigorous and well drawn, but it arms the Israelite soldiers with modern guns. Now does any one propose to defend the artist and demand a toleration of his absurdity as an illustration of Scripture? Does any one claim that a poet, who has made a mistake quite as egregious in an objectionable epithet, and so teaches what is not true, must be allowed to perpetuate his error through unreckoned years of singing praise? In his *Christian*

Year, no less a poet than Keble speaks of mountains in the Holy Land as "terraced high with mossy stone." Travelers there declare that the stones on the mountains shine with an uncovered whiteness which actually inflames one's eyes; it is questioned whether one could find a piece of moss as large as his hand in all that sultry region of elevated ridges around the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The author of these hymns in the volume so dear to many of us says in another poem: "Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm." Now Jordan is a river actually the last in geography to be called stately, and Jericho once (but before Keble was born, hundreds of years) was the city of palms, yet it has lost every vestige of them, long and long ago. One or two of our party ventured to go into this tumultuous current for a bath. The force of the stream was so extreme that this exercise appeared to be more a peril than a pleasure, and absence of body for the swimmer was wiser even than presence of mind. In the heats of that April morning I saw nothing particularly inviting in the experience, either there or at the Dead Sea later on in the day.

959 "*Happy Day.*"—*Psa.* 56 : 12. L. M.

Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

"Rejoicing in our Covenant Engagements to God" is the title this hymn bears in the posthumous edition of Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns*, 1755. Many alterations have been made in it since the original text was given to the public; but it remains a general favorite in our churches. It well illustrates the fact that even the noblest minds feel the worth of the simplest truths of the Gospel, when we learn that this hymn was chosen by His Highness Prince Albert, the consort of Queen Victoria, to be used always as a confirmation hymn in the royal family.

960 *Genesis* 24 : 56. C. M.

In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I 'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I 'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I 'll go at his command;
Hinder me not! for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome death;
I 'll gladly go with thee!

DR. JOHN RYLAND.

Rev. John Ryland, D. D., the author of this hymn, was born at Warwick in England, January 29, 1753. His father, Rev. John Collett Ryland, was minister of the Baptist church there, but in 1759 moved to Northampton, and ultimately the son, having grown up and been ordained, became associated with his father there. By and by he ceased to be co-pastor, and going to Bristol took the charge of the Baptist congregation in Broadmead, and also the presidency of the denominational College. Both of these places he held till his death, May 25, 1825. He was a man of much force and note.

Concerning this hymn, so familiar in the Baptist denomination over the world, D. Sedgwick records that Dr. Ryland's son informed him in 1861 that it was composed "with a slate-pencil on a rusty iron blower by moonlight, past twelve o'clock, December 30, 1773. But Miller tells us that the first line of the long poem was, "When Abraham's servant, to procure," and he adds that it "was composed in 1773, during the preaching of a sermon on the words, 'Hinder me not' (Genesis 24 : 56), words that are repeated in every verse except the first. The sermon was preached by a brother minister who was on his way through Northampton, and who was detained by Dr. Ryland somewhat against his will. The hymn appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for May, 1775. It consists of nine stanzas, and has the signature, *Elachistoteros*." Afterwards when it was repeated in Rippon's

Selection, 1787, the note is added, "This hymn may begin with verse 6." Thus it has come to pass that the hymn is commonly known as "In all my Lord's appointed ways."

961 *"This is my Son."* C. M.

'T is God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'T is he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father owned him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear:
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

Mrs. Maria Grace Saffery, the author of this hymn, was born in 1773, and died March, 1858. She was a minister's daughter and a minister's wife. Her husband was the pastor of the Baptist Church in Salisbury, England, and her son entered the ministry also. The hymn now before us was published in the *New Selection*, made for the Baptists in Britain, 1828.

962 *Glad obedience.* C. M.

WHILE in this sacred rite of thine
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers:
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., is not only a faithful and patriotic citizen, putting his heart into "My country, 't is of thee," but he is also a devoted Baptist, full of unsectarian love of his denomination and kind fellowship for all the other children of God. While we are writing this annotation, it is pleasant to read in the journals that he is enjoying a "reception" in Chicago, given in his honor on a passing visit at the West. Here we have him in his new phase, with a characteristic hymn which he contributed to the *Psalmist* in 1843.

963 *Jesus' Baptism.* C. M.

MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.—CHO.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done:
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.—CHO.

3 So, blessèd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.—CHO.

Another of Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith's hymns. It appeared first in the *Psalmist*, 1843, and afterwards was included in the pieces chosen for the *Lyra Sacra Americana*, 1868. It may be well enough to add a mere note concerning the site of the baptism of our Lord. Things have changed much lately in that vicinity. There are two hotels for tourists close by the old stream now in the plain of Jericho! After the somewhat overheated and discouraging experience of waiting that forenoon, as the sun mounted and filled the air with heat and pestiferous insects, and after the recollection of the frightfully arid and sterile plains and gulleys which we crossed before the dawn, I confess we were all rather poorly prepared to realize that these exact precincts, so parched and verdureless, were the welcome meadows on which the tribes gazed as they first entered Canaan. Since then there must have been great changes, as elsewhere in the Holy Land, as to the fertility of the entire neighborhood. Nevertheless, the grand natural features are there. The lay of the country is suggestive; many of the present forms of vegetation are new. Oleanders, which are the most openly conspicuous of the shrubby trees by the Jordan, have not so much as once been mentioned anywhere in the Bible. Some of the plants seem quite strange and some of the flowers are unfamiliar. No doubt irrigation could do a great deal to render this plain prolific, even at the present day. History tells us that in the years of the crusades really the chief part of the cereals used for food was grown in the broad grain-fields around the site of ancient Jericho; and the Scripture itself records that in Abram's time the plain of Jordan was well watered everywhere "even as the garden of the Lord." The prospect from the other bank of the stream, therefore, must have been very beautiful. Just then one of our singers beside me began the familiar hymn, and all of us, with appreciative hearts, joined in the bright chorus:

"For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover."

ADDITIONAL HYMN

IN THE BAPTIST EDITION OF THE NEW LAUDES DOMINI.

1016 *The Hallowed Wave.* P. M.

THIS rite our blest Redeemer gave
To all in him believing;
He leads us through this hallowed wave,
To his example cleaving.

2 I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever;
He saved my soul, and left his word
To guide me now and ever.

3 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.

4 Jesus, to thee I yield my all:
In thy kind arms enfold me;
My heart is fixed—no fears appall—
Thy gracious power shall hold me.

5 How sweet the way divine to take,
So clear in Jordan's story;
On souls that follow Christ shall break
The Spirit's beam of glory.

Rev. Dr. S. Dryden Phelps contributed this excellent piece to the Baptist *Devotional Hymn - Book*, 1864. It is likely to be very popular when joined to the beautiful music of Dr. Dykes.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

IN THE NEW LAUDES DOMINI.

25 *"Light of Light."* P. M.

LIGHT of Light, enlighten me!
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning!
With thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

2 Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That thine altar doth not know.

3 Rest in me and I in thee,
Build a paradise within me;
Oh, reveal thyself to me,
Blessèd Love, who died'st to win me:
Fed from thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

This is one of Miss Catharine Winkworth's fine translations, published originally in her *Lyra Germanica*, 1858. It has since been included in the hymnals of many different denominations. The author of the original poem was Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, who was born in a village in Silesia, December 21, 1672. He studied theology at the University of Leipzig, graduating in 1697, and immediately after returning home was ordained assistant pastor in his father's parish. In consequence of the Counter-Reformation in Silesia, the churches in the principality of Schweidnitz, where he had been appointed in 1702 as diaconus, were taken from the Lutherans by the Catholics, and for that entire district they were allowed only one church. This had to be constructed of timber and clay, without tower or bells, and located outside of the town walls. Only three clergymen were attached to this church, which had to supply the needs of the population in thirty-six villages, and in this laborious field Schmolck passed the remainder of his life, dying after a long illness, February 12, 1737. He was the most popular hymn-writer of his time, having composed more than nine hundred poems, many of which were rapidly taken into popular favor in Germany, and have retained a place up to the present time.

26 *"Fount of Joy."* P. M.

FOUNT of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy Word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

2 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

3 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship thee in heaven.

This hymn is a portion of the preceding one. The German original being too long for ordinary use, it has been necessary to divide it, and omit one stanza. The piece was written in 1714, and designed for morning prayer on Sundays.

90 *Morning Praise.* IIS, 5.

BEHOLD, the shade of night is now receding,
Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is glowing,
With fervent hearts, oh, let us all implore him—
Ruler Almighty:

2 That he, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us his salvation,
And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.

3 This grace, oh, grant us, Godhead Ever-blesséd,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding!

From three Latin manuscripts of the eleventh century, now in the British Museum, we learn that the original of the hymn we quote, "*Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra*," was written by St. Gregory the Great, the famous Pope who sent St. Augustine on his mission to Britain to convert the savage islanders. The English version is the work of Dr. Ray Palmer, who gave it to the singing public in 1869 in *Hymns of the Church*. In this instance it seems as if the translator had been making an experiment in reducing the measure and form of the mediæval hymn to the regimen of our vernacular meter. He has made an excellent success; for the whole strain is so musical that we hardly observe it is rhymeless.

91 *Through the Day.* IIS, 5.

BENDING before thee, let our hymn go upwards,
Bright as the sunshine breaking from the darkness,
Thee we implore to guard us on our journey,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Guard us in toil when fainting in the noonday,
Guard us reposing under evening shadows,
Guard us when midnight walks abroad in heaven,
Lord God Almighty.

3 If the dread foe assail us with temptation,
Hear us, O Lord, and save us from his danger,
Oh, keep us pure, oh, lead us to thy presence,
Lord God Almighty.

4 Glory to thee, O Father Everlasting!
Glory to thee, O Son and Holy Spirit!
One in three persons, infinite, unchanging!
Lord God Almighty.

Lord John Duke Coleridge was born in 1821, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1847, and after being Recorder of Portsmouth from 1855 to 1865, he became a member of Parliament for Exeter in the latter year. In 1868 he was appointed Solicitor-General, in 1871 Attorney-General, and Lord Chief Justice of England. He is known as a poet by the hymn here quoted, which is one of several written originally for private use in his own family, and published in Thring's *Collection*, 1880. They are so excellent as to cause regret that he had not been known earlier in this field, and given wider proof of his power to aid in the praises of God's house. It would arrest the attention of almost every student of habits and forms of worship that the English people notice set hours and fixed divisions of time in their devotions more than we do in the United States.

92 *Evening Praise.* IIS, 5.

'MID evening shadows let us all be watching,
Ever in psalms our deep devotion waking,
And with one voice hymns to the Lord, the Saviour,
Sweetly be singing.

2 That to the holy King our songs ascending,
We worthily, with all his saints, may enter
The heavenly temple, joyfully partaking
Life everlasting.

3 This grace, oh, grant us, Godhead Ever-blesséd,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding!

Another hymn of St. Gregory the Great, "*Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes*," furnished the text from which Dr. Ray Palmer made the translation now before us. Like the *Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra*, it is now to be found in the British Museum in three eleventh century manuscripts, and also in a Spanish Breviary of the same date. Dr. Palmer's hymn, although written in 1869, was not published until later. It can be found in his *Poems*, 1876. Here again he has forced his Muse to follow the Latin construction of the verses, and has denied his ear, usually so fond of the melody of musical sound, and so felicitous in securing it gracefully, the pleasure of rhymes at the end of the lines. To compensate for this loss he has chosen his words, arranged his alliterations, and fashioned his cadences, with exquisite skill. The page upon which these two hymns of Dr. Palmer for Morning and Evening occur, with that of Chief Justice Coleridge between them for Mid-day, afford a fine study of the rhythmical power of our mother-tongue.

98 *Rest at Eventide.* L. M.

AT even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 't is eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Rev. Henry Twells, M. A., was born in 1823, and graduated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in 1848. He took Holy Orders the following year, and was successively Curate of Great Berkamsted, Sub-Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, Rector of Baldock, Herts, and of Waltham-on-the-Wolds, besides holding the position of Master in two schools. In 1884 he became an Honorary Canon of Peterborough Cathedral. He is the author of several excellent contributions to the collections, the finest being the favorite evening hymn quoted above. It was written for the *Appendix* to *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1868, and has since been included in nearly every English collection published. The opening line has been subjected to several changes, its original form being "At even *ere* the sun was set." The substitution of "*when*" is generally accepted as the better version, because of the unlawfulness with the Jews of a gathering of diseased persons before the sun had gone down and the Sabbath ended.

128 *Looking away.* C. M.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care;
And look, my soul, from earth, away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence
Before his throne of grace!
While to the contrite spirit's sense
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants and grief and fears,
To trust his love for all!

4 How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high!

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

In 1845 the General Association of the Congregational Church in Connecticut appointed a committee to compile *Psalms and Hymns for Christian Use and Worship*. Of this Dr. Leonard Bacon was the associate of Dr. E. T. Fitch. The book was published that same year, and in it appeared the piece before us. It was intended to take the place of that in the *Village Hymns*, 1824, edited by Rev. Dr. Nettleton, which was written by Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown, "I love to steal awhile away." The jealous evangelist seemed unwilling to part with his treasures, and denied the use of his copyright. Dr. Bacon fell back upon his genius for invention to supply the lack. He "imitated" what he desired so much; and he went so close to the matter he copied that sometimes his success has been considered nearly a plagiarism. The rhyme furnished by a collocation of "day" with "away," and of "care" with "prayer;" the exact reproduction of the sentiment in each stanza and line; the sameness of meter and movement—these quite satisfied the need of the New England singers, and duly admonished the sainted Nettleton that he must not grow churlish, for he was among his dear friends all the time. This same process was repeated in the case of Mrs. Hyde's hymn, commencing "Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray;" and Dr. Bacon prepared to substitute for it the one he printed in its stead, "O God of Abraham, ever sure." But popular sentiment never surrendered its favorites; still some collections admitted both of them, and then sung the originals on preference.

132 *Twilight Prayer.* 7s, 6s. D.

THE hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;
For all thy countless blessings
We praise thy holy name,
And own thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

2 For this, O Lord, we bless thee,
For this we thank thee most,
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost:
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

3 Lord, gather all thy children
To meet thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come!

Rev. John Ellerton composed this piece for his *Hymns for School and Bible Classes*, 1858. We have had his picture engraved from a later likeness than that which was used before. He looks a trifle older, that is all. This first line of the hymn used to be, "The hours of school are over:" the change to the word "day" was made by the author himself in the *Church Hymns* published by

JOHN ELLERTON.

the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (S. P. C. K.), London, 1871. If such sentiments as these were inculcated in our American schools as this song of thanksgiving, penitence, hope, and prayer contains, there would surely be more thoughtfulness and devotion in the hearts of instructors and pupils than there appears to be now. The appropriateness of such a hymn to family prayers and to evening worship generally cannot be overlooked.

145 *The Lord's Mercy.* S. M.

SWEET is thy mercy, Lord;
Before thy mercy seat
My soul, adoring, pleads thy word,
And owns thy mercy sweet.

2 My need, and thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er thy name is blest,
Where'er thy people meet,
There I delight in thee to rest,
And find thy mercy sweet.

4 Light thou my weary way,
Lead thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, thy mercy sweet.

This was written by Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, and published in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863. It is entitled, "Divine Mercy," and these stanzas, with a simplicity as attractive as it is strong, are given wholly to the celebration of that attribute as their theme. There is no mercy anywhere in this world but God's. Men never seem to show it to each other; beasts are never known to forgive an enemy; the air, the sea, the earth, bring pestilences, shipwrecks, and poisons; but they never say grace as they devour men, women, and children. And there is no proof of even God's mercy save in the Scriptures; the doctrine is simply revealed there as a new and altogether glorious disclosure. Once a Welsh minister, speaking of the burial of Moses, said, "In that burial not only was the body buried, but also the grave and the graveyard. This is an illustration of the way in which God's mercy buries sins. No one is in the funeral with Mercy, and if any should meet her on returning from the burial and ask her, 'Mercy, where didst thou bury our sins?' her answer would be, 'I do not remember.'"

146 *The Lord's Prayer.* S. M.

OUR heavenly Father! hear
The prayer we offer now;
"Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow!

2 "Thy kingdom come! thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above!

3 "Our daily bread supply,
While, by thy word, we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 "From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 "Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine!
The scepter, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine."

James Montgomery has given us two versions of the Lord's Prayer, this one, and another commencing, "Our heavenly Father, hear our prayer." They differ only in meter; both are published in the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

147 *For perfect Submission.* S. M.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

4 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley has a fine piece in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, beginning, "Jesus, my Strength, my Hope," and entitled, "A Poor Sinner." Out of this several centos have been constructed by the selection of different verses, notably the one now before us, which first appeared in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865. The allusion is direct to the parable of the Unjust Judge, Luke 18:1, and the song inculcates the perfect submission which importunate persistency in prayer always brings.

157 *Praise Unceasing.* P. M.

CHRIST, to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.

2 O ye heights of heaven, adore him;
Angel-hosts, his praises sing:
All dominions, bow before him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

3 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore!

In practical use it was found necessary to divide the version of Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D., given us of the ancient hymn, "*Corde Natus ex Parentis*," into three parts, two of which are somewhat familiar in the churches already. This portion is made up of three stanzas not necessary to the theme of the incarnation, but useful as a hymn of general praise, set to the old tune for the congregation to sing in unison, as was probably the custom long ago. The doxology is by Sir Henry Williams Baker.

180 *Psalm 92.* 7S. D.

THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!
Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows.

2 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise;
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

George Sandys, son of the Archbishop of York, was born at Bishopthorpe Palace, York, in 1577, and educated at Oxford. After his graduation he spent some years in travel in Europe and Asia, and a book containing an account of his curious experiences was published by him on his return in 1615. He then visited America, where for a time he held the position of Treasurer of the British Colony of Virginia. Later, when he was again in England, he became a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber of Charles I. His death occurred at Bexley Abbey, Kent, in March, 1643. Besides his volumes of travel, Mr. Sandys published several paraphrases founded on the Psalms and other portions of the Bible. Of these about eight poems are still in general use, the version of the ninety-second Psalm given here being one his best efforts.

181 *"Earth and Heaven."* 7S. D.

FROM the vast and vailéd throng,
Round the Father's heavenly throne,
Swells the everlasting song:
Glory be to God alone!
Round Immanuel's cross of pain
Mortal men, in tribes unknown,
Sing to him who once was slain:
Glory be to God alone!

2 Blend, ye raptured songs, in one,
Men redeemed, your Father own;
Angels, worship ye the Son:
Glory be to God alone!
Spirit, 't is within thy light,
Streaming far from cross and throne,
Earth and heaven their songs unite:
Glory be to God alone!

One of the most beautiful of the compositions of Dr. Hervey Doddridge Ganse, the Presbyterian pastor of St. Louis, and the efficient Secretary of the Board for Colleges in Chicago, who died so lately that the church still mourns. It is entitled in *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, 1874, where it first appeared, "Adoration of the Heavenly Hosts." It was written in 1872.

215 *Inspiration.* S. M.

GOD of the prophets' power!
God of the gospel's sound!
Move glorious on—send out thy voice
To all the nations round.

2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Which our glad ears have heard.

3 Oh, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear.

4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.

5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy
At heaven's great harvest-home.

REV. JOHN CENNICK.

This in its original form was written by Rev. John Cennick, the Moravian minister, and published in his *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God in the Days of their Pilgrimage*, 1741. Many changes have been made in its phraseology, and the stanzas now before us constitute a cento, selected from the five verses of eight lines of which the poem consists. It is a good hymn for use after a discourse upon Divine Inspiration, as well as for closing a service.

232 *Angel Guardianship.* 11s, 12s.

SAVIOUR, to thee we raise our hymn of gladness;
Once more at evening's hour we look to heaven above:
Far, far behind to leave earth's toil and sadness—
So resting only on thy great redeeming love.

2 May this day's sins, we pray thee, all be pardoned;
Grant us thy absolution, give thy grace to cheer;
Oh, never let our hearts by sin be hardened,
But keep our conscience tender, give us holy fear.

3 Now day is done, and all its labors ended,
Close thou, O Lord, our weary eyes in gentle sleep;
So may we ever be by thee defended—
Oh, may thy guardian angels round us vigil keep!

4 Our souls restore, renew our powers, and make us
Strong in thy strength to rise and greet the morning light;
And at the last, O blessèd Saviour, take us
To dwell with thee in that glad land which knows no night!

This hymn appeared in *The Quiver*, June, 1892, as written by Rev. William James Foxell, B. A., B. Mus. (London). The words and music are by the same author. We were struck by the dignity and beauty of both. The same man has contributed before to the magazines, songs, tunes, and poems of real originality and value. He is a clergyman of the Church of England, a Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, residing in the Precincts.

235 *Sunset.* 8s, 7s.

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light!

2 While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing!

Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D., was born in Lynn, Mass., February 14, 1810, his ancestors for three generations having been distinguished clergymen. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and at the Divinity School in 1833, being ordained at once to the charge of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston, the pulpit formerly occupied by Ralph Waldo Emerson. In this position he remained until he resigned in 1874, having held various public offices during the time. He published a number of books of sermons and several memoirs. In the department of hymnology he edited two collections, but he is known as an original writer of a few poems which have proved popular. The one quoted here appeared in Rev. Dr. Ellis' *Psalms and Hymns for the Sanctuary*, 1845. Dr. Robbins died at Weston, Mass., September 11, 1882.

236 *Psalm* 23: 2. 8s, 7s.

HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

Rev. John Bickersteth, M. A., was born at Kirkby-Lonsdale, England, June 19, 1781, and educated at Cambridge. He took Holy Orders soon after his graduation, and was appointed Vicar of Acton, Suffolk, afterwards becoming Rector of Sapcote, Leicestershire, where he died October 2, 1855. Two of his family became prominent in the English Church, the Dean of Lichfield being his second son, and the Bishop of Ripon his fourth. Mr. Bickersteth wrote a number of lyric poems, which were published in his *Psalms and Hymns, Selected and Revised for Public, Social, Family, or Secret Devotion*, 1819, and afterward included in the *Christian Psalmody* of his brother, Rev. Edward Bickersteth. Through the latter book they attained a wide circulation. Of them all the one quoted here is probably the best known.

240 *Gift of God.* 8s, 4.

BOOK of grace and book of glory!
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth.

2 Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to me!"

4 Book of life! when we reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Thomas MacKellar was born in New York, August 12, 1812, and while yet a boy entered the printing establishment of Harper Brothers. He removed to Philadelphia in 1833, and was employed by a firm of type-founders, rising gradually until he became a partner in the firm. He published several volumes of verse, and quite a number of his hymns are now in general use. The poem quoted above was written in 1843, and first published in the Sunday-School Union *Collection* in 1860, being included later in his *Hymns and a Few Metrical Psalms*, 1883. It is easy to see how this man, himself an elder in the Presbyterian Church of Germantown, Philadelphia, his grandfather an elder in the old Kirk of Scotland, and his mother a Huguenot by descent, received his love and trust for the Book of grace and glory, of truth and love, of hope and life. He has cherished a chivalrous and knightly regard for the Word of God all his long and useful life. He himself has written that, "brought up on Venn and Doddridge and Bunyan, he was imbued with the principles and fancies of these devout instructors until the *Holy War* really seemed to enter his blood;" and he has lived his entire life with this inspiration always quickening him to watchfulness and zeal. Of poetry he only imbibed a little from Cowper; but the Bible was, first and last, his chief delight.

298 *Grace Divine.* C. M.

THOU grace divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

2 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

4 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

Miss Eliza Scudder, who is a niece of Rev. Dr. E. H. Sears, well known for his two Christmas hymns, was born in Boston, Mass., November 14, 1821, and is at present living in Salem. Although at first a Unitarian, she has since become a member of the Episcopal Church. Miss Scudder has written a number of hymns, which are widely known and highly valued. The one given above, although dated 1852, first appeared in Rev. Dr. Sears' *Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of Pilgrims*, 1857, and this was afterward included in the Boston collection known as *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864.

348 *The Song of the Angels.* C. M. D.

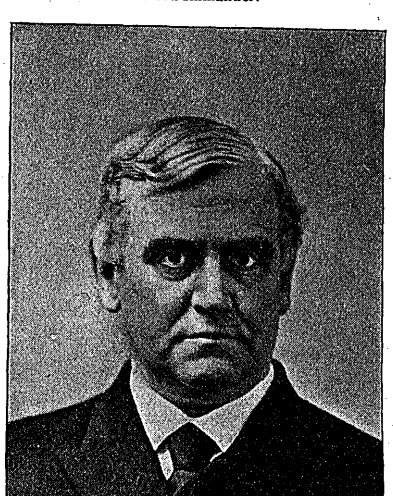
O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great, glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!



REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D.

"No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure, and good without the world being the better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness." The best introduction to our note concerning Dr. Phillips Brooks, the author of this hymn, is this quotation from one of his own public utterances. The air is hardly still yet which has been stirred by the voices of sorrow more powerfully through all our American communities than for years before. The death of this great and kind man brought his life into review. He was "pure and good," and he "helped and comforted," and the world is better for it.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., was born December 13, 1835, in Boston, Mass. He was a graduate of Harvard College, 1855, and from that institution went to the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Va. In 1859 he was ordained and settled as rector of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. He removed to Boston in 1869 to become the rector of Trinity Church, where his real life's record was to be written. It was not long before his personality became as dominant in the Puritan as it had been in the Quaker metropolis. His superb presence, his captivating graces of manner, his thrilling eloquence, his profound scholarship, won the admiration of the most cultured Bostonians, while his spiritual fervor and the tremendous energy of the whole man made him loved and honored by every one.

There for twenty-two years he preached, and his fame ran over the world. Then in 1891 he was elected Bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts. Heavy work followed; great success was achieved. Then the end came suddenly. At the supreme height of his usefulness and popularity he died January 23, 1893. "*Dieu seul est grand!*"

This one hymn, which has now found its way into several prominent collections, was written for Trinity Sunday-school about 1880, printed on a leaflet, and for a while passed as anonymous. Dates have never been affixed to it; makers of sheet-music took it up and sung it as a song. The author never had any care of his fugitive pieces, and the world did what it pleased with them. The hymn is beautiful, and the world offers its thanks.

363 *The Transfiguration.* L. M.

OH, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by thy grace
To see thy glory face to face.

The authorship of this hymn has remained unknown: the Latin original was included in the *Sarum Breviary* among the poems designated for use on the festival of the Transfiguration. It is also found in a manuscript of the fifteenth century. A translation made by Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale for the enlarged edition of the *Hymnal Noted* in 1854, began with the line, "A type of those bright rays on high." This was altered to the present form in 1861 by the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and it has since been widely used. The Scripture reference of this very useful piece is to Luke 9: 28-36.

384 *Jesus' Miracles.* C. M. D.

OH, where is he that trod the sea?
Oh, where is he that spake –
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake?

The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
'T is only he can save:
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal he gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their plenteous food they take;
'T was springtide when he blest the bread,
'T was harvest when he brake.

3 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
My soul! the Lord is here;
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,
And leap, and look, and hear.
Thy utmost needs he 'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
Behold thy Helper come!

Among the hymns by Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch which he published in his book called *The Rivulet: a Contribution to Sacred Song*, 1855, we find this poem. It is marked by the freshness and felicity of expression which characterize most of his writings, and is a picturesque summing up of the miracles wrought by Christ during his earthly life. Where there is a needy soul, he is still at hand with undiminished power to help. Sometimes there is a wish, almost a cry of one's heart, for the personal presence of the Lord Jesus Christ: "If he were here we might be better!" This is what is rebuked by the apostle, Romans 10:6-8. The hymn before us makes reply: "My soul! the Lord is here."

393 *Loved Unseen.—I Pet.* 1:8. L. M. 6l.

We saw thee not when thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
But we believe thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

2 We did not see thee lifted high,
Amid that wild and savage crew;
Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and vailed the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Wherein thy sacred body lay;
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First, lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld thee taken to the skies.

5 And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness:
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

Scarcely any modern hymn has undergone as many changes as the one before us. It first appeared anonymously in 1834 in *Songs from the Valley*, a collection of sacred poetry compiled by the daughters of an English clergyman. Two years later it was republished in a periodical, with the signature "Anne R. Kirton-Lindsey." The first line was, "We have not seen thy footsteps tread," and the poem was announced to be the work of Mrs. Anne Richter, wife of an English clergyman living at that time as Chaplain of the County Jail at Kirton-Lindsey, Lincolnshire. An adaptation of the eight stanzas was made in 1838 by Rev. J. H. Gurney and Rev. H. J. Buckoll to fit it for church use; then in 1850 it was recast by the latter clergyman alone. The present form is the work of Rev. John Hampden Gurney, and appeared in his *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, 1851. The poem has so greatly changed by him as to be virtually an original composition, only the general idea and the refrain, "But we believe," are retained. Many centos from Mr. Gurney's work have found their way into the various collections, and add to the difficulty of tracing the original hymn.

394 *Light, Way, Truth, Life.* L. M. 6l.

O LIGHT whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn till perfect day,
Shine thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease:
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek:
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those who faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give thou thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed thou thy calm on stormiest wave:
Be thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

Among five hymns written by Rev. Dr. Edward Hayes Plumptre for schools and colleges this one was published in his *Lazarus and Other Poems*, 1864. It was included in the *Appendix to Hymns, Ancient and Mod-*

ern, 1868, and has become widely popular. The Scripture reference is to John 14:6.

396 *Divine and Human.* L. M. 6l.

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

This is one of Miss Catharine Winkworth's fine translations which first appeared in her *Lyra Germanica*, 1858, and has established itself in popular favor. The original is the work of Johann Scheffler, the mystic to whom Germany owes so much of her best religious poetry, and it was printed in six stanzas of six lines each in his *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657. It is related that in 1722 a German missionary in Madras sang it and was so delighted with it that he wished his native scholars to share it with him. He began to work upon a Malabar rendering of it the same evening, and did not rest until he had finished it, two hours after midnight. His version met with such success that he translated more than one hundred hymns from the German, and they are still sung in Southern India.

419 *Sinai and Calvary.* 7s, 6s. D.

FROM Sinai's cloud of darkness
The vivid lightnings play,
They serve the God of vengeance,
The Lord who shall repay.
Each fault must bring its penance,
Each sin the avenging blade;
For God upholds in justice
The laws that he hath made.

2 But Calvary stands to ransom
The earth from utter loss,
In shade than light more glorious,
The shadow of the Cross.
To heal a sick world's trouble,
To soothe its woe and pain,
On Calvary's sacred summit
The Paschal Lamb was slain.

3 The boundless might of Heaven
Its law in mercy furled,
As once the bow of promise
O'erarched a drowning world.
The law said—As you keep me
It shall be done to you.
But Calvary prays—Forgive them,
They know not what they do.

4 Almighty God! direct us
To keep thy perfect Law!
O blessed Saviour, help us
Nearer to thee to draw;
Let Sinai's thunders aid us
To guard our feet from sin,
And Calvary's light inspire us
The love of God to win.

Col. John Hay was born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838, and inherited a love of arms from several generations of ancestors who had served in wars both in America and Europe. He was educated at Brown University, and graduated in 1858 with high reputation as a writer. He was admitted to the Bar in

JOHN HAY.

1861, but he went immediately to Washington to become President Lincoln's secretary and trusted friend. He also acted as aide-de-camp, and served for some months as major, being finally brevetted colonel. After the war he held diplomatic positions in Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, but came back to resume literary work in America. He has attained wide reputation as an author, but is only known in hymnology by the fine poem which is given here. Before us lies a characteristic letter with a bright scarlet seal of wax, on which is stamped "*Quod habeo, Desidero.*" In this he says: "I wrote the hymn several years ago—because I felt like it; I can say nothing more intelligible than that." Col. Hay resides in Washington, D. C.; he has a wife and four children; he is very happy; his *Life of Lincoln* is a prodigious success; he attends service in the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant.

It is the doctrinal suggestion of this piece of poetry which gives it its chief value. It contrasts the teaching of the Law and the

Gospel, and presents them under the figure of Sinai and Calvary: condemnation first, then redemption, full, free, and permanent. Take the story of John Bunyan's experience as a practical illustration: "One day as I was passing in the field, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul: *Thy righteousness is in heaven;* and methought withal I saw with the eyes of my soul Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, as my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was a-doing, God could not say of me, *He wants my righteousness*, for that was just before him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed. I was loosed from my affliction and irons; my temptations also flew away, so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me; now went I also home rejoicing for the grace and love of God. So when I came home I looked to find that sentence, 'Thy righteousness is in heaven,' but could not find such a saying; wherefore my heart began to sink again, only that was brought to my remembrance, 'He is made unto us of God wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' By this word I saw the other sentence true. For by this Scripture I saw that the man Christ Jesus, as he is distinct from us as touching his bodily presence, so he is our righteousness and sanctification before God. Here, therefore, I lived for some time very sweetly at peace with God through Christ. Oh! methought, Christ! Christ! It was glorious to me to see his exaltation and the worth and the prevalency of all his benefits, and that because now I could look from myself to him, and would reckon that all those graces of God that now were green in me were yet but like those cracked groats and fourpence half-pennies that rich men carry in their purses when their gold is in their trunk at home. Oh, I saw my gold was in my trunk at home! In Christ my Lord and Saviour! NOW CHRIST WAS ALL."

420 *Sin seen at Gethsemane.* 7s, 6s. D.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with thee in the desert,
I near thy passion drew;
Till, with thee in the garden,
I heard thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told thy sorrow there.

2 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
Ev'n in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all thy goodness
To suffering man below.
Thy goodness and thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in thee and love.

In the *Hymns of Love and Praise*, by Rev. John S. B. Monsell, LL. D., published in 1863, this poem appears with the title "Ash Wednesday" affixed to it. The spirit of penitence breathes throughout it, as the writer contemplates the forty days' fasting of our Lord in the wilderness.

421 *"Man of Sorrows."* 7s, 6s. D.

O JESUS, "Man of Sorrows,"
Sole Son of God, the King!
What language shall I borrow
Thy boundless love to sing?
No mortal words can measure
The burdens thou didst take,
Accepting pain as pleasure,
All for my sinful sake.

2 By thine own kin neglected—
By trusted ones denied—
By bitter foes rejected,
Thorn-crowned and crucified,
Earth's hatred and affliction
In patience thou didst bear,
Returning benediction
For cross and nail and spear.

3 Had ever love such proving!
Was ever love so priced!
Ah, what is all my loving
Compared with thine, O Christ!
'T is scarcely worth the gaining—
This paltry heart of mine;
And yet for its obtaining
Thou paid'st a price divine.

This hymn was written by George Spring Dwight, a layman of the American Presbyterian Church all his life. He was born in New York city, December 14, 1835, a direct descendant from President Timothy Dwight, of Yale College. His youth was spent in New York and Brooklyn in business life of various sorts, the leisure moments of which he improved in study and in composition. While yet a boy he showed signs of a deep religious character, and he early became a member of the church. June 27, 1860, he was married to Miss Mary Torrey, who was born in New York city, January 10, 1836. After his marriage he removed to Montclair, N. J., and in 1872 he went abroad for some years' residence in Sweden and Germany. He returned to his own country, enfeebled by business cares, in 1884, and died after long illness in Summit, N. J., August 28, 1886.

Mr. Dwight's literary work was his mere recreation, and was done at odd times through most of his life. He published fugitive pieces in periodicals, but not till after his death were his compositions gathered into

a book. The hymn now before us was contributed to *Laudes Domini for the Sunday-School*, 1888. Subsequently it was issued by his daughter in a dainty little volume, *The Cool of the Day, and Other Poems*, 1892.

422 *The Pierced Side.* 7s, 6s. D.

LORD Jesus, by thy passion,
To thee I make my prayer;
Thou who in mercy smitest,
Have mercy, Lord, and spare:
Oh, wash me in the fountain
That floweth from thy side;
Oh, clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified.

2 Oh, hold thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto thee in Zion
I may appear at length.
Oh, make my spirit worthy
To join the ransomed throng;
Oh, teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song.

3 Oh, give that last, best blessing
That even saints can know,
To follow in thy footsteps
Wherever thou dost go.
Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above;
I ask for thee, thee only,
O thou eternal Love!

Rev. Richard Frederick Littledale, LL. D., was born at Dublin, Ireland, September 14, 1833, and educated at Trinity College in that city, graduating with distinction in 1855. He took Holy Orders the following year, and was appointed curate of St. Matthew's, Norwich, England, where he remained until 1857, when he removed to the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Soho, London. In 1861 he was compelled by ill health to retire from pastoral work, and he then devoted himself to literature, his publications, which are very numerous, enbracing works upon theological, historical, and liturgical subjects. Dr. Littledale has written a large number of hymns, some original, others translated from various languages. The one quoted here is from his *Priest's Prayer-Book*, published in 1864.

430 "*Captivity Captive.*" H. M.

THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity, etc.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity, etc.

4 Hail, the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection thou!
We bless thy sacred Word,
Before thy throne we bow:
Captivity, etc.

The hymn before us is the work of Rev. Thomas Haweis, and was first published in his *Carmina Christo*, 1792. It was written for an Easter service and its refrain was evidently suggested by Ephesians 4:8: "Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

484 "*Earth's Redeemer.*" 8s, 7s. D.

HALLELUJAH! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, his the throne;
Hallelujah! his the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Hallelujah! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Hallelujah! he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Hallelujah! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay!
Hallelujah! hear the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

This poem by William Chatterton Dix was written about 1866, and first published in his *Altar Songs*, 1867. It was designed especially to aid in supplying a demand for more Eucharistic hymns in the Church of England service, and it has passed into many collections in both Great Britain and America. Sometimes it is found in a slightly altered or abbreviated form.

486 *The True Messiah.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

LO, HE comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
Oh, come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

This hymn has passed through so many transformations that its history is somewhat complicated. It is supposed to have been originally the work of Rev. John Cennick, and it is known to have been sung by the congregation of the Moravian Chapel, Dublin, April 20, 1750. The earliest printed text appeared in the 1752 edition of Cennick's *Collection of Sacred Hymns*. In 1758 Rev. Charles Wesley published his *Hymns of Intercession for All Mankind*, the thirty-ninth poem being a version which corresponds closely with the present form. The first and second stanzas were identical with our hymn, while the fourth stanza becomes the third here, and is but slightly altered. Since the date of Wesley's adaptation countless versions and centos have been made; more than twenty are now in common use, and many imitations exist. All these testify to the power and beauty of the original, which has inspired so many efforts to rival it. In *Anglican Hymnology* this is reckoned as No. 3 in the First Rank hymns.

487 *Waiting and Watching.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

O'ER the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray:
'T is thy Saviour,
On his bright returning way.

2 O thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright, thy promised land.

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

In the *Hymns of Love and Praise* of Dr. John S. B. Monsell, 1863, this is found with its definitive title "Second Advent."

Christian biography would make very evident the fact that the best men and women the world has ever known have, as they grew in grace, grown more and more in the eagerness of the anticipation with which they have longed for the presence of Jesus the Saviour. To them heaven might have been defined as the place where Christ is. Its supreme joy would be found in the disclosure of his companionship. The weary will have rest, the harassed will receive peace, the sad will be comforted, the parted and the pure will meet again. All this is full of glad welcome. But the main anticipation of spiritual believers in looking to the end of their journey centers upon the person of the divine Redeemer.

495 *"How long, O Lord?"* 7s, 6s. D.

How long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
At thy so long delay;
Oh, when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?

2 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!
Oh, may our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see!

Rev. James George Deck published this as an original composition in his *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1838. It bears the title, "Second Advent Desired." We are all agreed that the great glory of the future state will be found in the personal companionship of the Lord Jesus Christ somewhere. "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

I do not know any class of expositors who believe that saints are to remain, or that Christ is to have his permanent residence, "in the air." Dr. Candlish, in his commentary on the book of Genesis, and Dr. Chalmers, in his sermon on the New Heavens and the New Earth, seem to have thought that this world of ours was going to be purified and then made the home of the redeemed, as it once was the home of our holy race before the fall. Many theologians believe that heaven is a distinct place of abode now, and will be tenanted by all the good and pure in heart, when they shall see God. There are wide differences here.

But most Christians are under quite profound conviction that, as the chief pain and penalty for the wicked is that they shall "be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord," so the chief rejoicing and glory for the justified will be found in the sharing of that "presence" through eternity. As Samuel Rutherford used to say, "The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land."

497 *The Triumphant Victor.* 7s. D.

SONS of Zion, raise your songs;
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His, the Victor's crown and fame;
Glory to the Saviour's name!

Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes:
Glorious is the work achieved—
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

2 Sing we then the Victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne:
He is worthy, he alone!
Place the crown upon his brow;
Every knee to him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings!"

This is also one of Rev. Thomas Kelly's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1820-26. It is entitled "The Exalted Saviour."

The glory of Jesus Christ is in the presence of the Father, and likewise without beginning and without end. Where was the Saviour previous to his incarnation? Perhaps it will give to some Bible readers a surprise to be told that the best answer to this question is given in the unfamiliar book of Proverbs (chapter 8): "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. . . . While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. . . . Then I was by him, as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him." If we simply understand that the Wisdom of the Old Testament means the same as the Word of the New—the divine *Logos*—then we shall put another verse of John easily alongside: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God."

500 "*Desire of Nations.*" 7s. D.

Come, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side:
Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then, with all thy saints descend
Then, our earthly trials end.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan!
Now destroy the Man of Sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear:
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed;
Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign! when sin shall be no more;
Reign! when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity!

This is also to be credited to Rev. Charles Wesley. It is in his *Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake*, March 8, 1750. In the midst of that commotion Charles Wesley's sister Hetty—Mrs. Wright—died in much peace, near Soho Square, London. When all London was in a state of violent consternation, the inhabitants fleeing into the open country, foolishly thinking the earthquake might not there reach them, and supposing that the apparent threatenings of the Almighty were against the buildings and not against the citizens of London, multitudes giving up everything from fear, and crowding round the Wesleys and Whitefield in their homes, at the Foundry, and in Hyde Park, Moorfields, and Kensington, then, and under such exciting circumstances, the faith of Charles Wesley was manifested by his writing and printing immediately such hymns as this. Thus the faith of the Christian poet enabled him to pray for that which the affrighted unbelieving worldlings so much dreaded!

502 "*The Hope of Glory.*" P. M.

In us the hope of glory,
O risen Lord, art thou;
The first-fruits of the Spirit
Are in us now.

2 Oh, come in all thy glory,
Our great Immanuel!
Come forth, our Prince and Saviour,
With us to dwell.

3 Bring thine eternal Sabbath,
Bring thine eternal day,
And cause all grief and sighing
To flee away.

4 To thee, Almighty Father,
O Saviour, unto thee,
To thee, Creator-Spirit,
All glory be!

Of Edward William Eddis, that strange representative of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," or "Irvingites," as some call those mysterious people who claimed to be still able to speak with "tongues," we have here a quaint and good hymn, which he entitled "The Second Advent Desired." It was probably printed on a slip for distribution; it is not found in his *Hymns for the Use of the Churches*, nor have we any date for it.

514 *Watchfulness.* S. M.

Ye servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch—'t is your Lord's command;
And while we speak he 's near!
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

This is taken from Orton's edition of Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns* published after his death, 1755. He entitled it "Christian Activity and Zeal." The reference is to Matthew 24:42-46.

520 *Guidance and Growth.* P. M.

COME thou, oh, come:
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul;
In all anxiety
With power from heaven on high
Console.

2 Come thou, oh, come:
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come thou, oh, come:
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea;
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbor our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come thou, oh, come:
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, blessed Spirit, come;
Lead thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with thee
Our home.

Rev. Gerard Moultrie published this quaint poem in his *Hymns and Lyrics*, 1867. It is a translation of a Latin poem of the twelfth century, "*Veni, jam veni, benignissime.*" Who composed the original is not stated: but the fact is announced that in sentiment and phraseology it is almost identical with a prose passage in one of the discourses of St. Anselm of Canterbury. Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield, in his *Latin Hymns*, assumes that Anselm was the author of it, and then adds a very felicitous rendering of it into English, beginning, "Come, yes, and quickly come."

521 *The Fount of Light.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire!
Fountain of light and love!

2 Come, Holy Ghost! for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke!
Unlock the truth—thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove!
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

From Rev. Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. It is entitled, "Before Reading Holy Scriptures." The sentiment of this song of supplication is excellent for our day. The reference is to I. Peter 1:19-21. It is only the inspired Word of God, clear and inerrant, that can possibly make men know God "through himself."

541 "*The Spirit of Christ.*" P. M.

LIGHT, that from the dark abyss
Madest all things, none amiss,
To share thy beauty, share thy bliss,
Come to us: come.

2 Light, that dost o'er all things reign,
Light that dost all life maintain;
O Light, that dost create again,
Come to us: come.

3 Light of men, that left the skies,
Light that looked through human eyes,
And died in darkness as man dies,
Come to us: come.

4 Light that stooped to rise and raise,
Soared to God above our gaze,
And still art with us all the days,
Come to us: come.

5 We have done great wrong to thee,
Yet we do belong to thee:
Oh, make our life one song to thee,
Come to us: come.

Rev. Edward Bickersteth Birks, M. A., was born at Kelshall, Herts, England, in 1849, and educated at Cambridge, graduating in 1870. He took Holy Orders, and in 1878 became curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham. In 1881 he was appointed vicar of Trumpington, and three years later he accepted the vicarage of St. Michael's at Cambridge. Mr. Birks is best known as the author of the Metrical Litany quoted above, which was first published in *Evening Hours*, 1871, and later in the *Hymnal Companion.*

552 "*The Wondrous Way.*" 7s, 5s.

LET thy wondrous way be known,
And let every nation own
Thou art God, and thou alone:
Spirit, hear our prayer.

2 Let each one thy glorious name
Magnify, and spread thy fame,
And thy love let all proclaim:
Spirit, hear our prayer.

3 Let the nations join to sing,
And let hallelujahs ring
To the righteous Judge and King:
Spirit, hear our prayer.

4 Then shall blessings from thy hand
Fall in showers upon the land,
And the world in rapture stand:
Spirit, hear our prayer.

We found this excellent litany in an English collection, with the name "A. Jackson"

appended to it. Who this author is we have been unable to ascertain; and this is to be deplored the more, since several other good litanies bear the same name.

553 *"The Spirit searcheth."* 7s, 6s.

SPIRIT of the Only Wise,
Thou in whom all knowledge lies,
Reading all with searching eyes—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Comforter, to whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour's work below,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,
Who dost help us to believe,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, guarding us from ill,
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve thee, patient still—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Thou whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

The confusion, which has to be confessed, concerning most of what are denominated "Litanies," is really owing to the fact that the editors and compilers of the hymnals reckon these pieces as supplementary in the same sense as they do doxologies. They rarely give the data we desire. Moreover, the pieces contain as many as twenty stanzas and more, and from these centos are usually prepared. The one now before us is by the Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock, Archdeacon of Chester Cathedral, England.

554 *Keeping and Warning.* 7s, 6s.

SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come, and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

This litany, like the one preceding, is the work of Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock. He has issued a volume entitled *Metrical Litanies for Special Services and General Use*, 1870; and since then another, *Litany Appendix*, 1871. In these most of his compositions of this kind can be found.

569 *"Blood of Jesus."* 8s, 5s, 3s.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for thee!

2 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood shall wash thee
White as snow.

3 Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

4 Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

This characteristic hymn was composed by Miss Frances Ridley Havergal at Ormont Dessons, September, 1874. It was published in 1878, in *Loyal Responses*, and in *Life Chords*, 1880. The sentiment of the piece is found in Isaiah 1 : 18.

582 *The Story of the Cross.* 7s, 6s. D.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.—CHO.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I 'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—CHO.

Nothing seems to be known concerning the author of this excellent and popular hymn, except that her name is Miss Katherine Hankey, that she is an Englishwoman, and that in 1866 she published *The Old, Old Story;* and in 1879, *The Old, Old Story, and other Verses;* and between those two dates, some enlargements and revisions bearing the name of *Heart to Heart*, 1870. The piece is quite

long, and is framed as a Life of Jesus in meter. It has two parts, "The Story Wanted," and "The Story Told." It has appeared in various forms, and been translated into many languages; sometimes the author has accompanied it with music.

The tune to which in this country the hymn is invariably sung was composed by an American, Dr. William Howard Doane. He has related the incident of its origin. "In 1867 I was attending the international meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Montreal. Among those present was Major-General Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He arose in the meeting and read the words of the song from a sheet of foolscap paper, the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks as he read. I was much impressed, and immediately requested the privilege of making a copy. He gave me the copy from which he had read. I wrote the music for the song while on the stage-coach one hot summer afternoon between the Glen Falls House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sung it in the parlors of the hotel and thought it pretty, though we scarcely anticipated the popularity which was subsequently accorded it. It was afterwards published in sheet form in Cincinnati."

583 *The Old, Old Story.* 7s, 6s. D.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 't is true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.—CHO.

2 I love to tell the story:
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'T will be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.—CHO.

This is, to all intents and purposes, part of the preceding hymn, for it is taken from the concluding portion of the poem, and is the complement of the other, as designed by Miss Katherine Hankey.

584 *Jesus' Cross.* 7s, 6s. D.

I SAW the cross of Jesus,
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus,
To give me peace within;
I brought my soul to Jesus,
He cleansed it in his blood;
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

CHO.—No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken,
Till with him, ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory
I 'll sing his wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

CHO.—I love the cross of Jesus,
It tells me what I am:
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb.

This hymn is selected from the *Sacred Poems and Prose*, published by Rev. Frederick Whitfield, 1861. It comes to nothing to resolve and re-resolve, and then remain the same man. A thorough surrender to Jesus Christ, one that renders the soul a new creation, is alone of value.

"And lacking this, no man hath health;
And lacking this, no man hath wealth;
For land is trash, and gold is dross,
Success is failure, gain is loss,
Unless there lives in the human soul,
As hither and thither its passions roll,
Tossed on the waves of this mortal sea,
A hope, and a trust, and a will, and a faith,
That is stronger than life, and is stronger than death,
And equal to eternity!"

607 *Light and Love.* P. M.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
O thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That thou hast died;
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou, everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all thy blessed saints
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is he alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

The forms in which this hymn appears in the various collections, as well as the fact that many compositions occur with the same first line, keep the critics in a state of general ferment. But it is clear that Matthew Bridges is the true author of the stanzas before us, although it has to be admitted that great alterations have been made in their phraseology, and almost all for improvement. It was published first in the author's *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848. He entitled it "*Ecce Agnus Dei*," and gave this "Behold the Lamb of God," as the introduction of each verse. The Scriptural reference is to John 1 : 36.

608 "*Flee for Life.*" 12s.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee to the Saviour!
He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain—
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 With joy shall we stand when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands we will praise him the more!
We 'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

Rev. Richard Burdsall was born in 1735 and died in 1824, but all other details of his life are lacking, except the one fact that he was an English Wesleyan minister for about sixty years. A volume of his "Memoirs" is said to have been published at York, and to it was appended the hymn which began, "Now Christ he is risen." The second stanza has become the first of our version, and the others have been so much altered in various collections that it is impossible to trace their original form. Indeed, in some cases new stanzas have been added, nobody knows by whom. The original piece contained but two. In 1831 Dr. Thomas Hastings published his first volume, *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*. In this the hymn has three stanzas, one of which it might be conjectured the compiler himself wrote, for that was his habit sometimes. It is likely that Dr. Hastings introduced to the American public the hymn as a whole, as well as the tune (sometimes named "Scotland") with which it is invariably sung. At the bottom of page 89 in *Spiritual Songs* is printed this very suggestive note: "This tune has, in some respects, a secular origin; but having been written as a song of wailing for the dead, the association will be found sufficiently in character."

615 *Matt.* 11 : 28. 7s.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld wrote this hymn, and it was published in the revised edition of her *Poems*, 1792. It is a paraphrase of our Lord's invitation, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," Matthew 11 : 28.

659 "*Through Peace to Light.*" C. M.

I DO not ask that life may be,
O Lord, a pleasant road;
Nor that thou wouldest take from me
Aught of its weary load.

2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,
Dear Lord, lead me aright;
Though strength should fail, and heart should bleed,
Lead me through peace to light.

3 I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;
Let me in darkness feel thy hand,
And simply follow thee.

4 Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night:
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

We are indebted for this beautiful and pathetic hymn to Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, whose brief life was made valuable by her

poetic talent. The piece first appeared in her *Legends and Lyrics* in the enlarged edition, 1862, and was entitled "Resignation." With slight changes of rhythm it has become widely popular.

Lord Bacon says: "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New—which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes: and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, [that] it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon lightsome ground: judge, therefore, [in this] of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors—most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice; but adversity doth best discover virtue."

674 *The Sabbath of the Sea.* 11s, 10s.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down, beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the babble of Life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4 Far, far away the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise kind and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

Although the writer of this hymn is a poet of no ordinary merit, her claim to immortality rests upon her first novel, the book which may truly be said to have influenced the world, and to have been a most powerful factor in the emancipation of the slaves in this country. Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1811, and is the sixth child of the famous preacher Dr. Lyman Beecher. Living in an atmosphere of utmost mental activity, she early showed unusual talent, and before the age of twenty had begun literary work. In 1836 she married Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D. D., then a professor at Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. During her residence there she frequently visited the slave States and acquired an intimate knowledge of Southern life. Fugitives were often assisted by her family to escape to Canada,

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

and she felt with intensity the indifference of Christians to the cruelties involved in slavery. In 1850 she removed with her husband to Brunswick, Me., where he was made professor in Bowdoin College. Two years after this she went to Andover, Mass., to reside, her husband having become Professor of Sacred Literature in the Seminary there. It was about this time she planned and published "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has been since translated into more than twenty languages, and has passed into the world's history. It was first given to the public as a serial in *The National Era* at Washington, D. C., running from June, 1851, to April, 1852; then it was issued in book form, Boston, 1852. This wonderful production was followed at brief intervals by sketches of travel, novels, essays and miscellaneous works, most of them vivid pictures of New England life and character. The hymn given above is one of three which appeared in the *Plymouth Collection*, 1855, edited by her brother, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Stowe is at the present time living in Hartford, Conn. She is now (1893) more than fourscore years old, and is rarely seen in public. A paragraph in a late newspaper says that she sometimes visits the houses of her sister, Mrs. Jonathan Hooker, and of Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner.

Her friends engage her in light conversation and entertain her with singing, of which latter she is very fond. "Mrs. Hooker generally sings the older songs, familiar to Mrs. Stowe in her early days, and preferably old and familiar hymns. These she seems to enjoy more than anything else. In the selection of the hymns, however, Mrs. Stowe always chooses a stirring, lively movement. Anything of a slow, melancholy, or sentimental order fails to interest her. As one illustration of the peculiarity of her mental powers, Mrs. Hooker cites the critical attention which her sister gives to hymns familiar to her in her early life. A word omitted, or a wrong word used, she notices on the instant, and makes the correction. Certain lines and ideas appear to strongly impress themselves upon her mind, and her comments are at times very striking."

675 *"Work for Jesus."* 6s, 5s.

CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Labored, wearied, suffered,
Died upon the tree.

2 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

3 Work with heart that burneth,
Humbly at his feet
Priceless gems to offer,
For his crown made meet.

4 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

5 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

Mrs. Mary Haslock is named as the author of the hymn quoted here from the English *Congregational Church Hymnal*, 1887. It bears the title, "Sunday School Festival." We can obtain no information whatever regarding the personal history of this lady. Her poem is simple, earnest, direct. The teaching is found in John 4:35. The fields are whitening to the harvest. Where are the reapers? As Mrs. Browning said: "Get work! Be sure 't is better than what you work to get!"

681 *At the Cross.* 8s, 6s.

DRAWN to the cross, which thou hast blessed
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
To find in thee my life, my rest,
Christ Crucified, I come.

2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;
Yet now to thee, with contrite tears,
Christ Crucified, I come.

3 Wash me, and take away each stain;
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ Crucified, I come.

4 And then for work to do for thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ Crucified, I come.

This poem is an illustration of the doctrine of heredity, for the writer's father and grandfather were both distinguished as hymnologists, and their contributions to the songs of the church have been highly prized. Genevieve Mary Irons, daughter of Dr. W. J. Irons, was born at Brompton, England, December 28, 1855. When she was twenty-one years of age several of her poems were published in the *Sunday Magazine*. The one quoted here appeared in that periodical in 1880, and was afterward included in her manual for Holy Communion entitled *Corpus Christi*, 1884. In alluding to this piece Miss Irons has said: "I always feel that *that* hymn is part of me. I am interested and gratified in knowing that it speaks to the hearts of many who would probably differ from me on most points of doctrine."

682 *"Atoning Blood."* P. M.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee;
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary!

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.—CHO.

3 'T is Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled
If faith but brings the plea.—CHO.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.—CHO.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough, author of this hymn, was born at Ithaca, N. Y., August 31, 1828, and became a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Very few facts are to be found in connection with his life, but he is known by several hymns contained in Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos*, 1878, to some of which he himself composed the music. Most of these were published long before. The one quoted here is entitled,

"The Divine Invitation." The author died in 1872.

Humanitarians all need the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ to save their souls just the same as other men and women. When a day of real decision as to character is reached it is quite possible that "Ben Adhem's name" *may not* lead "all the rest." "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true: and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."

691 *Saviour and Friend.* 5s, 4s.

REST of the weary, joy of the sad;
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad,
Home of the stranger, strength to the end;
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end:
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble, I 'll to thee cry,
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing thee, I will raise
Unto thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavor, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend!

REV. DR. JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

Among the *Hymns of Love and Praise* published by Rev. John S. B. Monsell, LL. D., in 1863, this favorite poem appeared with the title, "Jesus the Saviour and Friend." It is characterized by great tenderness and beauty of expression. In the ancient cathedral of Chartres there may be found on the fine window over the south door a succinct system of theology according to the belief of the thirteenth century. The virgin, who represents the church, or perhaps religion, occupies the central place. Then on one side we see Jeremiah, having Luke seated on his shoulders. Opposite this we discover Ezekiel bearing in like manner John, and Daniel bearing Mark. This was the way which those ancient ecclesiastics had of saying the New Testament rested upon the Old. The true method of attack, our opponents are ingenious enough to see, is always found in undermining one or the other of these grand divisions of the Word, and then suddenly inferring that the other is gone with it. And our true method of reply is found in showing that each sustains the other in time of peril. Once let it be settled that Jesus is himself God manifest in the flesh, and then everything he says is settled. Whatsoever the eternal Word speaks or does is itself Word.

701 *Christ Our Rest.* C. M. 5l.

O LOVE, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the sunshine through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson, D. D., was born at Glasgow, Scotland, March 27, 1842. Although he became blind while still a youth, he rose above misfortune, and graduated with honor in 1862 at the University of Edinburgh. In 1868 he was appointed parish minister at Innellan, Argyleshire, and afterwards at St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. Dr. Matheson has published several prose works, and a volume of poetry. Of the poem given here its author says: "It was written in the Manse of Innellan one summer evening in 1882. It was composed with extreme rapidity, and I felt myself rather in the position of one who was being dictated to than of an original artist. I was suffering from extreme mental distress, and the hymn was the fruit of pain." The piece was first published in the Church of Scotland magazine, *Life and Work*, in 1883, and has since been included in many different collections.

702 *Longing for Peace.* C. M. 5l.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

3 Oh, Sabbath rest by Galilee!
Oh, calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

This hymn by John Greenleaf Whittier is a fragment taken from a long poem entitled "The Brewing of Soma," and was first published for church use in Horder's *Congregational Hymns*, 1884. It bore the heading, "Calmness in God desired." Nothing is more important in the Christian life than instant, cheerful obedience to the commands of God. One day, after an important battle, the head of the army was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked the question: "Who has done the best to-day?" There were many answers concerning this and that officer who had fought bravely. "You are all mistaken," was his reply. "The best man in the field to-day was a private soldier, who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but, when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself and dropped his arm without striking the blow. That perfect and willing obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day."

704 *"All is Well."* P. M.

I HEAR a sweet voice ringing clear,
All is well!
It is my Father's voice I hear;
All is well!
Where'er I walk that voice is heard:
It is my God, my Father's word,
"Fear not, but trust: I am the Lord:"
All is well!

2 Clouds cannot long obscure my sight;
All is well!
I know there is a land of light;
All is well!
From strength to strength, from day to day,
I tread along the world's highway;
Or often stop to sing or say,
All is well!

3 In morning hours, serene and bright,
All is well!
In evening hours or darkening night
All is well!
And when to Jordan's side I come,
'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,
Oh, let me sing as I go home,
All is well!

Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood was born in London, England, October 24, 1820, and owed his education entirely to his own efforts. He became in 1852 the Independent Minister at Nibley, in Gloucestershire, and remained there until his removal to London in 1857. He held several pastorates, and was always especially active and interested in Sunday-school work. He died in Paris, June 12, 1885. Mr. Hood was a writer and lecturer on various subjects, historical, theological, and artistic. Many of his hymns are in general use, especially those designed for children; these are full of freshness and simplicity. The one quoted here was written in 1862, and published in his *Children's Choir*, 1870. The sentiment it suggests is nothing more nor less than perfect trust in our "Father's Word." Some proud people there are who declare that there is nothing in the Bible to entitle it to absolute human confidence. "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?" Well, if you are tired of the New Testament, will you read a bit of *Pilgrim's Progress*, which we sometimes think stands next to it? There was a shepherd-boy, who was overheard singing in a gentle voice by himself; Great-heart called attention to his song:

"He that is down needs fear no fall; he that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall have God to be his guide."

It was this lad who lived the merriest life, and had most of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom. He dwelt in the Valley of Humiliation.

707 *Our Frail Body.* C. M.

OH, mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 This world the Master overcame;
This death the Lord did die;
Oh, vanquished world! oh, glorious shame!
Oh, hallowed agony!

4 Oh, vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
Oh, holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Immanuel!

5 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

Another of the fresh hymns of Thomas Hornblower Gill. It was composed in 1850, and first published in Dawson's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1853. The author has said of this

that it had had "by far the widest acceptance of all my hymns. It was put into my mouth as the truth of the Incarnation was revealed to me. Its production was a great spiritual event in my own life, as well as an exquisite and unspeakable delight. It wrought powerfully upon my outward life, and introduced me to persons my connection with whom led to a change of residence and furthered the publication of my work, 'The Papal Drama.'"

708 *Cant.* 1:7. P. M.

TELL me, my Saviour!
Where thou dost feed thy flock,
Resting beside the rock,
Cool in the shade:
Why should I be as one
Turning aside alone,
Left, when thy sheep have gone,
Where I have strayed?

2 Seek me, my Saviour!
For I have lost the way;
I will thy voice obey;
Speak to me here!
Help me to find the gate
Where all thy chosen wait:
Ere it shall be too late,
Oh, call me near!

3 Show me, my Saviour,
How I can grow like thee;
Make me thy child to be,
Taught from above:
Help me thy smile to win:
Keep me safe folded in,
Lest I should rove in sin,
Far from thy love.

This paraphrase of Song of Solomon 1:7, composed by Rev. Charles Seymour Robinson, D. D., was first published in his *Laudes Domini for the Sunday-School*, 1888. "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

709 "*Cleanseth from all Sin.*" 7s.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind,
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within:
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—REF.

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for ever more.—REF.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust
I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

It is always very difficult to find out the *data* (which might better be called the *desirabilia*) of authors who have contributed altogether to what is denominated the "Gospel" literature of the present day. Rev. William McDonald, the author of this very popular hymn, was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was an American, born in 1820, and his composition bears date 1858. The first notice we have of it is in the *Baptist Praise Book*, 1871. It was doubtless issued before in some Sunday-School collection. Its sentiment is good.

The story is told of Martin Luther, whose hours of guilt and conviction were so filled with wild and fearful dreams, that once the evil one, Satan, appeared to enter his room, and with an air of insolent triumph displayed a vast roll of parchment, which he carried in his arms. Luther asked him what that was, and received the alarming reply: "It is a catalogue of all your former sins!" He leaped from his bed in an impulse of mortal agony and terror. With a hollow burst of derisive laughter the fiend threw it on the floor, still holding one end in his hand so that it might easily unroll its awful length. There the frightened man was compelled to read, hour after hour, the terrible list of all the wicked deeds he had done in all his life. There were the offences and follies of his youth. There were the transgressions of his riper years. He groaned in the bitterness of his soul, as he discovered, every now and then, some miserable little vileness, or some daring act of impiety, which he had almost forgotten, but here instantly recognized; some unseen, undisclosed, secret transgression he had vainly imagined no one had detected, or even conceived he could commit. There they all were; and, oh, how black the ink seemed, and how imperishable the parchment seemed, and how long the great roll seemed, and how tightly the overjoyed devil in his fiery glee held it clenched in his fingers! There the sins were; just as he knew now some pen of a recording angel had noted them down; just as he knew, beyond a doubt now, that God would one time set them before him in array under the light of his countenance. And his heart failed him as he gazed. He bent his head hopelessly in sorrow and shame, with a fearful foreboding of the wrath to come.

Suddenly the devil called him by name, and pointed to some words along the top of the roll, just where his hand held it. Luther looked up and read aloud: "*All sin;*" and then he understood that no one of the many

acts, or even thoughts, was to be left out. His form began to shiver, and he says he was seized with a violent fit of trembling. Hell appeared opening at once under his feet. His agony was intense. He could not bear to look at the roll. But Satan kept screaming, "All sin! all sin!" And at last, in order to afflict him the more, exclaimed: "So says God, so says God—all sin, all sin!" Now the man's study of Scripture stood him in excellent stead. For he looked up defiantly, saying: "Where speaks God that word?" And he sprang from his couch, a new thought in his mind. "In what chapter and what verse? Where says God that?" he thundered, with clear voice, like a trumpet of challenge. "There, there!" answered the devil, pointing again to the parchment, and putting his fiery finger on the two words, "all sin, all sin." The reformer, brave for a moment with a blessed thought in his heart, snatched the awful list away from his enemy, and, unrolling it one turn more in the other direction, discovered, as he hoped he would, the remainder of the inscription. There it explained itself; to be sure, Satan had quoted correctly, for he read, "all sin, all sin." But right above these were the other words, as in the Bible: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, *cleanseth* us from all sin!" So he learned that all that his sins had been massed together upon that roll for was in order to announce that atonement had been made completely to cover them. And with a glad cry of exultant joy he awoke, while the devil disappeared with all his parchment of sorrow and woe.

719 *Day is Breaking.* 8s, 7s. D.

CHRISTIANS, up! the day is breaking,
Gird your ready armor on;
Slumbering hosts around are waking,
Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong!
While ye sleep or idly linger,
Thousands sink, with none to save;
Hasten! Time's unerring finger
Points to many an open grave.

2 Hark! unnumbered voices crying,
"Save us, or we droop and die!"
Succor bear the faint and dying,
On the wings of mercy fly:
Lead them to the crystal fountain
Gushing with the streams of life;
Guide them to the sheltering mountain,
For the gale with death is rife.

3 See the blest millennial dawning!
Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star:
Eastern lands, behold the morning;
Lo! it glimmers from afar;
O'er the mountain-top ascending,
Soon the scattered light shall rise,
Till, in radiant glory blending,
Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

This hymn was composed by Rev. Elbert Stothoff Porter, D. D., of the Reformed Dutch Church in America. It is said to have been written for *Hymns of the Church*, 1869. The author was born in Hillsboro, Somerset County, N. J., October 23, 1820. He graduated at Princeton College, 1839, and for a while contemplated becoming a lawyer, but at last decided upon the ministry, and took a course in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J. He was ordained to his first charge as the pastor of a Reformed (Dutch) Church in Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., October 27, 1842. The congregation being scarcely organized, and meeting in a schoolhouse, his official name was that of an evangelist. But his success was excellent, and the church was, January 22, 1843, fully constituted, and he was installed October 17 of the same year. There he remained until early in 1850, when he was called to Williamsburgh, L. I., now Brooklyn, E. D., and began his long service in the Bedford Avenue Reformed (Dutch) Church, where he spent thirty-four useful years. He retired in 1883, and died February 26, 1888, at Claverack, N. Y.

Dr. Porter was for a long time one of the editors of the *Christian Intelligencer*. It was the denominational organ of his church. He made it a force. Says his biographer: "No wonder he was a leader. He deserved to be, for he *led*, taking always the burden upon his own shoulders and going before. He had a reserve of will-power, a masterful captaincy of command; but usually his sway was that of persuasion and negotiation." Herein is a lesson to be learned by all of us. Let a free, open-hearted Christian go through any church, he will gather twice what others will; not that he begs harder, not that he cringes more; but he is a manly follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the world knows it. He leads; and men will follow one who leads worthily. Julius Cæsar was once asked how it came that his soldiers kept up so close in the charges of hand-to-hand conflict. He answered: "I never say, *Ite illuc;* but *Venite huc.*" He never ordered them—*go there*—he beckoned them—*come here*—for himself was ahead.

731 *Steadiness.* 5s, 8s, 5s.

JESUS, who can be
Once compared with thee!
Source of rest and consolation,
Life, and light, and full salvation:
Son of God, with thee
None compared can be!

2 Thou hast died for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am by thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force:
Further thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart;
Where thou art, O Lord, convey me;
In thy righteousness array me;
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

Rev. John Gambold, M. A., was born at Puncheston, Pembrokeshire, England, April 10, 1711, and educated at Oxford, graduating in 1730. He took Holy Orders and in 1739 became Vicar of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire; but three years later he decided to join the Moravians. In 1754 he was chosen one of their bishops. His death occurred at Haverford West, September 13, 1771. A number of translations by him were published in the *Moravian Hymn Book*, 1754, among them this one from a favorite poem by Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, a celebrated German divine who was born in Brunswick, December 2, 1670, and educated at the University of Jena, and settled over churches in Glaucha and Halle. He died in the latter town, February 12, 1739, after a long illness. He wrote more than forty hymns, which rank very high for their warmth of feeling and depth of Christian experience. They are still in general use in Germany.

752 *Exod.* 40:36-38. C. M. D.

LONG as the darkening cloud abode,
So long did Israel rest:
Nor moved they till the guiding Lord
In brightness stood confessed:
Father of spirits! Light of life!
Now lift the cloudy vail!
Shine forth in fire amid that night
Whose blackness makes us quail!

2 'T is done! To Christ the power given;
He rends the vail away;
O'er earth a splendor pours from heaven
That makes our darkness—day!
Rise then and follow, all the host,
His glory who precedes;
This true Shechinah, which we boast,
To the true Canaan leads.

3 The city there is jasper-built,
The sea, a golden fire,
And underneath the emerald bow
Sings an immortal choir!
Oh, thither lead us, Lord of light!
Through all this wilderness;
Till in the glory of that sight
We perfect are in bliss!

Rev. George Richards was born near Newport, R. I., about the year 1755. During the Revolution he was a purser and chaplain in the United States Navy, and after its close he taught a school in Boston. He then became a Universalist preacher, and was pastor of a church in Portsmouth, N. H., from 1793 to 1809. He removed from this charge to one in Philadelphia, where he died in March, 1814. Mr. Richards was the author of a number of hymns, and with S. Lane edited a Universalist *Collection* which was printed in Boston in 1792. Subsequent books contained other contributions by him, but only the one given here is widely known. In its present form nearly one half of it is by an anonymous writer.

753 *Rom.* 8:31. C. M.

GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

The hymn from which this is a cento was written by Dr. Frederick W. Faber, and appeared in his *Jesus and Mary*, 1849. It had nineteen stanzas, and was entitled, "The Right Must Win." The first line was, "Oh, it is hard to work for God!" Sometimes accomplishment of desperate enterprise is reached by what seems sheer force of unconquerable will. Now and then, on the high places of human renown, may be seen the form of some simple-minded hero, altogether unconscious of the show he makes, and most likely unaware that he will ever be considered the center of his age or the fine figure of the era.

Out on the prow of his vessel, looking for land, while his crew mutinies behind him, see the face of Christopher Columbus, searching for a new world! Deep in the forest at Valley Forge, kneeling for prayer, see George Washington, the flicker of the faint camp-fire on his features, while the snow lies around him red with the blood of his shoeless soldiers! Then later in the annals of this Republic, see Abraham Lincoln, the morning after our worst defeat set the wires in a quiver and flung the land into awful mourning again; listen to the quiet words, so quaintly and queerly characteristic—"Well, it sets us back

a good deal, but we shall do better by and by; we must keep pegging away!" Under Valens, the Roman emperor, lived Basil the bishop of Cæsarea. The emperor, with his prefect, visited the bishop, and vainly tried to persuade him to abandon his faith. Perceiving that he availed nothing, the prefect, losing patience, resorted to other measures. "Are you not afraid to oppose me?" he asked. "Why should I fear?" replied Basil; "what will happen?" The prefect, swelling with rage, gasped out convulsively: "Confiscation, banishment, torture, death!" "Have you nothing else?" asked the undaunted bishop, "for nothing you have spoken has any effect on me. He that has nothing to lose is not afraid of confiscation. Save these threadbare, tattered garments, and a few books, I have nothing you can take. As to banishment, you cannot banish me, for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. And as to torture, the first stroke would kill me, and to kill me is to send me to glory." It is not manly, it is not womanly, to give up duty and forsake a covenant. There was one sentence, spoken by Johnson, which Boswell declared he could never read without emotion. "I think," said the great moralist in one of the numbers of the *Rambler*, "that there is some reason for questioning whether the body and mind are not so proportioned to each other, that the one can bear all which can be inflicted on the other; whether virtue cannot stand its ground as long as life; and whether a soul, well-principled, will not sooner be separated than subdued." That rugged old philosopher was not willing to give up that a man's courage was firmer than his affection; he did not believe that a hero could be burned without flinching, and yet could not stand temptation without sin.

754 *Unwavering Trust.* C. M.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 But if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

4 Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, his followers here,
Must do thy will and praise thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

5 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

From the manuscript of the author, Dr. William Josiah Irons, we learn that this poem was "written for a large Confirmation at Brompton, in 1844, and was published in Lowe's *Hymns for the Christian Seasons*, 1854." That moment in which a young person takes a public stand for Christ before the world is full of promise as well as of attractiveness. What will he be twenty-years from this? The hope for all his future career rests simply in his union with Jesus Christ, and that turns upon his intensity of regard for the Divine One who is his Master and Model. If his heart is with Immanuel's heart, that fact will mould his character, fashion his life, and fix his destiny. Such a Christian is sure to grow lovely by just loving—by just going on in love for Christ. It has been fabled from old times that the graceful swan was changed from a most ugly bird into its present beauty merely because of its constancy to its mate. But oh, how Christian fact is sure to outrun even classic fable! The soul grows wondrously lovely which pours out thus its faithful affection. It beholds Jesus' face, as in a glass, and is changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

755 *Isa.* 35: 8-10. C. M.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength:
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

This is taken from Dr. Philip Doddridge's *Hymns founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. It is entitled "Joy on the Homeward Way," and the first line reads, "Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord." The allusion seems to be to Isaiah 35: 10: "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." The passage, of course, referred to the journeying back of the Israelites from their captivity in Babylon to the ancient home of their fathers in Jerusalem. The

moment is chosen in which the long train reaches the ridge behind the slope of Mount Olivet, and the exiles catch the first glimpse of the pathetic old town. They are represented as bursting forth into the songs they could not sing "in a strange land." By an easy rhetorical accommodation the figure is often applied to the people of God drawing nigh the end of their earthly journey, and beholding the heavenly Zion, and opening their lips for a psalm loftier and sweeter than ever before.

761 "*To Live is Christ.*" S. M.

FOR me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain;
For him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.

2 A pilgrimage my lot,
My home is in the skies;
I nightly pitch my tent below,
And daily higher rise.

3 I fare with Christ my Lord;
His path the path I choose;
They joy who suffer most with him—
They win who with him lose.

4 The dawn on distant hills
Shines o'er the vales below;
The shadows of this world are lost
In light to which I go.

5 My journey soon will end,
My scrip and staff laid down:
Oh, tempt me not with earthly toys—
I go to wear a crown.

Many years ago this little hymn of three stanzas was discovered floating around in the newspapers. We picked it up because it seemed to voice the words of the apostle: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," Philippians 1:21. Mere mechanical necessities in the music upon the page required two stanzas more in length; and we supplied the third and fourth; and there now is the unclaimed piece going the rounds still.

762 *The Panoply of God.* S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

This was one of the Rev. Charles Wesley's "Hymns for Believers," and was published in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It contained sixteen stanzas of eight lines each, and twelve of these have been divided into three hymns of length suitable for congregational use. The original text has been much altered, and in some cases weakened; but the various centos are in general use on both sides of the sea. The reference is to Ephesians 6:11.

It is to be feared that too much stress is laid upon the emotional and experimental part of piety in this easy day of ours. Too many young princes go off into dangerous Zululand for curious inquiry or mere love of adventure. There was (so we are told) once an English poet who took position in a lofty tower that he might see a real battle. He seems to have had great prosperity, for the world has not yet done praising his versified description of the rushing onset, the tumult, and the carnage, "by Iser rolling rapidly." Now nobody need hope to become acquainted with the solemn realities of life by merely gazing out upon it from a protected belfry, as Campbell did on Hohenlinden field. We cannot make a poem out of it. There are awful certainties of exposure, and necessities of attack, which disdain figures and rhythms of mere music. And, moreover, we are combatants, not spectators; we are in the onset, and the shock is at hand. "There is no discharge in that war."

768 *Prayer for Help.* 6s, 4s.

SAVIOUR and Lord of all,
Turn every heart to thee;
Guard us and guide us safe
Over Life's sea.

2 When we are full of grief,
Victims of anxious fear,
Give thou our hearts relief,
Jesus, be near.

3 Brighten our darkest hour,
Till the last hour shall come;
Then, in thy love and power,
Oh, take us home!

This "Hymn to the Saviour" is taken from the *Memoirs* of Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor, published in 1836. It appeared also in 1853 in the *Leeds Hymn-Book*, altered to "Jesu, Immanuel."

769 "*In Perils Oft.*" 7s.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

This poem, as we have it at present, is the result of various changes. It was written originally by Henry Kirke White upon the back of a mathematical paper, and came into the hands of the compiler of Collyer's *Hymns, Partly Collected and Partly Original*, 1812, as a fragment which had to be completed in order to fit it for use. Mrs. Fuller-Maitland in 1827 compiled *Hymns for Private Devotion*, and in this an enlarged form of the poem was made by her daughter Frances, then only fourteen years old. In Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*, 1833, this text is given with some alterations, and still another version is to be found in Hall's *Miter Hymn-Book*, 1836. These four sources have produced the poem as it is to-day. It is a war-like hymn, and yet it is familiarly Scriptural: Ephesians 6: 10-18. Concerning this spiritual panoply we may with profit consult John Bunyan. Perhaps it may be well to note three points which this prince of dreamers has plainly made. First, he calls us to observe that Christian, in all his splendid accoutrement, had been provided with no armor *for his back*, so that he felt it necessary, when the bellowing fiend drew near, "to venture and stand his ground," since to turn would give him greater advantage to pierce with darts. Then, in the enumeration of weapons, Bunyan mentions "*all-prayer*" as one which possessed great value and efficiency. For myself, I acknowledge that in my youth I was greatly curious to know what this part of the armor could be. I think I understand more about it now, since I have been in the conflict. And then Bunyan shows us that in all the panoply Christian wore there was only one thing for attack; the rest was for mere defence. The *sword* proved to be the man's reliance; for when Apollyon had him fairly down, it was only with his great two-edged sword that he gave the fiend a "deadly thrust" which turned the battle; "then, indeed, he did smile and look upward!"

770 *Strong in Trust.* 7s.

LORD, thou art my Rock of strength,
And my home is in thine arms;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.

2 When my trials tarry long,
Unto thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in thee abate.

3 And this faith I long have nursed
Comes alone, O God, from thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

4 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee;
In the peace thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.

5 Be my all; in all I do,
Let me only seek thy will:
Where the heart to thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

This is another of Miss Catharine Winkworth's translations, which appeared in the first edition of her *Lyra Germanica*, 1855. It has been considerably shortened to fit it for present use, and the first line has been altered. The original is one of August Hermann Francke's finest hymns. It was written in memory of the wife of a professor at Halle, and appended to the funeral sermon which was preached by Francke at Glaucha, November 1, 1711. The lady was one who had suffered greatly both in body and mind, but bore all her afflictions with patient resignation, and the hymn is known to be a "clear mirror of its author's heart and life experiences."

771 *"The Shadow of a Rock."* 7s.

SHADOW of a mighty Rock,
Stretching o'er a weary land,
Hide me from the tempest's shock,
Let me in thy shelter stand.

2 When thy presence, O my God,
Brighter is than I can see,
Shadow on the heavenward road,
Let me find my shade in thee.

3 Out of thee are shades of death,
Weary ways, and hours unblest;
Shadow of the Rock, beneath
Thee alone are joy and rest.

4 Till the race of life be run,
Till my soul in rest be laid,
God of gods, thou art my sun;
Son of God, be thou my shade!

This was taken from *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863, written by Rev. John S. B. Monsell, LL. D. He entitled it "Jesus, the Rock of Ages." It is one of the most dignified and noble lyrics this author ever made. Its reference is evidently to Isaiah 32: 2: "And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

776 *Penuel.—Gen.* 32. 31. L. M. 6l.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face—
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

In the Methodist Church it is the almost universal opinion that this one of Rev. Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Poems*, 1742, is "the most celebrated lyric that he ever wrote." It is founded upon the story of Jacob's wrestling with the Angel, Genesis 32: 24–26. John Wesley is reported to have said that Isaac Watts had said that this single poem, entitled "Wrestling Jacob," was "worth all the verses he himself had written." If Dr. Watts ever went off into an enthusiasm so extravagant as that, it is likely that he had a poorer notion of his own work than Christian people since have been led to cherish. This piece is really very poetical and picturesque; it consists of fourteen stanzas of six lines each, distributed into three parts, entitled respectively, "The Struggle," "The Name Revealed," and "Victorious Rapture." It cannot be called a hymn except by courtesy; it is narrative, personal, mystic, grand; but it is not lyric in structure, nor direct in praise. We must all admit it to be one of the finest religious poems in the language; but it is almost impossible to sing, and does not bear to be divided. The supreme height of the thought is reached in the second stanza of the second part; and that is what makes it such a pity that somebody does not authoritatively change the word "bowels" into "tender mercies," as the scholars did in the New Revision.

777 *In Christ Alone.* L. M. 6l.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote was born in London, January 21, 1797, and having been converted under the preaching of a Dissenting minister, he finally entered the Baptist Church and became a pastor. The last twenty-six years of his life were spent as a clergyman in the village of Horsham, Sussex, where he died, November 13, 1874. Mr. Mote is known as the writer of this poem, which has been called by Bishop Bickersteth "a grand hymn of faith." The author says of it: "One morning it came into my mind as I went to labor to write a hymn on the 'Gracious Experience of a Christian.' As I went up Holborn I had the chorus, 'On Christ, the solid rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.' In the day I had the first four verses complete, and wrote them off." The hymn was first sung at the bedside of a dying parishioner, and met with such instant favor that it was printed as a leaflet, and then inserted in the *Spiritual Magazine*. In a collection of original and selected poems by Mr. Mote called *Hymns of Praise*, 1836, it was published with the title, "The Immutable Basis of a Sinner's Hope."

791 *Life of Life.* 8s, 7s.

LABORING and heavy-laden,
Wanting help in time of need;
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of Life!" on thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of water
That by love's eternal law
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of Life!" from thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of Life!" we walk in thee.

4 Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,
Louging, struggling to be free;
Where thy loving banner leads us,
"Prince of Life!" we follow thee.

5 Sick of sense's vain deceivings,
Crumbling round us into dust;
Strong alone in faith's believings,
"Word of Life!" in thee we trust.

6 Thou the "Grace of life" supplying,
Thou the "Crown of life" wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of Life," in thee we live.

This poem by Rev. Dr. John S. B. Monsell first appeared in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863, and was designed for use at penitential and consecration services. It is an eloquent presentation of the varied relations in which Christ, as the source of all life, stands

toward believers. "Bread" and "Well," "Light" and "Prince," "Word" and "Life;" he is indeed the "Grace of life," and the "Crown of life."

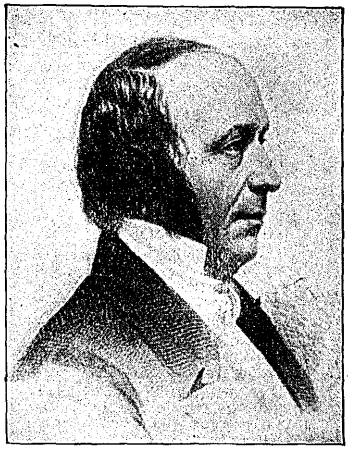
793 *Heb.* 13:8. P. M.

SAINTS in glory, we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of songs thou art, O Saviour,
All that endless day.

2 Come, ye angels, round us gather,
While to Jesus we draw nearer;
In his throne he 'll seat for ever
Those for whom he died.

3 Underneath his throne a river,
Clear as crystal, flows for ever,
Like his fullness, failing never:
Hail, enthronéd Lamb!

4 Oh, the unsearchable Redeemer!
Shoreless ocean, sounded never!
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Jesus Christ, the same.



DR. NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., was born in Salem, Mass., February 19, 1806, and graduated at Harvard College in 1826. He entered the theological seminary at Andover, finishing his course of study in 1829. Immediately after he became pastor of a Congregational church in Cambridge, where he remained until 1834, when he removed to the Essex Street church in Boston. His pastorate there lasted until his death, October 6, 1878. Dr. Adams wrote several books, some of which were on political subjects, but in hymnology he is only known as the author of two poems. The one given here was first printed in *Church Pastorals*, 1864. The Scripture reference is to Revelation 22:1.

796 *Still with Jesus.* 11s, 10s.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee:
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

2 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.
So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has done the world such service as a novelist, is known in hymnology chiefly by three contributions which she made to her famous brother's work. When Rev. Henry Ward Beecher compiled his *Plymouth Collection* in 1855, this poem was included in it, with the title, "Resting in God." We are told concerning the old man Simeon that he was "waiting for the consolation of Israel." Our lives are moulded, our innermost character fashioned, under the full pressure of things around us, to be sure; but a Christian's future is fixed by the future he sees. Our family altars, our closets of communion, our homes of plenty, our training in this land of schools and churches, our open sanctuaries, our unprohibited Bibles, are mighty means of improvement. We are in the midst of all which is calculated to influence us powerfully to good. Ringing bells and children's anthems and a free, pure gospel are the most forceful of all benedictions of God, and ought to crowd us up to duty. Something worth having is here; but there is something better to come. In all the world there is no finer picture for old men to look upon than this of Simeon—a happy-hearted, devout believer, with the twilight of life and dawn-light of eternity shining on his face!

810 *All in All.* C. M.

I 'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must; for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King:
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For he indeed is Lord of lords,
And he the King of kings:
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

Very few facts are known in regard to the life of the author of this hymn, Rev. John Mason, M. A. The date of his birth is uncertain, but he was educated at Cambridge, England, and after taking his degree he became curate of Isham. In 1668 he was appointed vicar of Stantonbury, Bucks, and five years later took the rectorate of Water-Stratford. He was a man of great spirituality and depth of feeling, a friend of Baxter, who called him "the glory of the Church of England." His death occurred under peculiar circumstances. One night about a month before it he had a vision of Christ, crowned and resplendent. He preached a sermon upon this in which he proclaimed the approach of the Second Advent, and a report spread that this would be at Water-Stratford. Crowds gathered, and great excitement prevailed, singing and leaping and dancing in the streets. The frenzy had scarcely subsided when the aged man died in 1694, still firm in his belief that the end was at hand. Mr. Mason wrote many hymns: the present one was first published in his *Songs of Praise to Almighty God*, 1683. It has been altered frequently, especially the first verse, but has always kept a place in the collections. The Scripture reference is to Matthew 13:46.

817 *Christ Formed Within.* C. M.

O Jesus Christ, grow thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer thee,
From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day let thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fades every evil thought;
That I am nothing, thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through thy grace
More worthy of thy name.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lee Smith is the daughter of Rev. William Allen, D. D., the President at Dartmouth College. She was born at Hanover, N. H., in 1817, and in 1843 was married to Rev. Dr. H. B. Smith. Her residence was changed to New York city, when in 1850 her husband became professor in Union Theological Seminary. He died in 1877, and now she is living in Lakewood, N. J. Mrs. Smith has made several excellent translations; the one given here is from the German of Rev. Johann Caspar Lavater, who was born in Zürich, November 15, 1741, and studied for the ministry. He became a pastor in his native city in 1775, and for nearly twenty-five years was settled first over the Orphanage Church and then over St. Peter's. In September, 1799, the French army under Massena entered Zürich, and Lavater was shot through the body by the treachery of a French grenadier who had just thanked him for an act of charity. He never recovered from this wound, but resigned his pastorate a few months later, and died January 2, 1801, deeply lamented. He is known among scientists by his works on Physiognomy, but as a hymn-writer he had great popularity; more than seven hundred of his poems appeared in print. The one quoted above is in his *Christliche Lieder*, 1780. The translation was printed in the *British Messenger* for November 1, 1860, and has been included in many different collections.

818 *Our Elder Brother.* C. M.

O Jesus, when I think of thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In thee, and thee alone.

2 I see thee in thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from thy shame,
I see thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 In each, a brother's love I trace
By power divine exprest,
One in thy Father God's embrace
As on thy mother's breast.

4 For me thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

5 Oh, let me share thy holy birth,
Thy faith, thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

In the *Life and Letters of Dr. George Washington Bethune*, edited in 1867 by Dr. A. R. Van Nest, we first find the hymn we quote above. It is said to bear date some time in 1847, and to have passed into various collections from the *Lyra Sacra Americana* in which it was afterwards printed. The poem, as a whole, makes us think of what Robert Browning imagines the minstrel David to say to the distempered Saul:

"Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—
so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost
crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor
down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no
breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue
with death!

As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall
stand the most weak.
'T is the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh
that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to
me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever: a Hand like
this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the
Christ stand!"

821 *A Morning Prayer.* P. M.

SAVIOUR! hear us, we pray,
Keep us safe through this day;
Keep our lives free from sin,
And our hearts pure within.

REF.—Jesus, Lord, hear our prayer,
May we rest in thy care.

2 Be our Guardian and Guide;
May we walk by thy side
Till the evening shades fall
Over us—over all.

REF.—Jesus, Lord, hear our prayer,
May we rest in thy care.

William Webster Ellsworth was born in Hartford, Conn., October 30, 1855. He now resides in Yonkers, N. Y., and is engaged in the publishing business in New York city. The hymn before us was written for the tune which goes with it, an arrangement made by Augustin Cortada, the organist and choir-master of the First Presbyterian Church in Yonkers. It was first published in *The New Laudes Domini*, 1892.

827 *Faithful Saviour.* 7s, 6s. D.

To thee, O dear, dear Saviour!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in thy favor,
My pillow on thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am thine,
And thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine!

2 In thee my trust abideth,
On thee my hope relies,
O thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to thee.

3 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!
Oh, for that choicest blessing
Of living in thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

This poem, by Rev. John S. B. Monsell, is found in several different arrangements, its original form having been five stanzas of eight lines each. It was first printed in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863. The sentiment of the song is unmistakable. It means to assert that Jesus Christ, our Saviour, is in himself a sufficiency for all our supreme exigencies of need. Two illustrations from singular sources have lately come to our knowledge. A medical man of the highest authority has related the story of a patient under his care, whose case became so desperate that a critical operation was necessary. This promised to be perilous and extremely painful. But the poor fellow was timid; he was too weak for chloroform; and he was asked if he thought he could brave the pain. After considering a moment, he answered quietly, "I can stand it if you will let me sing." The surgeon said, "Sing away, my friend, as much as you like." So the sufferer sang this hymn:

"There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
A Saviour's love revealing."

In the other instance it was a very much afflicted patient faced by the same awful necessity of the knife. She must have an anæsthetic perforce, for human nature could not abide the strain. But she was afraid of what she might say in a possible delirium, and so betray her sensitive soul when irresponsible. The fact is, she had been wont before her conversion to use her tongue most foully. She was fearful now that she might lapse into her former habits of language. So her pathetic prayer was lifted as the ether was given her: "O Lord, keep thou the door of my mouth!" and when the rack was over, her first question was, "Did I talk?" and the answer: "No: you *sang*." But she pressed the inquiry anxiously: "What was it?" And with tears the nurse replied: "Nothing, dear, but 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' verse after verse, over and over again."

830 *John* 15 : 5. 7s, 6s. D.

I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose wondrous love redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, belovéd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without thee!
For life is fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be past.
But thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be with me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Among the many hymns of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal scarcely any other expresses such absolute dependence upon Christ's saving grace. This poem was written in May, 1873, and printed in *Home-Words* of that same year, and later in *Under the Surface* and the *Life Mosaic*.

An interesting story has been related in one of our missionary periodicals concerning a faithful minister now laboring in the foreign field. While traveling once in India, he discovered, in a retired spot by the wayside, a man lying on the earth. Seen at a distance, he appeared to be asleep. He judged him to be one of those singular heathen devotees so often in that land encountered upon their painful pilgrimages, and supposed that, fatigued with his protracted journey, he had fallen on the ground for rest. Coming up to him, however, he found that the man was really in a dying state, just breathing his last. Kneeling down by his side, and solicitous to give help or bring comfort to one in such mortal extremity, he put the question in the native language: "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?"

Faintly, but with an expression of delighted surprise, the man replied: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." His strength failed him with the mere repetition of these inspired words, and in a moment more the soul of this unknown believer had passed out of human sight and was in the presence of God. Subdued into unutterable emotion at thus suddenly confronting death there in so secluded a retreat, the missionary gazed upon the lifeless body, silently wondering who this strange fellow-Christian might be. His eye caught a glimpse of a fragment of paper closely clasped in the dead man's hand. On examination this proved to be a detached leaf of the Bengali Testament; and on it were traced the words which that Hindu convert had repeated with trustful reliance as he floated out alone upon that shoreless sea of eternal existence which rolls all around the world.

There comes an hour to every individual when that same impressive question must be answered with equal explicitness: "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?" There will be a day when each one of us will withdraw quietly from the dusty road of human travel and seek some undisturbed spot in which to die. A score of wrong replies may be made then, when it will be too late for a man to make any other. That which the Bengali believer made is the only safe one, and that has to be understood earlier.

831 *The Good Shepherd.* 7s, 6s. D.

O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert thou not, patient Shepherd,
The guardian of my way!
How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in!

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pastures,
With thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold:
Oh, bring my ransomed spirit
To thine eternal fold.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett, who was the son of a surgeon in the English Navy, was born at Cloyton, Devonshire, in 1825, and educated at Christ's Hospital and King's College, London. He was destined at first for the medical profession, but decided to abandon it, and he took Holy Orders in 1848. He was appointed vicar of Lea Marston, Warwickshire, in 1854, and in 1870 became incumbent at St. Andrew's, Scotland. Ten years later he was chosen Prebendary of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. Mr. Tuttiett has published several volumes both of prose and poetry, and many of his hymns are in general use. They are characterized by much earnestness, simplicity, and directness, and possess great merit. The one given above was first printed in his *Germs of Thought on the Sunday Services*, 1864, and subsequently in many collections of hymns.

843 *"My blessed Master."* P. M.

I WILL sing for Jesus:
With his blood he bought me,
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHO.—Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster
While I can sing for Jesus,
My blessèd, blessèd Master?—CHO.

3 I will sing for Jesus,
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music
When heart and flesh are failing.—CHO.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Twenty-five years ago we sang this hymn and tune on the plains of Jericho, as our horses plodded along in the starlit midnight. The party took up the chorus the moment it was reached, no matter who started the solo. Somehow in the course of travel we learned to like it, simple as it is. We have always supposed it to have been composed by Philip Phillips, the admitted author of the music. Of late we have been informed that he did not give to it his name. It has, however, appeared in his *Singing Pilgrim*, 1866, and in some of his other compilations. He was born in Chautauqua County, N. Y., August 13, 1834. He was a "boy on a farm" in early life; but he had a talent for music and a good tenor voice for performing it. He became a "Singing Evangelist" for a profession, and has given concerts, and entertainments of sacred song for years. He has found audiences in almost all the cities of the English-speaking world, and has certainly been popular and very useful. He has made some hymns, and many tunes; these are to be found in the various compilations used for "Gospel Meetings."

845 *Living by Faith.* L. M.

OH, blessèd Life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems:
That trusts a higher Will, and deems
That higher Will, not mine, the best.

2 Oh, blessèd Life! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

3 Oh, blessèd Life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4 Oh, blessèd Life! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5 Oh, Life! how blessèd!—how divine!—
High Life, the earnest of a higher:
Saviour! fulfill my deep desire,
And let this blessèd Life be mine.

Rev. William Tidd Matson was born at West Hackney, London, October 17, 1833. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterward studied at the Agricultural and Chemical College in Kennington. He had been brought up in the Church of England, but at the age of twenty he joined the Methodist New Connexion body, and subsequently became a Congregationalist. After his theological studies had been completed he entered the ministry and held pastorates at Gosport, Highbury, Portsmouth, and other places. Mr. Matson published several volumes of poetry, and some of his hymns are widely used; the one given above, entitled "Christ the Life of Men," is one of his best.

846 *Straight Onward.* L. M.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide:
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear; his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

This stirring appeal to the courage and faith of believers was written by Rev. Dr. John S. B. Monsell, and appeared first in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863. It was entitled "The Fight of Faith." History tells us of one Vitalis, a godly man, who stood near his friend, Ursinus, a celebrated physician, who was condemned to die for the gospel. The convicted man trembled, wavered, and seemed about to give up his faith, rather than die for it. His friend, Vitalis, came close beside him, and though he knew it would cost him his life, said, "What! have you been so industrious heretofore to preserve men's bodies, and will you now shrink at the saving of your own soul? Be courageous." He grew strong and brave, and his faithful counselor was condemned and died with him.

847 *In the Light of God.* L. M.

GRANT us thy light, that we may know
The wisdom thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 Grant us thy light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to thee,
And love thy simple word the more.

3 Grant us thy light, that we may learn
How dead is life from thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To thee an undivided heart.

4 Grant us thy light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above;
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Grant us thy light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Among the hymns of Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett which have obtained a place in common use is to be found this prayer for the divine light. It was first printed in his *Germs of Thought on the Sunday Services*, in 1864. It is comforting always to know that every believer who is praying for "light" may surely find that he will "learn to love (God's) simple word the more." It is to be supposed that all real Christians admit the truth of that military maxim—the best defence is a swift attack. Apollos was an experienced and adroit swordsman; he was "mighty in the Scriptures." To have a weapon in one's hand that is certain to pierce the scales of Apollyon every thrust, is of itself enough to make any one valiant. Most of us have been told the child's story about a mysterious sword which had in its construction a kind of life of its own. It was put in the hand of a coward in order to work his cure. When he tried to run away, it kept him right up to the front of the battle. Whenever he attempted to fling it from him, it clung to his grasp. Whenever he sought to slink out of sight and hide the bright blade in the folds of his uniform, of itself it would leap from the scabbard, and begin smiting the first foe it could touch. By and by he learned to put confidence in it; for he perceived he never could be beaten as long as that invincible hilt was in his hand. Such a weapon is this "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." It will of itself fight, it will of itself conquer, and in the end it will defend and deliver every brave man who trusts it. "I will fight you," said a hard-fisted man once to the saintly Hewitson. "Very well," replied he quietly, taking his Testament from his pocket; "just wait till I get out my sword."

857 *Longing for Holiness.* C. M.

OH, wherefore, Lord, doth thy dear praise
But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full, triumphant song?

2 Oh, make me, Lord, thy statutes learn;
Keep in thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.

3 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.

4 My voice shall more delight thine ear,
The more I wait on thee;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

5 Oh, when shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

This poem by Thomas Hornblower Gill was written in 1849, and first published in G. Dawson's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1853. It contained seven stanzas of four lines each, but in recent collections has been considerably abbreviated for more convenient use.

858 *Meditation.* C. M.

I THINK of thee, my God, by night,
And talk of thee by day;
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.

2 The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme thou be.

3 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let thy presence be
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorbed in thee.

This appeared in Dr. John S. B. Monsell's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863. The reference is to Psalm 63:5, 6: "My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night-watches." Meditation is quite a different thing from reverie. The romance of piety never lifts it; it only resembles the plumes of an ostrich, very beautiful, but utterly unfit for flying across the plain. When pursued he has to use something besides his feathers to get away from the hunters. Nor is meditation mere speculation. A mind groping after, not what is profitable, but what is novel, will never be able to grow on what it discovers. To have odd views passes in this age often for having original or valuable views. Meditation is thinking upon truth, and God, and holiness, and heaven, till our hearts are "absorbed" in God.

861 *Disinterested Love.* C. M.

I LOVE thee, O my God, but not
For what I hope thereby;
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally.

2 I love thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love thee,
Solely because my God thou art
Who first hast lovéd me.

3 For me, to lowest depth of woe
Thou didst thyself abase;
For me, didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace:

4 For me, didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself—all, all for me,
For me, thine enemy.

5 Then shall I not, O Saviour mine,
Shall I not love thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell:

6 Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as thyself
Hast lovéd me, O Lord!

The Latin original of this hymn, "*O Deus, ego amo Te, Nec amo Te ut salves me,*" is attributed to St. Francis Xavier. It is supposed to have been a translation of a Spanish sonnet of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, which commenced, "*No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte.*" The Latin text is to be found in the *Psalteriolum Cantionum Catholicarum*, Cologne, 1772, and it is from this work that Edward Caswall made the English version before us. It appeared in his *Lyra Catholica*, 1849, and with various alterations has been accepted and is in many of our collections.

After Dr. Bethune's death the following beautiful hymn, which was evidently written only the day previous, was found in his portfolio. Its devout simplicity and exquisite tenderness give it a fitting place beside such as Toplady's "Rock of Ages," Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," and this, "I love thee, O my God, but not for what I hope thereby":

"When the time seems short, and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know my Saviour died for me.

"His name is Jesus, and he died—
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die, that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin.
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

"If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death.
Yet since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

"I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind
And little do I know beside
Of thought so high and deep and wide.
This is my best theology—
I know the Saviour died for me.

"My faith is weak, but 't is thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, 'Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live, from guilt set free;
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee.'"

862 *Patience.* C. M.

My Father, it is good for me
To trust, and not to trace,
And wait with deep humility
For thy revealing grace.

2 Lord! when thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love thee in the mystery,
I trust thy providence.

3 I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

4 So faith and patience, wait awhile!
Not doubting, not in fear;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

5 Then shalt thou end Time's short eclipse,
Its brief, uncertain night;
Bring in the grand apocalypse!
Reveal the perfect Light!

This is another of the numerous poems by Mr. George Rawson, the English lawyer, who has contributed to the service of the church so much that is excellent. We have been fortunate enough to secure a second likeness of this good man, taken at a different period of his career. The hymn before us was first published in Dr. Allon's *Supplemental Hymns*, 1868, and bore the heading, "Trust." When we read God's Word we should not waste our time upon what we cannot understand, but try to get good out of what is already clear. A lady had a favorite text, which she frequently repeated and which was included in a

GEORGE RAWSON.

collection she used for daily help: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." On the morning of the day she died it was repeated at her bedside, with the remark that it was the text for the day, when she looked up amid her pain and said: "Is that the text for to-day?" and on being informed that it was, she replied, "Oh, then, I will just go home on that."

863 *Purity.* S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs:
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King:—

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord! we thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

The original poem of nineteen stanzas, from which this hymn is taken, is found in the *Christian Year* of Rev. John Keble. It is dated "October 10, 1819," but it does not seem to have been published till 1827. It states the deepest of all spiritual doctrines with uttermost simplicity; namely, that purity of heart is a "secret of the Lord," and consists in the actual indwelling of the Divine Christ in the human soul, "Christ formed in us the hope of glory." This fashions our elementary notion of excellence in piety. It is Jesus Christ's righteousness we discern in the character of a perfect Christian. The Bible is full of this infinite suggestion of a presence of the Saviour in the saint. Everywhere in the Scriptures we find a far-reaching prediction of such a redemption and of such a redeemer for men. The very texture of the record appears at times designedly transparent, as if it had been intended to adorn what it was not yet quite ready to reveal. One reads portions of that ancient book, which was all the "Bible" men had when the Epistle to the Hebrews was first written, as the enthusiastic tourist looks at the vail of an Oriental maiden he meets—a mere gauze across the beautiful countenance, heightening a loveliness which it hardly pretends to conceal. His earliest thought may be, How exquisite is the fabric! But his exclamation comes instantly afterwards, Oh, how sweet is the face!

864 *Acquiescence.* S. M.

JESUS, I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D. D., was born near Waynesborough, Pa., October 28, 1817, and was unable to obtain a full collegiate education on account of the poverty of his parents. He taught school to get means to study, and in 1840 he entered Marshall College at Mercersburg, Pa., for a time. He was ordained in 1843, and became pastor of the German Reformed Church in Lewisburg, where he remained until he was called to Lancaster, Pa., in 1850. Subsequently he had charge of a church in Lebanon, and in 1863 he was appointed Professor of Theology at Mercersburg, where he died, December 28, 1867. Dr. Harbaugh published many religious works, and a volume entitled *Hymns and Chants for Sunday Schools*, 1861. In

this is found the poem quoted here, which bears the date 1850, and is one of his best known pieces.

867 *Poor in Spirit.—Psa.* 40: 17. S. M.

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care opprest,
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Spirit, and to thee,
The song of praise and love.

Rev. Allen William Chatfield, M. A., was born at Chatteris, England, October 2, 1808, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1831. He took Holy Orders the following year and in 1833 became vicar of Stotfold, Bedfordshire, where he remained for fourteen years. In 1847 he was appointed vicar of Much-Marcle, Herefordshire. Mr. Chatfield has published a number of sermons, but is best known by his *Songs and Hymns of the Greek Christian Poets*, 1876, in which the above poem was first printed. It is a translation from an Ode of Synesius, who was a native of Cyrene, born about 375. His descent was so illustrious that his pedigree, which extended through seventeen centuries, was said by Gibbon the historian to be "unequaled in the history of mankind." He was famous as an orator, statesman, and patriot. In 410 he was made Bishop of Ptolemais, and died in 430. Although there are many odes by him, this tenth one alone has come into general use. It is a beautiful example of the blending of Greek philosophy with Christian adoration.

868 *Genuineness.* S. M.

HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to thee each day,
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to thee be true—
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief;
Lord, I believe, oh, hear my cry,
Help thou my unbelief.

Another of Dr. Horatius Bonar's lyrics taken from the third series of his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1867, where it bears the title "Truth Desired." This little story of his own early life, told by the venerable Archdeacon Moule after long years of successful hand-to-hand work for Christ, is worth keeping in mind. Said he: "It seems to me, I won't say as yesterday, but hardly further back than last week, that the beloved and now long-sainted Charles Bridges came to my dear father's vicarage to give me his blessing, now thirty years ago, before I went to China. I remember the scene as though it were last week. Very simple it was. He came into my dear father's study, gave me his blessing, and said to me, 'Well, Arthur, you are going to China, with its hundreds of millions of souls. Remember, one soul is worth more than all the wealth of the world.' I knew what he meant; I have remembered it ever since. I bless God that through his great mercy he has permitted me to see the realization of what he meant—if you live a whole lifetime there in China, and are but the means of saving one soul, that one soul is worth a lifetime of toil."

869 *"Pure in Heart."* S. M.

REJOICE, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

2 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors, through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

3 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

4 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre wrote the hymn before us in May, 1865, for the Choir Festival of Peterborough of that year, and it was first sung in the Cathedral there. It was issued in the author's volume called *Lazarus and Other Poems*, 1865, and finally included in the *Appendix* to *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*. It is the most widely used of all the fine lyrics this writer has given to us. The reference is to Psalm 20: 5: "We will rejoice in thy salvation and in the name of our God we will set up our banners." The church comes vividly before our imagination as a host with

flags flying, and at the same moment making the air ring with martial songs. Indeed, there is the noblest of all wisdom in the inspired counsel: "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms."

871 *Joy.* S. M.

REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice
Whom Christ his brethren calls,
Who hear and know his guiding voice
When on their heart it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

Sometimes the first line of this hymn is given as "Rejoice in *Christ* alway." It was written by Rev. John Moultrie, and published in his *Dream of Life, Lays of the English Church*, 1843, where it had five stanzas of eight lines each. The Scripture reference would be to Philippians 4:4. True Christians ought to be the happiest and most cheerful people in all the world. There was one little formula of great meaning, drawn from Andrew's exclamation, perhaps, which served the strict purpose of a primitive creed to all those new disciples, and which might well become familiar upon our tongues. Philip took it up easily when he proclaimed to Nathanael: "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." The passionate longing of many a generation was concentrated into that one utterance. We have entered into a fullness they never knew, now in these latter days. "Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see. For I tell you that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." Murmuring is contagious, and propagates itself far and wide. As men say sometimes, "That disease is catching," and so they beware of it. And what must a Christian be when his neighbors shun him because of his disposition! There is no more dangerous person on earth for a companion than just a chronic croaker.

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy."

It is pitiable to think how some of even God's dear children, who would be bravest under violent stress of danger, are insidiously betrayed by what is lowest and meanest in their hearts. The animal pulls down the spiritual nature. Little vexations make us petulant and revengeful. The light word of a criticism, the heat of a summer's day, the frost of a winter's night, the crying of a child in the next chamber, turns us away into complaining and starts hard speech and worse spite. And all this shows how much we need a new heart, and how much we need continuing grace after we get it.

881 *Self-denial.* 8s, 7s.

PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.

2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on;
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

4 On the eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day:
All the powers of earth combining
Shall not snatch our crown away.

This composition, by Dr. Thomas Hastings, appeared first in his *Doctrinal Hymns and Religious Poems*, 1850, with the title "Self-denial," and has come into general use in the American churches. A pathetic illustration of the spirit of this hymn is found in a letter of Frances Ridley Havergal published since her death: "Leamington, August, 1878. The Lord has shown me another little step, and of course I have taken it with extreme delight. 'Take my silver and my gold' now means shipping off all my ornaments (including a jewel cabinet which is really fit for a countess) to the Church Missionary House, where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I retain only a brooch or two for daily wear, which are memorials of my dear parents; also a locket with the only portrait I have of my niece in heaven, my Evelyn; and her 'two rings,' mentioned in *Under the Surface*. But these I redeem, so that the whole value goes to the Church Missionary Society. I had no idea I had such a jeweler's shop; nearly fifty articles are being packed off. I don't think I need tell you I never packed a box with such pleasure."

884 *"Brother's Keeper."—Gen. 4:9.* 8s, 7s.

BLESSED angels, high in heaven,
O'er the penitent rejoice;
Hast thou for thy brother striven
With an importuning voice?

2 Art thou not thy brother's keeper?
Canst thou not his soul obtain?
He that wakes his brother sleeper
Double light himself shall gain.

3 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
They, who many turn to God,
Like the stars shall shine for ever
In eternal brotherhood!

This work of an anonymous author first appeared in Dr. Hastings' *Church Melodies*, 1858, with the title "Care for Others." It contained originally five stanzas of four lines each, and is sometimes reprinted in its full form. No particulars as to its source can be obtained at present. The Scripture reference is to Genesis 4:9.

887 *The Beatitudes.* L. M.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the men whose pities move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

5 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

6 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

Dr. Isaac Watts founded this poem upon "The Beatitudes, Matt. 5:3–12." It is given as No. 102 in his *Hymns*, Book I., 1707.

890 *A Subdued Spirit.* L. M.

BENEATH thy wing, O God, I rest,
Under thy shadow safely lie,
By thine own strength in peace possest,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

2 With strong desire, I here can stay
To see thy love its work complete:
Here can I wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

3 My place of lowly service, too,
Beneath that sheltering wing I see;
For all the work I have to do
Is done through strengthening trust in thee.

4 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be;
And, when thy joy the church o'erflows,
I know that it will visit me.

Originally this hymn began with the words "Under thy wings, my God, I rest." It was published by the author, Miss Anna Lætitia Waring, in her *Hymns and Meditations*, 1850. Its Scriptural reference is found in the words of Psalm 61:4: "I will trust in the covert of thy wings." Recall for a moment the story of Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*. He was in the darkest ravine of conflict. He got frightened at the goblins all around him. Just then he heard far ahead in the darkness a sweet voice singing, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." And "then he was glad, and that for these reasons; first, because that he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself. Secondly, for that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the impediment that attends this place I cannot perceive it? Thirdly, for that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by and by. So he went on, and called aloud to him that was before—but *he* knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke. Then said Christian, He hath turned the shadow into the morning."

896 *Members of Christ.* C. M.

OH, blessing rich, for sons of men
Members of Christ to be,
Joined to the holy Son of God
In wondrous unity.

2 O Jesus, our great Head divine,
From whom most freely flow
The streams of life and strength and warmth
To all the frame below:

3 Keep us as members sound and whole
Within thy body true;
Build us into a temple fair,
Meet stones in order due.

4 Keep us good branches of thy vine,
Large store of fruit to yield;
Keep us as sheep that wander not
From thy most pleasant field.

5 For one with God, O Jesus blest,
We are, when one with thee,
With saints on earth and saints at rest
A glorious company.

Bishop William Walsham How gave this poem to the singing public in the first edition of his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1854. The Scripture reference is to John 15:1–8. "Remember," said Robert Murray McCheyne, "you are not a tree, that can stand alone—you are only 'a branch,' and it is only while you abide in him as a branch that you will flourish." "The life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists of possessive pronouns."

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

It is one thing to say "Christ is a Saviour;" it is quite another thing to say, "He is my Saviour and my Lord." The devil can say the first; the true Christian alone can say the second.

This portrait is copied from a photograph taken later than the one used before.

898 *Sovereign Choice.* C. M.

Ye souls for whom the Son did die,
In whom the Spirit dwells,
Your sweet amazement riseth high,
And strong your rapture swells.

2 Who sparéd not that Son divine?
Who sent that Spirit sweet?
Father, the work of love is thine,
The wonder is complete.

3 Thrice blessèd souls, by heavenly love
Elect, redeemed, renewed;
Through endless years, below, above,
By heavenly love pursued!

4 Lord! wouldst thou set thy love on me
And choose me in thy Son?
Lord! hath my heart been given to thee?
Hath love in me begun?

5 Ne'er let thy smile from me depart,
My heart from thee remove;
Eternal Lover, teach my heart
Thine own eternal love.

In the *Golden Chain of Praise*, 1869, a book of poems by Thomas Hornblower Gill, we find the hymn above quoted. It bears the title "Electing Love." That form of evidence which is most cogent in proving that any given individual is one of the elect of God, is furnished by the indwelling of the Divine Spirit; that creates an "amazement" and a "rapture." He wonders, but he sings. By this the elect recognize each other. Under the reign of a wicked queen in Madagascar, people of different tribes, speaking different languages, who had become converted to Christianity, were scattered by persecution and widely removed from their several homes. When they met together their only medium of communication was by resort to their New Testaments. Those of one tribe would point out a passage in their book, which those of the other would again find in theirs, in a different language. Thus they were not only able to converse together, to the great comfort and cheer of both, but they found that the same Spirit had given like witness to the heart of each that the saving Messiah had come to each of them. Often has this experience been repeated in substance between people of remotest parts of earth, of languages, climates, government, and degrees of civilization as widely diverse as can be. The witness of the Spirit has rested on each Christian heart, so that he can recognize the presence and work of the Messiah in all corners of the earth. In comparison with this never-varying testimony even the divine testimony of miracles is not greater.

902 *Things Working for Good.* C. P. M.

O Lord, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

3 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and flowers,
And from self-torment cease!
Father! we trust, and we lie still—
Leave all things to thy holy will,
And so find perfect peace.

This poem, by Professor Joseph Anstice, was first published in his posthumous *Hymns*, 1836, and contained five stanzas of six lines each. It became very widely known from its having been included in 1841 in the Child's *Christian Year*, and since then it has passed into general use in Great Britain and America. The poem was probably inspired by the verse of the Psalmist, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Two men were neighbors, and each of them had a wife and several little children; and their daily labor was all they had for their support. One of these men became anxious, thinking, "If I should die or be taken ill, what will become of my wife and children?" The same thought came to the other man, but he did not feel the same anxiety about it; for said he, "God,

who knows his creatures, and who watches over them, will also watch over me, my wife, and my children."

One day, while the first of these men was working in the field, sad and dejected on account of his fears, he saw some birds fly into a wood, then come out, and soon after return. On going nearer he saw two nests placed side by side, and in each were some little birds just hatched, and not yet covered with feathers. When he returned to his work, he from time to time raised his eyes and looked at the birds, who went and came, carrying food to their little ones; but at the moment when one of the mothers returned with some food in her bill, a vulture seized her and carried her off, the poor mother vainly struggling in his talons and uttering piercing cries. At this sight the laborer became more anxious than before; for thought he, "The death of the parent is the death of the children. My children have no one to provide for them but myself. What then will become of them if I fail them?" All day he remained gloomy and sad, and could not sleep all night. The next day, on returning to the field, he said to himself, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor bird-mother; many of them are, doubtless, dead by this time." So saying, he directed his steps towards the wood; but what was his amazement, on looking into the nest, to see the little birds quite lively—not one starved among them. Struck with this sight, he hid himself to observe the cause. In a short time he heard a faint cry, and saw the remaining mother bringing in haste the food she had collected, and then distributing it impartially among *all* the little ones, there being sufficient for every one.

Thus the little orphans were not left helpless in their misery. And the father who had distrusted Providence related in the evening what he had seen to his neighbor, who said to him, "Why need you be anxious any more? God never abandons his people; his love has resources which we cannot fathom. Let us believe, hope, and love, and go on our way in peace."

903 *The Better Part.* C. P. M.

O LOVE Divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

3 Oh, that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord! to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

4 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh: for thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

CHARLES WESLEY'S GRAVE.

Three centos from this hymn by Rev. Charles Wesley are in as common use as the original, which had seven stanzas of six lines each, and, together with five other poems on the same subject, bore the title "Desiring to Love." It was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. And now as with this grand song of love, the sentiment of which might well be accepted as the ruling passion of his life, the name of Charles Wesley disappears from our annotations, it seems fitting

that the close of his great life should receive a more extensive notice.

In old age Charles Wesley rode a little white horse, gray with age. It appears to have been brought every morning from the foundry—an arrangement which its master did not like, but which it was impossible to avoid. He was somewhat stouter than his brother, but not corpulent. Henry Moore says that he wore winter clothing even in summer. When he mounted his horse, "if a subject struck him, he proceeded to expand it and put it in order. This he used to write on a card in short-hand with his pencil." Not unfrequently he used to come to the house in the City Road, and having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out "Pen and ink! pen and ink!" When these were given him, he proceeded to write out his hymn. This done, he looked around on those present, saluted them with much kindness, inquired after their health, and then gave out some short hymn.

Every lover of Charles Wesley's poetry has been touched by the dying effort of his muse. For some time he had been lying quietly on his bed. At last he called for Mrs. Wesley, and asked her to write the following lines at his dictation:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

On Saturday, March 29, 1788, his happy spirit fled. Through the whole week the restlessness of death had been on him. He slept much, without refreshment. On Tuesday and Wednesday he was not entirely sensible. His end was what he particularly wished it might be—peace. "No fiend," he said to his wife, "was permitted to approach me." Some one observed that the valley of the shadow of death was hard to be passed. "Not with Christ," was his answer. He spoke to all his children with affection and hope of their salvation. Samuel Bradburn sat up with him the night but one before his death. His mind was calm as a summer evening. On the Saturday all the family stood round his bed. The last words which they could catch from his lips were "Lord, my heart, my God!" With his hand lying in his daughter's, the old saint passed home so gently that the watchers did not know when the spirit fled.

905 *Bought with a Price.* C. M. D.

WHEN I had wandered from his fold,
His love the wanderer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought;
Therefore that life, by him redeemed,
Is his through all its days;
And as with blessings it hath teemed,
So let it teem with praise.

2 For I am his, and he is mine,
The God whom I adore!
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.
When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
And changed my hopes for fears;
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears.

3 Therefore the joy, by him restored,
To him by right belongs;
And to my gracious, loving Lord,
I 'll sing through life my songs:
For I am his, and he is mine,
The God whom I adore!
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.

Another of the lyrics of Rev. John S. B. Monsell, and published together with many others in his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863. It bears the title "The Love of God," and reiterates the old and blessed truths of the gospel. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price," I. Corinthians 6:19, 20. And again I. Peter 1:17–19: "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear: forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

906 *God's Peace.—Phil.* 4:7. C. M.

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee.

4 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

We found this excellent hymn in *Church Melodies*, 1858; but Dr. Hastings could not remember who made it nor whence he quoted it. We put it into *Songs of the Church*, 1862, and have continued it in one or two compilations since; and still have never seen any name attached to it. The stanzas are all found in Dr. Allon's *Supplement* to the *Congregational Hymn Book*, 1868; but it stands mournfully nameless. Most pastors would welcome its use when preaching upon Philippians 4:7, for it fitly voices the beautiful benediction: "And the peace of God, which passeth all

understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

914 *Rest in God.* 11s, 10s, 6s.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed:
Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

This is the most widely used of the hymns of William Henry Burleigh, and is to be found in the very best collections on both sides of the sea. It first appeared in the *Lyra Sacra Americana*, 1868. Sometimes it requires more real piety to be still under commonplace worries, to be patient in prosaic drudgeries, than to go straight into battle. A great many Christians are dissatisfied unless they can be set about doing *some big thing*. Simon Peter comes exactly within our range—a great, honest, loving soul, but often self-conscious and melodramatic. He told Jesus Christ once that he would lay down his life for his sake. That was rash and unnecessary. Better have kept still till he was asked. There was going to be room enough for endurance and valor that night, without wasting it in brag. Jesus rebuked him—predicted the denial instead, and warned him sternly. Peter felt himself misused—at least misunderstood. He meant even Jesus should do him justice. He gets hold privately of a sword, and follows valiantly on. He intends to show he had been literally in earnest. So he marches through the shadows in a military way towards Gethsemane, sword drawn in preparation. Only he meets nobody, and of course has no fight. And time soothes him a little. The Jerusalem evening took down his fever on the walk—nights are chill and cooling there out-of-doors. By the time he reached the shade of the olives he was considerably calmed. Then Jesus said suddenly—not fight—but just wait here. The eager Peter was put at commonplace watching. And he that was going to die just now for Christ's dear sake simply fell asleep the moment he was left alone at his post. When the good Lord wants any of us to die, or to fight, for him, he will undoubtedly tell us so. It remains for us to be quite as willing to live and to watch. The slighter ministries of affection will show that we set him before us *always*; then we shall not be moved.

917 *"Endureth for Ever."* P. M.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth endureth for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised all faltereth never;
Oh, trust in the love that endureth for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever;
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him for ever.

Joseph Stammers, the author of this favorite hymn, was born at Bury St. Edmunds, England, in 1801, and received a legal education. After practising in London for a time, he was called to the Bar in 1833. He died in London, May 18, 1885. He wrote a few hymns for the *Lyra Britannica*, which have not retained a place in general use, but this poem will cause his name to be long remembered. It was contributed in 1830 to the *Cottage Magazine*, a small serial which was conducted by Rev. Mr. Buckworth, vicar of Dewsbury.

918 *Loving and Loved.* 7s. D.

LOVED with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know!
Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so.
Oh, this full and perfect peace!
Oh, this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease,
I am his and he is mine.

2 Things that once caused wild alarms
Cannot now disturb my rest,
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on his loving breast.
Oh, to lie for ever here,
Care, and doubt, and self resign,
While he whispers in my ear,
I am his and he is mine!

3 His for ever, only his!
Who the Lord and me can part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline:
But while God and I shall be,
I am his and he is mine.

We kept this fine piece of poetry in our scrap-book for many years. It came out of some unremembered newspaper, and it had no name of its own. Dr. Parker has a good scheme for a sermon in one of his volumes: "The anonymous ministries of the Bible." It

would be an excellent theme for some good hymnologist to comment upon the usefulness of the anonymous ministries of one sacred song through the ages. He might begin with the longest poem in the psalter, Psalm 119. How many hearts a perfect hymn cheers in its wonderful career! This one turns upon its persistent refrain: "I am his, and he is mine," Solomon's Song 2:16.

919 *Daily Food.* 7s. D.

DAY by day the manna fell:
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
"Day by day" the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

2 Lord, my times are in thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.
Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfill,
Not mine own—my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot,
Anxious, busy cares, away:
I'm provided for to-day.
Oh, to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer:
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

JOSIAH CONDER.

As the fourth of six metrical paraphrases of portions of the Lord's Prayer, this hymn was given in Josiah Conder's work, *The Choir and the Oratory*, 1837, though it appeared separately a year earlier in his *Congregational Hymn-Book*. It is in general use in Great Britain and America. The Scriptural reference is to Exodus 16:21. In studying the account of the manna sent to the Israelite host in the wilderness the scholars of Rabbi ben Jochai once asked him: "Why did not the Lord furnish enough manna to Israel for a year all at one time?" Then the teacher said: "I will answer you with a parable. Once there was a king who had a son to whom he gave a yearly allowance, paying him the entire sum on a fixed day. It soon happened that the day on which the allowance was due was the only day in the year when the father ever saw his son. So the king changed his plan, and gave his son day by day that which sufficed for the day. And now the son visited his father every morning. Thus God dealt with Israel."

923 *Strength from the Word.* 10s, 4s.

THY word, O Lord, thy precious word alone,
Can lead me on;
By this, until the darksome night be gone,
Lead thou me on!
Thy word is light, thy word is life and power;
By it, oh, guide me in each trying hour!

2 Whate'er my path, led by the word, 't is good,
Oh, lead me on!
Be my poor heart thy blessed word's abode,
Lead thou me on!
Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see
And leads me by thy word, close following thee.

3 Led by aught else, I tread a devious way,
Oh, lead me on!
Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey,
Lead thou me on!
My every step shall then be well defined,
And all I do according to thy mind.

Albert Midlane was born at Newport in the Isle of Wight, January 23, 1825, and has resided there for many years, being engaged in business. He began to write hymns while still quite young, and the number has now reached more than three hundred, many of which are in common use. They have appeared in magazines and mission hymn-books, and several volumes of them have been compiled. The one quoted here was written in April, 1884, and published in the *Friendly Visitor* of July, 1885, and later in the *Primitive Methodist Hymnal*, 1887. Rev. John Wesley once cried out: "In every age and country Satan has whispered to those who began to taste of the powers of the world to come, 'To the desert!' 'To the wilderness!' Most of our little flock at Oxford were tried with this, my brother and I in particular. Nay, but I say, 'To the Bible! To the Bible!' and there you will learn, as you have time, 'to do good unto all men.'"

924 *Unfaltering Faith.* 10s, 4s.

LIGHT of the world! whose kind and gentle care
Is joy and rest:
Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,
Wisest and best.
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure desire,
Its hope and peace,
Let not the faith thy loving words inspire

Falter, or cease;
But be to me, true Friend, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessèd Lord! what bliss to feel thee near,
Faithful and true;
To trust in thee, without one doubt or fear,
Thy will to do;
And all the while to know that thou, our Friend,
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

4 And then, oh, then! when sorrow's night is o'er,
Life's daylight come,
And we are safe within heaven's golden door,
At home! at home!
How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to thee our everlasting praise.

The *Dictionary of Hymnology*, calls this the best composition of its author, Henry Bateman. It was first published in Dale's *English Hymn-Book*, 1874. If only for the "well-ordered speech" we were to be heard, surely God would listen to a prayer for divine guidance so exquisitely worded as this. "I have no doubt that the school of affliction is profitable," said a worried believer, "but tuition is certainly high." From one point of view, the sunshiny happy experience of piety, it is easy to show the advantage of a religious life. The surrender brings a patronage, and the study is rewarded with attainment. But how is it with all that further discipline of affliction into which one is necessarily led?

It would afford a ready reply of extrication to say that wicked people are afflicted as much as those who are good. But we do not suppose there is any need of avoiding the direct issue. Sure we are of two things: in the Scripture we are told that God specially loves believers. This would seem to intimate that he would relieve them from the suffering of common humanity. Moreover we are told that he shows his love by increasing rather than mitigating their trials. From this we must infer that afflictions have a kind of mysterious benefit to confer which renders them advantageous.

In one of the Psalms we find this verse: "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word. It was good for me that I was afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." It is not certainly on record who wrote these words. So we cannot say from whose religious experience such a leaf has been torn. It has more power, perhaps, by being anonymous. But he asserts after long trial that God has disciplined him with sorrow, and rewarded him with disclosures of truth and comfort out of the Bible; and that on the whole he thought he had made a good bargain.

927 *Psalm* 137. S. M.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 "Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?"

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life! be near!
On thee my hopes I cast;
Oh! guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

HENRY F. LYTE.

We add a fresh portrait taken but a short time before the author's death. This is by far the most generally used of Rev. Henry Francis Lyte's paraphrases. It is his version of Psalm 137, and it appeared first in the author's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. It represents that longing of the soul for the other life which exhibits and proves its entire weanedness from this. Mere wistfulness, however, has very little grace in it. We should be engaged in making ourselves ready for the presence of the King. Nowadays we are coming to appreciate, and perhaps even to understand, the expression found in one of the old Psalms, "the strife of tongues." It is time to stop the rattle of words, and begin to act and to be. Every

day lately I have been repeating for my own meditation one of George Eliot's sayings: "It is very difficult to be learned: it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and cannot enjoy them because they are too tired."

Beyond this turmoil there is peace somewhere. Then whatever intelligences we are cast among, whatever "social joys are there," whatever comrades we are to have for the eternal years, they will quietly look us in the face and register us for exactly what we are. The time is not far ahead in which we must come to a settlement. The ancient Arians used to say that no soul could expect to enter Paradise save by one long narrow bridge. At the crossing each man was to be met by a phantom—some one looking like a spirit or an angel from the light or from the darkness—a spectral figure resembling a hideous monster or a beautiful creature of joy and peace, whose office it would be to lead the mortal across the gulf or scare him to plunge off into it. And if any one should ask the guide for its name and history, all the answer he would receive would be this: "I am the spirit of thy life; what thou hast been, that thou must be!"

929 *Succor and Solace.* 6s, 5s.

OH, let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

3 God will never leave us,
All our wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes.

4 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

5 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know—

6 When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns us with his favor,
Fills us with his love.

The German hymn from which this is translated, "*Wem in Leidenstagen*," is the work of Heinrich Siegmund Oswald, who was born at Nimmersatt, in Silesia, June 30, 1751. He held many public positions, and in 1791 was appointed reader to King Friedrich Wilhelm II. After the king's death he received a pension, and finally retired to Breslau, where he died, September 8, 1834. He wrote over a hundred hymns, but this one, "For Mourners," is perhaps the best known. The English rendering is the work of Miss Frances E. Cox, and appeared first in 1841 in her *Sacred Hymns from the German*. This song of cheer raises and replies to the question concerning the real errand or purpose of afflictions. But there is a class of sorrows, actually the heaviest we have, which are almost inexplicable. These are our remorses and our pains of penitence and shame after being overcome by Satan. Of these our old standard of faith says: "The most wise, righteous, and gracious God doth oftentimes leave for a season his own children to manifold temptations and the corruption of their own hearts, to chastise them for their former sins, or to discover unto them the hidden strength of corruption and deceitfulness of their hearts, that they may be humbled; and to raise them to a more close and constant dependence for their support upon himself, and to make them more watchful against all future occasions of sin, and for sundry other just and holy ends."

938 *"My Cup is Full."* S. M.

FATHER, my cup is full!
My trembling soul I raise;
Oh, save me in this solemn hour,
Thy might and love to praise!

2 Father, my cup is full!
But One hath drank before,
And for our sins thy face was hid;
The bitter draught ran o'er.

3 Father, my cup is full!
But thou dost bid me drink:
I know thy love the chalice mixed,
But yet I faint—I shrink.

4 Alone he drank the cup,
The holy, sinless One,
That not one soul on earth again
Should drain the dregs alone.

5 Father, forsake me not!
O Christ! I look to thee;
And by thy midnight agony
Do thou remember me.

Except the bare fact that the author of this poem is named "Anna Shipton," we know nothing of her life. She has published several books of poetry between the years 1855 and 1864, and some of her hymns are in general use. The one under consideration was first printed in her *Whispers in the Palms, Hymns and Meditations*, London, 1855. We are all human; our providences are the same; our needs are the same; our sensibilities are also the same. In all our joys and sorrows we are alike. One day I saw a strong man at the door of a burial vault, where, within marble walls of surpassing splendor, he was laying all that remained to him of the wife of his

youth. He shook like a leaf of the aspen which drooped over the railing beside him. His heart was surcharged with impetuous and overmastering emotion. Another day I saw a similar sufferer, following on foot a coffin to the strangers' corner in the same cemetery, to lay his dead in a monumentless grave. For aught I could discriminate, he shed the same sort of tears in the woeful abandonment of his grief, for his heart had lost likewise all there was to be the light of it. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We are all constituted precisely the same in the tastes, affections, and sympathies which make us glad or sad, and fill us with joy or mourning.

939 *God's Help Sure.* S. M.

Say not, my soul, "From whence
Can God relieve my care?"
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.

2 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed:
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.

3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before his time,
And never is behind.

4 Hast thou assumed a load
Which few will share with thee—
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall he fail to see?

5 Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone;
Now, thou the Lord's companion art;
Soon, thou wilt share his throne.

This is to be found in *The Rivulet; a Contribution to Sacred Song*, 1855, a volume of poems by Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch. The hymn bears the title "Resignation," but its sentiment is more fitly described by calling it "God's Help Sure," in times of intense exertion and exposure. The recluses of an old Franciscan convent were summoned to go forth to minister to the sick and dying, once when the plague was raging in the city. They were allotted one by one to the duty, and went without hesitation or reserve to their solemn task. When each day was done, the man returned to an outhouse within the inclosure, and *if he could*, rang a bell to show he was alive. If that tolling monitor was silent at sundown, then another monk was despatched for his relief if possible, at any rate to continue the work. They knew that their comrade had fallen. When the pestilence was finally stayed, it was found that twenty-four unshrinking men had paid the penalty of their devotion. But think of it, how many lives of men had these lives saved? In the measure of life for life, an unerring Eye struck the balance. "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Here Christ means to counsel fidelity, and forbid fear and all perilous and extreme forms of trial. He says: Give your life to me; it is more precious in my sight than in your own. I will keep it; you cannot. If you attempt to manage your protection, you will be more imperiled than ever. Do your duty and leave the rest to me. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

944 *Deut.* 33:25. 7s.

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

William Freeman Lloyd was born in Gloucestershire, England, December 22, 1791. He became greatly interested in Sunday-School work, and taught in the classes both at Oxford and London. In 1810 he was chosen one of the secretaries of the Sunday-School Union, and for many years he took an active part in various kinds of literary work connected with his office. He died at Stanley Hall, Gloucestershire, April 22, 1853. A few of his hymns are in common use, among them the one given here, which is supposed to have been written in 1835. The promise of God, which here constitutes the refrain, is found in Deuteronomy 33:25.

949 *Consecration.* L. M.

Jesus! our best beloved Friend,
On thy redeeming name we call;
Jesus! in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
Oh! take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey,
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And, till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

A hymn of "Personal dedication to Christ," written by James Montgomery, and published in Collyer's *Collection*, 1812. The Christ knew well what would be best for his disciples after he had gone away, when he bade them work in the vineyard. So says one of our poets, with more truth than poetry:

"Labor: all labor is worship, and holy.
Let thy *great deeds* be thy prayers to thy God."

Work in proper place is worship. God promises joy to the good and faithful *servant*. One devil may tempt the worker, but a thousand swarm about the drone. "Good deeds have no Sabbath."

951 *The Poor.—Luke* 6:20. L. M.

THOU God of hope, to thee we bow!
Thou art our Refuge in distress;
The Husband of the widow thou,
The Father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
Oh, may we always thus be poor!

3 May we thy law of love fulfill,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

We included this among the *Songs of the Church*, 1862; but in those days almost nobody cared by whom the hymns were made that were in the big thick books they carried to the church and the conference-meetings. It is impossible to trace the origin of this one now. The text referred to in it is found in Luke 6:20.

955 *Zeal.—John* 12:43. L. M.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

"Written in 1843, and printed at Kelso in a small booklet of three or four hymns," is Dr. Horatius Bonar's statement as to the poem we quote. In the same year it was included in his *Songs for the Wilderness*, with the title "Labor for Christ," and later it appeared in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, as "The Useful Life." It has been much altered and divided to suit the tastes of various compilers.

Outside work is the best relief for dyspeptic carping. But there is no comfort in work where there is not love as the motive of it. God loved the world; Christ loved the souls he died to redeem; Christians are moved by love for those around them; or else the work is drudgery, and can never claim blessing. What will not love do and dare? With no more than filial strength, it sent Coriolanus back from treason at the gates, and delivered Rome from downfall. Once having place in the heart of a Christian, it rouses him to energy almost superhuman. "I would think it greater happiness," said Matthew Henry, "to gain one soul to Christ, than mountains of gold and silver to myself; if I do not gain souls, I shall enjoy all other gains with very little satisfaction; and I would rather beg my bread from door to door than neglect this great work."

961 *Contributions.* S. M.

THY bounties, gracious Lord!
With gratitude we own;
We bless thy providential grace,
Which showers its blessings down.

2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold! we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 Let a Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide:
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.

4 Oh! may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

This hymn is to be found in Dobell's *New Selection*, 1806. It was written by Miss Elizabeth Scott, an American lady, who afterward married Mr. Elisha Williams.

Charity not only of the hand, but, more important, of the heart, is what we are called to practise if we would be worthy followers of the Master. Five thousand church-members in Jamaica gave, twelve or fifteen years ago, $35,000 to Christian work; these were emancipated slaves and their children. Recently the indigent converts in Marash sold the copper dishes from which they ate to help build a church edifice. The explanation of such manifest wonders is found in the fact that the hearts were alive with interest, and then the people had a mind to work. It is all well to teach our children that there is great value in the cup of cold water given to a poor disciple in the name of Christ; but they are far more likely to give it if they do not

imagine it will be more welcome when dripped off the end of an icicle.

964 *Just a Word.* L. M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart:
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

In the original manuscript of the author, Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, this hymn is entitled, "A Worker's Prayer." It was written at Winterdyne, April 28, 1872, and was printed that same year in a musical leaflet. It was also published in *Under the Surface*, 1874. The best comment upon this woman's hymn is found in what another woman says in one of the public journals concerning the dignity of lowly duties. "Women are particularly inclined to look at the struggle for subsistence as something that ought not to be; they feel that there is no real worth in it, and so there can be no beauty or dignity. Those teachers who have assumed that this life, rich as it is in promise, and full of possibilities for the great soul, is of no worth and value in itself; that the lesson to be early learned and to be acted upon always is that we are merely pilgrims who lodge here for a night in order that we may go on the next day—these teachers have done more to narrow and restrict woman in the exercise of her best powers than all the petty tyranny of which the avowed woman's rights women declaim. I have often thought that if I had time to be a woman with a mission, I would take the wide world for my field, and go up and down helping to convince the tired woman, who lies down in her bed at night with the profound consciousness that another day has been frittered away in doing things without relation to eternal affairs, but which for the comfort and well-being of her family were required, that in her being the patient mother of her children, and the good housewife, she has done that which for her is the best thing to do. If this could be done, we should not so often hear women, whose work is that of doing the near duties which are so plainly theirs that unless willfully blind they cannot overlook them, say, 'Oh, if I could only do something that amounts to something!' One who can help us to see that this doing the work, simple and common though it appear, which really lies at the root of all things, and without which life is impossible, and who shall at the same time teach us to simplify our task so that while living we may also live nobly, will be a great benefactor to the race. Then shall we see calm-browed women performing lowly duties with satisfaction instead of unhappiness."

965 *"Thy Kingdom Come."* 7s, 6s.

LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain—

2 Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

3 As laborers in thy vineyard
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee.

4 We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

This was written by Dr. John S. B. Monsell to be used for Ordinations: but in an altered form it has been given in many collections as a song for *Church Guilds and Associations*. It was published first in the second edition of the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1866. It exhibits the true delight of Christian zeal as being found in working with Christ for the coming of his kingdom. He worked for love and not for wages; so are we to work. And to have success we must cherish a passionate longing for souls. In order to do good to others we must come into personal contact with them. It was never expected that Christians would hand bread to each other as Jonathan ate honey off the end of his staff. Love seems actually inexhaustible, while other graces change. This is the reason why the apostle commends it the most: "Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease;

whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Instances have been known in which this passionate love for souls has worn out the strength of the heart in which it dwelt, without seeming to lessen in its volume. Some of us whose early home was among the forests remember how the choppers used to take coals out of one brush-heap to light another; they would place them all alive upon a thick wisp of straw and then rush through the air with the smoke and flame streaming behind them; but the straw would burn as they ran, and, when the coals dropped on the rubbish, would burst into a flash and consume itself with its burden. That was Montgomery's figure by which he sought to describe Summerfield; he said he carried the blaze which kindled others and that burned himself to ashes. His charity never failed till himself vanished away.

966 *"The Laborers are Few."* 8s, 7s. D.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help then at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

2 While the souls of men are dying
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me!"

Rev. Daniel March, D. D., was born in Millbury, Mass., July 21, 1816, and graduated at Yale College in 1840. He studied theology, and was ordained in 1845. Since that date he has been settled over several Presbyterian and Congregational churches; his present home being in Woburn, Mass. He has published several works of a religious character, but in hymnology he is only known by the piece given here. Its history is as follows: "In 1868 Dr. March was a pastor in Philadelphia, and on October 18 he was to preach to the Christian Association. At a late hour he found that one of the hymns selected was not suitable. His text was, 'Here am I; send me.' In great haste he wrote the hymn, and it was sung from manuscript." It was first published in the Methodist Episcopal *Hymnal*, 1878.

967 *"What Thy Hand Findeth."* 8s, 7s. D.

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitude go by:
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along:
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command:
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaf,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave:
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

This hymn was at first published anonymously, and came into popular notice by reason of the admiration felt for it by President Lincoln. It has been ascertained that it is the work of Mrs. Ellen Huntington Gates, who resides in Elizabeth, N. J. She is the author of several popular pieces which have been printed in Sunday-school hymn-books and used in revivals. Her own account of the origin of this poem is as follows: "The lines were written upon my slate one snowy afternoon in the winter of 1860. I knew, as I know now, that the poem was only a simple little thing; but somehow I had a presentiment that it had wings and would fly into sorrowful hearts, uplifting and strengthening them."

968 *The Law of Love.* S. M.

OH! praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

3 Oh! happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love.

4 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear!
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success!

We took this hymn, written in 1861 by Sir Henry Williams Baker, from the edition of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, published in the same year. It is admirably adapted to be sung by those "Friendly Societies" for whose use it was composed.

Sometimes you notice on the corner of the street a fine edifice springing up. You are told it is a new church coming into being. Once a pastor was asked, as he stood unrecognized upon the walls, "When will this building be completed?" He easily gave the time. "Will the congregation be in debt?" continued the stranger. "Oh, yes, awfully," answered the thoughtful man; "sometimes it frightens me to think of it." Then came the question: "Why did you begin, when you had not the money?" Then the minister of God answered: "Oh, we have money enough; we shall have no such debt as that; but think, think *how much a church like this is going to owe the community and the world!* How they will look to us for man's love and God's grace!"

971 *"I am with You."* 8s, 7s.

ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words he speaketh,
While his hands uphold and guide.

2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to him unknown;
He to-day, and he to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives his own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

This hymn is found in Thomas MacKellar's *Lines for the Gentle and Loving*, 1853. There it begins, "Bear the burden of the present," and is entitled "Resignation." It is a picture of his long and active life, full of trouble and full of peace. "He had much of the support of the family (his father's) on his shoulders and little relaxation." It seemed at one time that there might come in among them a large inheritance. But the young man did not allow his attention to be diverted by any will-o'-the-wisp. It is related that a Quaker lawyer once said to him what shaped his self-reliant and indefatigable career: "Thomas, I hear thee is an industrious lad. Stick to work, and thee will make a fortune before thee will get this one." He is now over fourscore years old, and is still at the head of a great and lucrative business. His neighbors respect him, and the Lord looks kindly, and his age is not saddened as he walks in the path where "all unseen the Master walketh." One of the latest confidences with the public closes with these comfortable words: "I was married in 1834, and have had ten children, all good and God-loving. My wife died fourteen years ago. Five of our children are with her in Paradise—having done good work here to God's glory—and five are with me on earth, still witnessing for Christ."

975 *The Grace of Giving.* 7s, 5s.

THINE are all the gifts, O God!
Thine the broken bread;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

2 Let thy children, by thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

The Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, wrote the hymn before us for the Anniversary of the Children's Mission, Boston, 1878, and it was afterwards included in Horder's *Congregational Hymns*, 1884.

Martin Luther and his brother reformers were out on a ride one day, and all, as was their custom, gave alms to the poor. "Who knows," said one of the number, "in what way God will return and increase these pieces of money to me?" Luther turned quickly at the speech: "Just as if God had not given them to you in the beginning!" said he; "we must give freely out of pure love, and cheerfully." Then he quoted the old verse of Scripture: "Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again." No doubt, disinterested benevolence is the true rule, but it is rare of reach at the present day. And if there be those who will stand on this lower plane of a permitted cupidity, there on that plane the word of inspiration meets them, and declares that there does not live on this terrestrial ball a Crœsus so rich that he can afford to be stingy. A man who holds back his contributions will grow mean and hard, and when the stress comes will discover that he has lost more than he imagined he had been saving, together with the peace of conscience he needs.

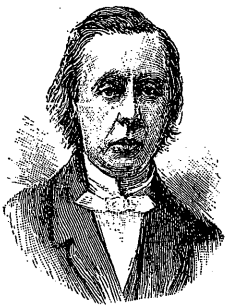
976 *A Veteran's Prayer.* C. M. 6l.

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord,
But train me for thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfill;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come!
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some;
Thou hast thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his sonship may;
Lord, I would serve and be a son:
Dismiss me not, I pray.



REV. THOS. T. LYNCH.

This hymn originally appeared in a book called the *Rivulet* a collection of hymns by Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch, which he published for use in his own congregation as a supplement to *Watts*, and which created a bitter hymnological controversy. His writings have since been proved to be valuable contributions to sacred song; they are marked by intensity of feeling, picturesqueness, grace, and the sadness caused by the struggle of a powerful soul with a body which is weak and suffering. When John Wesley was eighty-eight years old he still went around preaching: and it was noted that he almost always prayed, "Lord, let me not live to be useless."

There is a great deal of aspiration towards the peace and blessedness of heaven which ought not to be interpreted too literally. The squire of an English hamlet had just bestowed an alms upon the village mendicant. "May the Lord give your soul a place in heaven!" exclaimed the grateful beggar. "Thank ye, Thomas, thank ye," said the squire. Encouraged by this appreciation, the beggar went on fervently, "May he give it a place in heaven—ay, this very night." "Hold! Thomas," said the alarmed squire; "you need n't have been so particular to name the date." When a whole Christian congregation, in doleful harmony, expresses its unanimous desire to lay "this aching head" and "weary breast" "low in the ground," it may be safely assumed that the assembly has no such unanimous desire to name the date—at least, not an early date.

977 *Chief End of Man.* L. M.

THOU Maker of our mortal frame—
Of all thy works the noblest far,
We bow before thy righteous claim
To all we have, and all we are.

2 Our tongues were fashioned for thy word,
Our hands—to do thy will divine;
Our bodies are thy temple, Lord,
The mind's immortal powers are thine.

3 Its highest thought—to trace thy skill,
Its purest love on thee to rest,
Its noblest action of the will,
To choose thy service, and be blest.

4 Our ransomed spirits rise to thee—
Unfailing source of light and joy!
Thy love has made thy children free,
Thy praise shall life and strength employ.

5 Give grace and mercy to the end—
For we are thine and not our own:
So shall we to thy courts ascend,
And cast our crowns before thy throne.

Under the signature "A. R. W." Rev. Aaron Robarts Wolfe contributed seven hymns to Dr. Hastings' *Church Melodies*, 1858, among which was the one now before us. The title affixed to it, "Chief End of Man," comes from the old Westminster Catechism: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever." We belong to God as his creatures; he made us, he has provided for us, he has redeemed us. Thus he has a "righteous claim to all we have and all we are," as the hymn acknowledges. Then, if we are genuinely loyal and true, he gives us "crowns" to cast before his throne.

981 *Public Acknowledgment.* IIS, 5s.

PRAISE ye the Father, for his loving kindness,
Tenderly cares he for his loving children;
Praise him, ye angels, praise him in the heavens,
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is his compassion,
Graciously cares he for his chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God.

This song of praise, rhymeless and brief, is yet full of tenderness and dignity, as a hymn of adoring worship to the Persons of the Triune Godhead. It would be excellent as an anthem for National Thanksgiving. It was composed by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, the gifted author of the "*Schonberg-Cotta*" stories. We found it upon a slip printed for an anniversary, and copied it.

982 *Public Imploration.* IIS, 5S.

O GRACIOUS Jesus, hear our humble crying;
Haste to our help, in all thy grace replying
To us, who, laden with our sins, implore thee,
Falling before thee.

2 O thou, whose mercy to our prayer descendeth,
And to the contrite consolation sendeth,
Thy comfort give; accept our supplication,
Lord, our salvation.

3 Our need thou knowest; Lord, descend, supplying
Our wants, who live on thy sure word relying.
Lord Jesus, spare us; to our hearts be given
Thy peace from heaven.

Another of Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell's compositions, taken from his *Psalms and Hymns, partly original, partly selected, for the use of the Church of England*, 1851. Its avowed purpose is to be used on the occasion of a public fast or a day of general penitential prayer.

987 *Corner-Stone.* L. M. D.

O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made by hands!
Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

2 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.
To thee they all belong; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And, when we bring them to thy throne,
We but present thee with thine own.

3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blesséd Trinity!

An appropriate hymn for Corner-Stone ceremonies written by Dr. John M. Neale. It appeared in his *Hymns for the Young*, 1844, with the title, "Laying the First Stone of a Church." The passage of Scripture suggested is Isaiah 28:16, or Ephesians 2:20.

988 *Dedication.—Ezek.* 1:26. L. M. D.

COME, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where thy redeemed behold thy face,
Enter this temple, now thine own,
And let thy glory fill the place.

We praise thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before thee stand!
'T is thine for us—'t is ours for thee;
Reared by thy kind assisting hand.

2 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With thine own joy fill every breast,
With thine own power thy word attend.
Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid thou the throbbing heart be still;
Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet thy will.

3 When round this board thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet,
With thee, and with thy Church above.
Come, faithful Shepherd, feed thy sheep;
In thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till thy full glory we behold.

We copy this from the *Christian Intelligencer*, in which it seems to have been first given to the public. The hymn was written by Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., for the dedication of the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church in Newark, N. J., and was sung on that occasion, March 31, 1875. The Scripture reference is to Ezekiel 1:26: "And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it.

1017 *Soldiers of Christ.* L. M. D.

ARM these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go
And boldly fight against the foe
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blesséd Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

In 1862 Bishop Christopher Wordsworth published in his *Holy Year* a Confirmation hymn, beginning "Father of all, in whom we live." This was divided into three parts, with directions as to the use of each portion. The second division began with the words, "O God, in whose all-searching eye," and it is from this that the poem we quote is taken. It is a martial lyric, and might be made to do valiant service at our Communion seasons when a multitude of young converts are ranged before the pulpit for public confession of faith. The word "sacrament" comes almost unchanged from the Latin language. It is the "*sacramentum*," or the military oath of loyalty and steadfastness

which each Roman soldier took on the eve of battle, when life with all its vast exposures and issues was put into solemn pledge.

1018 *The Symbolic Sign.* S. M.

STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled.

DR. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth wrote this poem for the first edition of his *Hymnal Companion*, 1870, where it had six stanzas of four lines each. It was slightly altered, however, by the author, when, in 1871, it was included in the *Church Hymns* of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The portrait we add was taken much more recently than the one given before. It shows the good man has advanced in years as well as in honors.

1025 "*Happy Day.*"—*Psa.* 56:12. P. M.

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

This hymn of Dr. Philip Doddridge will be found annotated on page 496.

1051 *Parting in Love.* S. M.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O thou, our souls' chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

The author of this hymn, John Austin, was born at Walpole, Norfolk, England, and educated at St. John's, Cambridge. He became a member of the Roman Catholic communion. He then began to study for the Bar, but abandoned this after a time and devoted himself to literature as a profession. His death occurred in London, 1669. Mr. Austin is best known in hymnology as the author of a Roman Catholic manual entitled, *Devotions in the Antient Way of Offices*, 1668, which went through several editions in a few years. It contained forty-three hymns, most of them original, and among these was included the poem quoted here. The present form is an abridgment, and has become widely popular.

1052 *Church Covenant.* 7s, 6s. D.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.

2 Oh, let me feel thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be:
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my friend.

Rev. John Ernest Bode, M. A., was born in 1816, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, graduating in 1837. He took Holy Orders in the Church of England, in 1841, and six years later became rector of

Westwell, Oxfordshire, where he remained until 1860, when he was appointed rector of Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire. His death occurred at the latter place, October 6, 1874. In addition to a volume of lectures, Mr. Bode published several books of hymns and occasional poems. The one quoted here is the most popular, and was originally printed in the 1869 *Appendix* to the *Psalms and Hymns* of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

1070 *Hymn for Closing.* 8s, 7s.

THINE for ever, thine for ever!
May thy face upon us shine;
Help, oh, help our weak endeavor,
Lord, for ever to be thine.

2 Thine for ever, thine for ever!
Armed with faith, and strong in thee,
Ever fighting, fainting never,
May we march to victory!

3 Daily in the grace increasing
Of thy Spirit, more and more,
Watching, praying without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

Another hymn suitable for the occasion of receiving members into the church, contributed by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, to the *Appendix* to *Psalms and Hymns*, 1869. It was somewhat rearranged when it was included in *Church Hymns*, 1871, and the version used therein has became the authorized text. In the old fable which the Hebrews used to teach their children about the fallen angels, they said that the angels of knowledge, proud and wilful, were cast down hopelessly into hell; but the angels of love, humble and tearful, crept back once more into the blessed light, and were welcomed home.

1079 "*In Remembrance.*" 7s. 6l.

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,
Fountain of redeeming grace,
Let us now thy fullness see,
While we here converse with thee;
Hearken to our ardent prayer—
Let us all thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord,
Meet around thy table, Lord,
Bid us feast with joy divine
On the appointed bread and wine;
Emblems may they truly prove
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
Yet we seek thy heavenly smile.
Canst thou all our sins forgive?
Dost thou bid us look and live?
Lord, we wonder and adore!
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

This is another of the pieces by Dr. Thomas Hastings which have become generally popular. It was first printed in his *Devotional Hymns and Religious Poems* in 1850, and was entitled "Holy Communion."

1082 *The Historic Memorial.* 7s. 6l.

MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained:
Those his body who discern
Thus shall meet till his return.

2 Come, the blessèd emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed!
Saviour! witness with the sign
That our ransomed souls are thine.

Beginning with the words "Eighteen centuries have fled," this piece for "Holy Communion," written by Josiah Conder, first appeared in the *Congregational Hymn-Book*, 1836. It is based upon I. Corinthians 11:26: "Ye do show the Lord's death till he come." The point of its sentiment is in its historic reference to the Lord's Supper as a memorial. Where did the observance of "the Fifth of November" come from, if there never was any Guy Fawkes? Where did the celebration of "The Fourth of July" come from, if there never was any Declaration of Independence? The existence of a festival, so plain and marked, for all these eighteen centuries, traceable clear back to the period of Jesus Christ's life and death, and not beyond, is a direct and irrefragable proof of the truth of Christianity.

1090 "*My Beloved.*" P. M.

I LIFT my heart to thee,
Saviour divine!
For thou art all to me,
And I am thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That "my Beloved 's mine and I am his"?

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly thine,
That, through thy sacrifice,
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to thee am closely bound.

3 To thee, thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from thee,
When thou hast given thine own dear self for me?

The author of this hymn, Charles Edward Mudie, is a business man, best known to the English public as the founder of the library which bears his name. He was born at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, October 18, 1818, and died at Hampstead, October 28, 1890. Mr. Mudie wrote a number of poems, which he collected in one volume and published in

1872, with the title *Stray Leaves.* In this book are a few hymns, the best known being the one quoted above, which was written in 1871, and has much beauty and tenderness of expression. The Scripture reference is to the Song of Solomon 2 : 16.

1097 *Jesus' Agony.* 6s, 4s.

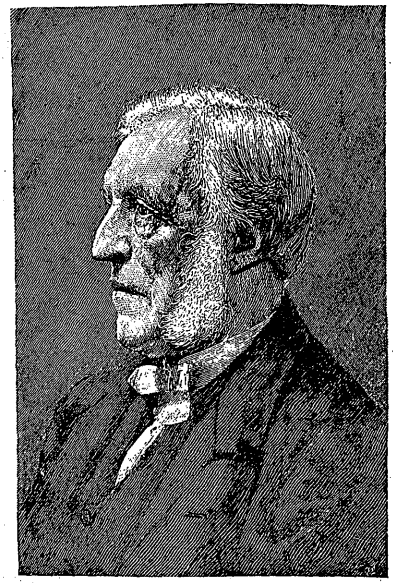
Low in thine agony
Bearing thy cross for me,
Saviour divine!
In the dark tempter's hour,
Quailing beneath his power,
Sorrowing more and more,
Thou dost incline.

2 O Lord of heaven and earth,
What sorrow unto death
Dost thou sustain!
Thou dost in anguish bow:
Thou art forsaken now:
For me this cup of woe
Thou dost now drain.

3 Saviour, give me to share
Thy lowly will and prayer
In all my woe;
In my soul's agony
Let me resemble thee;
An angel strengthening me,
Let me, too, know.

4 Thy soul its travail saw,
And in its heavy woe
Was satisfied.
So let my sorrow, Lord,
Fullness of joy afford,
To life and God restored,
Through him who died.

Rev. Henry Allon, D. D., was born at Welton, near Hull, in England, October 18, 1818; he was educated at Cheshunt College, Herts. He entered the ministry of the church called Independent at that time, but of late accepting the usual title of Congregational, becoming in 1844 co-pastor with Rev. T. Lewis in an interesting and increasing organization formed out of several denominations, and so taking the name of Union Chapel, in Islington; he became the sole minister eight years afterwards, when his senior associate was removed by death. He never changed his location, though he assumed at times other and outside work. He was the editor of the *British Quarterly Review* for many years of industrious and careful literary activity. He died in his home, still the pastor of that dear parish, April 16, 1892. It is somewhat noticeable that so distinguished a hymnologist as this busy pastor has proved himself to be has, after all, never given to the public any of his own musical compositions, if he made any, and stands represented in the manuals by only one hymn. In his early volume, entitled *Supplemental Hymns*, he introduced the Passion poem, beginning with the first line, "Low in thine agony." This was in 1868; after the issue of that he edited the *New Congregational Hymn-Book*, and in 1886 he compiled the *Congregational Psalmist Hymnal.* He often lectured upon song in its



REV. HENRY ALLON, D. D.

relation to church life, and printed essays upon the forms of service on the Sabbath, and so did his full part before the public in stimulating the growth of taste and opinion. He was helped by the fact that he spent his life in one long pastorate among the same people and their descendants; for this rendered such an individual simply supreme in power of influence and control. He acted as he wished and willed in that field of Christian labor, and no other parties interfered to resist methods that were found good and useful.

1098 *In a Figure.* 8s, 7s. D.

In the name of God, the Father,
In the name of God, the Son,
In the name of God, the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One,
In the name, which highest angels
Speak not, ere they vail their face,
Crying, "Holy, holy, holy!"
Come we to this sacred place.

2 Here, in figure represented,
See the passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most holy,
As for our redemption slain;
Here the Saviour's body broken,
Here the blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic food of life eternal,
See, for our refreshment spread.

3 Here shall highest praise be offered;
Here shall meekest prayer be poured;
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God incarnate be adored;
Holy Jesus! for thy coming
May thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, Lord! and tarry there.

Rev. John William Hewett, M. A., a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1824, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating 1849. He was for the three following years Fellow of St. Nicholas College, Shoreham, and subsequently held the position of Master in schools at Blexham and London. He has also been curate of several churches in London and its vicinity. Mr. Hewett has published several works in prose and is known as the author of some original hymns and translations which appeared in his *Verses by a Country Curate*, 1859. Among them is the one for Communion quoted here, and which has come into general use.

1099 *"Our Daily Bread."* 6s. D.

GIVE us our daily bread,
O God, the bread of strength;
For we have learned to know
How weak we are at length;
As children we are weak,
As children must be fed;
Give us thy grace, O Lord,
To be our daily bread.

2 Give us our daily bread,
The bitter bread of grief;
We sought earth's poisoned feasts,
For pleasure and relief:
We sought her deadly fruits,
But now, O God, instead,
We ask thy healing grief
To be our daily bread.

3 Give us our daily bread
To cheer our fainting soul;
The feast of comfort, Lord,
And peace to make us whole:
For we are sick of tears,
The useless tears we shed;
Now give us comfort, Lord,
To be our daily bread.

4 Give us our daily bread,
The bread of angels, Lord,
By us so many times
Broken, betrayed, adored;
His body and his blood,
The feast that Jesus spread,
Give him, our Life, our All,
To be our daily bread.

Another of the compositions of Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, taken from her *Legends and Lyrics*, 1858. It is founded upon the petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."

1100 *Bread and Wine.* 6s, D.

I HUNGER and I thirst;
Jesus, my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the Rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh, feed me or I die.

2 Thou true life-giving Vine!
Let me thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, thou Bread of God!
Help me, thou Son of Man!

3 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before,
O Living Waters! rise
Within me evermore.
To Father, and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be.

This is another piece of Rev. John S. B. Monsell's composition. He first published it in his *Parish Hymnal*, 1873. It refers to that sort of spiritual growth which may be expected in the experience of a devoted believer who renounces himself and turns to Christ for religious food and drink. One who hungers and thirsts, and yet will be satisfied with nothing less than Christ for his manna, and Christ for his wine, many reasonably hope to advance rapidly in the genuine grace of the gospel. The company which usually gathers at a Church Sacrament is most likely the best among the members. Ah, yes; but the remembered remark, made by a quaint old Puritan, is unfortunately still correct: "You cannot always tell what o'clock it is in a man's breast by inspecting the mere dial of his daily countenance." Even Jesus used a whole parable to instruct his disciples that it must always be impossible to separate tares from wheat; if one should attempt it, he would most likely root up wheat also. We are to watch and pray, help ourselves and be helped, let God do what he will, and ourselves do what we can. Two hours before he died, the lamented Arnold wrote in his private journal these words: "Above all, let me mind my own personal task; keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing, laboring to do God's work, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves my doing it." Thus he waited and worked; and he was not, for God took him.

1109 *"Fling out the Banner."* L. M.

FLING out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner; angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner: heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Rev. George W. Doane, D. D., wrote this hymn at "Riverside, Second Sunday in Advent, 1848." It was published in the last edition of his *Songs by the Way*, 1875. Professor Bird rather slightingly calls it an "effusion," but at least it has the merit of enthusiasm in the cause of Missions. The figure it uses is caught from Psalm 60:4: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

1115 *Messiah's Reign.* C. M.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

4 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore!

JOHN MILTON.

England's famous blind singer, John Milton, has no need of a mere hymn annotation to record his work as a poet or to proclaim his literary fame. He was born in London, December 9, 1608, and died in that city, November 8, 1674. Of his nineteen paraphrases of the Psalms, more than half have been rejected by compilers, but seven are in common use now. The one we quote is the author's version of Psalm 85.

1117 *Departure.* 8s, 6s, 4s.

WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee;
That thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.

5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer:
Till he whose home is ours above
Unite us there.

George Watson was born at Birmingham, England, 1816, and was a printer in London until 1866. He was the pioneer of cheap illustrated periodicals in Great Britain, but in hymnology is best known by the poem quoted here. It was written in 1867 to be sung at a farewell meeting in Brighton, held on the departure of Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood for a time of rest. After his return Mr. Hood included it in a collection called *Our Hymn Book*, Brighton, 1868, and it has been frequently republished since.

1121 *The Call to Service.* 8s, 7s. D.

WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
Hark, the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray:
Hark, what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!

This impressive poem by Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe first appeared in his *Athanasion*, 1840, and later was included in *Lyra Sacra Americana*. It is useful for certain occasions when the hearts of people are deeply stirred, when great passions are aroused, when mighty issues are at stake. Two or three

verses from another author might well be added to it:

"Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
There 's a fount about to stream,
There 's a light about to beam,
There 's a warmth about to glow,
There 's a flower about to blow;
There 's a midnight blackness changing into gray.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

"Lo! a cloud 's about to vanish from the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
Lo! the right 's about to conquer: clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!"

1135 *Heralds of the King.* 8s, 6s.

Send thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before thy face,
The heralds of thy wondrous grace,
Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears his sweet words ring;
Send such thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in,
Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

4 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering Lord,
Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

5 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

This excellent hymn was composed by Mrs. Mary Cornelia Gates, who prefers to be known as the wife of her honored husband, President Merrill E. Gates of Amherst College. Her residence is in Amherst, Mass.

1141 *Going Home.—Phil.* 3:20. P. M.

No, no it is not dying
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be!
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 Oh, no! this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, only drops we find.

From the French of Dr. Cæsar Malan, "*Non, ce n' est pas mourir.*" It was translated into German by A. Knapp, and thence rendered into English by Professor Robinson Porter Dunn of Brown University. It first appeared in *Sacred Lyrics from the German*, published in Philadelphia in 1859. "It is remarkable that the Greek word *skenos* [tent] is one from which we also derive our word *skin*. Sometimes the tent was composed of skins (perhaps usually the tents of Kedar), sometimes of haircloth; but, in either case, it mingled the ideas of a habitation and a vesture. Hence there was much of suggestion and deep instruction in the occupation of the tent-maker. The tent was the mediator between the bodily frame and the heavens. In a similar way, the skin of the human body and the body itself is the *skenos* between the world unseen and the soul. The body, as the apostle argues, is the tent of the spirit—'the earthly house of this tent or tabernacle;' it, like the tent, was only a transitory dwelling, a portable habitation, easily raised, how easily destroyed! But *I* abide, although the tent is removed, dissolved, loosened, or lost. All this evidently governs the apostle's thought."

1143 *Funeral Service.* P. M.

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried:
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the resurrection-day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

The author, Rev. John Ellerton, says of this poem: "The whole hymn, especially the third, fifth, and sixth verses, owes many thoughts, and some expressions, to a beautiful poem of the Rev. Gerard Moultrie's, beginning, 'Brother, now thy toils are o'er.'" It was written for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and published in their *Church Hymns*, 1871.

1144 *Immortality.* C. M.

Lord, when in silent hours I muse
Upon myself and thee,
I seem to hear the stream of life
That runs invisibly.

2 Then know I what I oft forget,
How fleeting are my days;
Remember me, my God, nor let
My end be my dispraise!

3 Oh, think upon me for my good,
Though little good I do;
My hope and my forgiving Friend
Thou hast been hitherto.

4 My joy, when truest joy I have,
It comes to me from heaven;
My strength when I from weakness rise,
Is by thy Spirit given.

5 And while he shines as he has shone,
Whom thou hast made my stay,
Life can but gently float me on,
Not hurry me away.

A hymn entitled "Resignation," published by the author, Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch, in the first edition of *The Rivulet; a Contribution to Sacred Song*, 1855. It proposes that a true believer shall find consolation in his troubles from the consideration of the immortality which is the inalienable heritage of his soul. Frederick W. Robertson compares the slow and perpetual passage of time to the stream of water which glides between the fingers of a stone statue in a public park; the arms of the white marble figure are extended, the opening from the fountain is skillfully conducted to the palms, and so the current runs on and runs away — night and day summer and winter, cold and clear in its relentless progress, till the statue is dark and old. The thought of God's presence, Christ's human love, heaven's nearness, and the deathless destiny of the renewed spirit—is the antidote to all melancholy here.

1152 *Pilgrims of the Night.* P. M.

DARKER than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.—REF.

2 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

3 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.—REF.

This is a portion of the previous hymn by Dr. Frederick W. Faber, beginning "Hark, hark, my soul." The original, which was first published in his *Oratory Hymns*, 1854, and entitled "The Pilgrims of the Night," contained seven stanzas, and in that form was too lengthy for American use. We have already commented on this wonderful piece of poetry as a whole. It has a most mysterious strength coupled with an equally mysterious weakness. It does not seem as if the sentiment of it could be genuine, and yet the rhythm, imagination, and fervor of it combine to give it power over our feelings. James Anthony Froude, in one of the closing chapters of his *Thomas Carlyle's Life in London*, has this pathetic paragraph: "The associations of the old creed which he (Carlyle) had learned from his mother and in the Ecclefechan kirk hung about him to the last. I was walking with him one Sunday afternoon in Battersea Park. In the open circle among the trees were a blind man and his daughter, she singing hymns, he accompanying her on some instrument. We stood listening. She sang Faber's 'Pilgrims of the Night.' The words were trivial, but the air, though simple, had something weird and unearthly about it. 'Take me away!' he said, after a few minutes; 'I shall cry if I stay longer.'"

1157 *Burial of a Child.* 7s, 4s.

LET no tears to-day be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed. Alleluia!

2 Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws. Alleluia!

3 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run: Alleluia!

4 But the pity of the Lord
Gives his child a full reward: Alleluia!

5 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force. Alleluia!

6 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take his darling hence. Alleluia!

7 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to thy little one. Alleluia!

8 And in thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above. Alleluia! Amen.

This is a translation by Rev. Dr. Richard Frederick Littledale from a Latin hymn, the authorship of which is unknown, but it is a Sequence for a child's funeral, found first in the *Graduel de Paris*, 1754. The version of it given here appeared in the *Church Times*, November, 1865, and has since been included in many collections.

1159 *In Bereavement.* 8s, 4s.

"THY will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done."

2 "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
"Thy will be done!"

3 "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort—one—
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be done."

Taken from the *Hymns* of Sir John Bowring, published in 1825. It is admirably adapted to be sung as a chant, and in this country it is usually so sung. On one occa-

sion the late Rev. Dr. William Arnot of Edinburgh was speaking of the mysteriousness with which some of the holiest of the saints are visited with repeated affliction, so that the rain has hardly ceased when the clouds begin to gather again. "I believe," he said, "it arises from the Father's deep love and anxiety that they should be thoroughly purified. I remember when we were young we assisted in the farm. One of our occupations was winnowing the corn. It was hard work, and we longed for it to be over. We used to watch my father as he came around to look at it and decide whether or not it was clean enough. He would take up a handful, and putting on his glasses, he would look, and pause, and hesitate, and sometimes, throwing it back, he would say to our dismay, 'Put it through again.'" The application was easy.

1167 *The Homeland.* 7s. 6s, 8s.

THE Homeland! oh, the Homeland!
The land of souls free-born!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn:
I'm sighing for that country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I 'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home:
Oh, dear, dear native country!
Oh, rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of his eternal love.

Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis was born in 1838 at Egham, Surrey, England, and graduated at Cambridge in 1861. He has held since 1866 the Perpetual Curacy of St. James, Marylebone, London. He was for some time a writer of musical criticism and of leading articles on a newspaper in London, and in 1868 became editor of *Cassell's Magazine*. Mr. Haweis is the author of many volumes of sermons and lectures, and of several books of poetry; but is perhaps best known to readers in general by his *Music and Morals*. He takes an ardent interest in the elevation of the workingmen of his parish, and his weekly lectures to them are a power for good in that portion of London. The hymn quoted here is the only one by him which is in common use, but it is a fervent expression of the "heavenly home-sickness;" this has endeared it to many Christians.

1173 *With Christ in Glory.* L. M. D.

OH, for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.
There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

2 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

3 There, all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.
Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place
Till death remove this mortal vail,
And we behold thy lovely face.

Another of the hymns of Miss Anne Steele, who is so well known by her pen-name "Theodosia." It was printed in 1760, in her volume of *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*. This song of heaven has grown old and precious in the esteem of God's people. It represents the final abode of the redeemed as owing its splendor and joy to the presence in it of Jesus Christ the Saviour. The saints are occupied in celebrating the ineffable love he has displayed in their redemption. There cannot be much advantage in pushing bright historic illustrations as pictures of the supreme, wonderful love of God the creator for his creatures here on the earth. Only mothers can understand the feeling of Mary when Jesus Christ moaned on the cross in the majestic agony of his sufferings in darkness. And not even mothers can understand the feelings of God when he gave this beloved and only-begotten Son of his unto contumely and shame of crucifixion. Nor are Christ's feelings within reach of mere rhetorical exhibition by a story. When the spear pierced his heart there were only blood and water that came forth. But the chief stream within Jesus' heart was that of inexhaustible *love;* and that had been the current down which had floated the argosies of blessing for bewildered men for vast ages since the pestilence of sin had fallen. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

1183 *Those Gone Before.* C. M.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

2 The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here, or there,
Are living unto him.

3 And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place.
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

4 Their lives are made for ever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

5 Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

This hymn fills a needed place in our pastoral and pulpit exigencies. We do want sometimes to give out a song of comfort at a funeral, or under the pressure of a terrible bereavement. When a heart is sighing for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," we wonder whether the old dear days are all to go for nothing. A real mourner wants to be confirmed in thinking "their lives are made for ever mine." The stanzas were written by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, a Unitarian clergyman, for many years a pastor in Cleveland, O., and a graduate of Harvard College and Divinity School. Other data are at present wanting concerning his career.

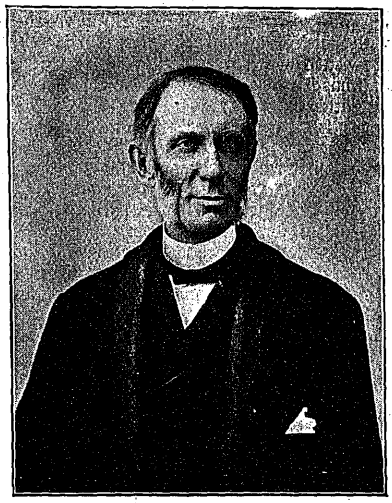
1185 *"The City was pure Gold."* C. M. D.

THERE is a City great and strong,
Twelve gates of precious stones,
With turrets and high battlements,
Not needing light of suns;
The streets aglow with fire of gold,
It hath no sound of strife,
In glory all its own it stands
Beside the stream of Life.

2 A joy is there that knows no cloy,
A light that ne'er grows dim,
A multitude that never cease
From grateful praise and hymn;
Lo, all the sainted sons of earth,
And angels there I view;
And there, oh, vision glorious!
There standeth Jesus too!

3 O wondrous, fair Jerusalem,
Shall I thy gates pass through?
Thy jubilations surely join,
Thy lordly splendors view?
O Crucified, O Glorified,
May I thy face behold,
And join the ransomed as they sing
Along the streets of gold!

This hymn is taken from *Reliques of the Christ*, a lyric poem of great excellence and beauty consisting of over eight hundred lines in faultless rhythm and meter, composed by Rev. Denis Wortman, D. D., a clergyman of the Reformed Church, now residing at Saugerties, N. Y. He was born in Hopewell, Dutchess Co., N. Y., April 30, 1835, the son of Denis Wortman, M. D., and Elizabeth Brinkerhoff Rapalje, his wife, thus being on both sides descended from the very early Holland-Huguenot settlers of New York. The young student entered Amherst College in 1853, graduating there in 1857, and subsequently from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., 1860. He has been a pastor in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Schenectady, and Fort Plain, previous to his charge where he now labors, Saugerties-on-Hudson. Many of his sermons have been printed, and he has written much for the religious periodicals. The beginning of his verse composition when he was thirty-five years of age was a sort of surprise to him. He says that the gift "came to him almost unsought." The *Reliques of the Christ*, he says again, "came to him one night in November, 1871." This whole account is interesting. Suffering from nervous prostration and unable to sleep, he thought out the first three stanzas, or rather, as he puts it, "they compelled themselves." More came to him the next morning "involuntarily." Seventeen years, as he had time and inspiration, he was engaged in working out the rest of the conception. The poem was finished in 1888, and has at the present reached its fourth edition. It is really one of the best productions of modern times. The *Literary World* says of it what will be enough to show the *motif* and the construction: "The author seeks everywhere signs of the presence of the Christ; signs of the phy-



REV. DENIS WORTMAN.

sical presence of the historic Jesus, found in the Holy Land, and then in the sights and echoes that for ever vibrate through space; signs of the creative power of the Word throughout the visible universe; signs in the human heart; signs in the heavenly Jerusalem to be hereafter; signs in joy and sorrow, yes, in sin itself; and so inward and upward till the poem rises to the vision of the spiritual Christ, immanent, though unseen, throughout the actual world. This great conception is handled with attractive simplicity and musical grace, combined in a rare manner with intellectual suggestiveness. The rapture of semi-mystical devotion that breathes through the stanzas is akin to the intensity of the old Latin hymns rather than to modern thought. Yet in this simple devoutness are fused elements distinctively modern, and a chief merit, certainly a chief interest, in the poem, is the visible ministry of the discoveries of recent science to the meditative ardor of faith."

1191 *Better Times Coming.* 7s, 6s. D.

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes in might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed:
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 Oh, home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

This is a cento from Dr. John Mason Neale's translation of the "*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus*," of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, published in 1858. The translator afterward included it in his *Mediæval Hymns*, 1863. The solemn adjuration of these ancient stanzas is full of seriousness. "The Judge is at the gate!" This state of things is bad; it cannot stand much longer. Christ is coming for his own. The evil will be terminated; the right will be diademed. The day of the Lord is near. "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Every unrepenting man knows, in the secret of his own heart, that when his eye rests upon that awful Form, in the last grand vision of eternity, he will perforce fall on his knees. The sense of guilt is one of the most intense of all our mental exercises, and yet the most singularly distinct in its forms of operation. It has a recognizable and inseparable connection with *sin*. And sin is going to be the subject of the conference, when any human soul meets God. So the one absorbing and overmastering thought in every human mind will be, as if left all alone, in the moment of its vast discovery, to express in soliloquy its wonder, "Here then am I, come up through all the windings of personal history, now a bodiless soul, at last face to face with the Monarch who rules monarchs, as he makes and unmakes them; who sways from this eternal seat of his sovereignty the rule of a government wide enough in its embrace to hold a universe, specific enough in its reach to touch an atom; at last, at last—through all the sunlights and the shadows of life, I have reached its awards, and am in the undimmed presence and revelation of *God!*"

1192 *"They Seek a Country."* 7s, 6s. D.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They 're blessèd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears;
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'T is life for them to die!

Another of Thomas MacKellar's excellent hymns, written in 1845. The author has given to the public his account of its origin: "One evening as a fancy suddenly struck me of a religious nature, I laid aside the work in hand, and pursuing the new idea, I at once produced the hymn, 'There is a land immortal,' and sent it to the editor (of Neale's *Gazette*), who referred to it as a religious poem from 'Tam,' my assumed name, under which I had already acquired considerable notoriety. This was in 1845. It was widely copied, and afterwards inserted in a volume published by me."

1197 *Heaven Explains All.* 7s, 6s. D.

OUR yet unfinished story
Is tending all to this:
To God the greatest glory,
To us the greatest bliss,
Our plans may be disjointed,
But we may calmly rest:
What God has once appointed
Is better than our best.

2 We cannot see before us,
But our all-seeing Friend
Is always watching o'er us,
And knows the very end;
And when amid our blindness
His disappointments fall,
We trust his loving-kindness
Whose wisdom sends them all.

3 They are the purple fringes
That hide his glorious feet;
They are the fire-wrought hinges
Where truth and mercy meet;
By them the golden portal
Of Providence shall ope,
And lift to praise immortal
The songs of faith and hope.

This hymn was written by Miss Frances Ridley Havergal. It does not appear in any one of her volumes, so far as we can find. It is contained in the American *Selections* from her *Poems*. It may have been issued upon a slip like many others of hers. The suggestion of life as an "unfinished story," the chapters of which we must wait to read, is one that most believers would do well to heed. One incident in our Lord's history (John 9: 1-3) gives a pathetic illustration for our need just here: "And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

What strange revelations there will be by and by when "the golden portal of Providence shall ope"! The Psalmist once says: "In thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." When those pages are unsealed it will be suddenly made known why the seven hundred Benjaminites were made left-handed, and why Bartimæus was born blind; why Mephibosheth was crippled by a stumbling nurse, and why the widow at Shunem lost her husband. All the great, melancholy, heart-rending mysteries of pain and trouble, humiliation and hindrance, will go to show that "what God has once appointed is better than our best."

1213 *Thanksgiving.* IIs, IOs.

O HOLY Father, who hast led thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

2 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

3 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-Giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

4 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that has crowned our day;
Pray we, that thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us alway.

BISHOP WILLIAM C. DOANE.

Rev. William Croswell Doane, D. D., son of Bishop G. W. Doane, was born March 2, 1832, and educated for the ministry. He was ordained deacon in 1853, and priest in 1856, and became at first assistant to his father in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J., subsequently being rector. From 1863 to 1867 he was in charge of St. John's Church, Hartford, Conn. In the latter year he removed to St. Peter's, at Albany, where he was chosen first Bishop of the new Diocese of Albany, his consecration taking place February 2, 1869. His career since has been marked by great success in organizing various departments of church work, and by the erection of a portion of a fine cathedral. Bishop Doane's published works consist mainly of addresses and sermons with some fugitive verses, the hymn given here being the only one by which he is represented in this field. It is found in the new *Hymnal* of the Episcopal Church, 1892.

1214 *Evening Prayer.* IIs, IOs.

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide:—

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

The Latin original of this poem has been attributed to St. Ambrose, but this cannot be authenticated. It was probably written in the seventh or eighth century, and has been included in many ancient European manuscripts. The English version before us was made by Rev. John Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort, and appeared in *Church Hymns*, 1871. Short as it is, this small lyric is wonderfully efficient in emphasizing the suggestion that our days and years are journeying along into eternity by the same steps that the exalted life of our Lord is taking. We are nothing without the Son of God; with him we are what he is, for we live in him. The truth which most humiliates the human soul is the truth which uplifts it. In his person and offices Christ the Redeemer is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Here comes in Robert Hall's grand remark: "We are all contemporaneous with God."

1215 *Guilds and Societies.* IIS, IOS.

O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless thee for thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of thee their Chief:

2 Those whom thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors
To bear thy saving name from coast to coast:

3 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skillful,
Who shed thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the willful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

4 Thus, Lord, thy comforters in memory keeping,
Still be thy church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in thee.

Another hymn written by Rev. John Ellerton, April 5, 1871, and published in the same year in the *Church Hymns* of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It celebrates the efficiency and the indispensableness of love as the motive in all forms and methods of Christian philanthropy and evangelization. Affection is a *force*—in itself inherently a driving energy, an elementary power of human nature which asserts itself when unhindered, as gravitation does, or magnetism, or pure sunshine. It is never to be forgotten that men yield to its influence all the more surely, and all the more extensively, because they yield unconsciously. Herein lies our hope of success in winning souls.

A workman in a pottery had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the workshop at the opening of day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything which would lie on the white counterpane and give a little color to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something which would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he liked the boy so much. Still, he went on patiently loving him, and by and by he moved the whole shop into positively real and unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups on their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them into the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word afterward, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he would understand it all. And it is a fact that the entire pottery, full of men of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted by, becoming gentle and kind; some stopped swearing as the weary look on the patient worker's face told them beyond mistake that the end was drawing nearer. Every day some one did a piece of work for him, and put it on the sanded shelf to dry, so that he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right around the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession and following to the grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen. We understand this; they loved him *because* somebody had loved him. And if an earthly affection like this can win others into sharing it, what is there which cannot be done with an affection that is heavenly? If men love Christ with all their hearts, as that Scotchman loved his boy, the very love will carry heart after heart in its train. And so here is an instrument of usefulness within the reach of every Christian who will employ it.

GENERAL USES OF THESE INDEXES.

THE figures in every instance refer to the pages of the volume. When in the list of authors the numbers are starred, the asterisk indicates that at such points the chief or most interesting particulars of birth, life, education, profession, nationality, and denomination, or a fact concerning the composition of a hymn, or concerning the experience that led to the writing of it, or came from it, may be found.

In making preparation for praise-meetings the leader ought to be able and swift in saying what he wants the singers to know in order to keep them alert and spiritual. He would do well to be on the watch at all times for stray waifs of information from newspapers and books, so as to come up freshly every month with items of common interest. From the subjects printed across the tops of the pages he can group his selections so as to fasten the attention upon some set line of suggestion.

Then, likewise, one should be careful to follow some strict order of arrangement covering, perhaps, the entire winter evenings, so as to avoid repetition, and all sorts of getting into ruts, and bringing into use mere platitudes of exhortation. He might take up a given space with a single author only, and then study his life—say Edward Caswall or James Montgomery or William Cowper—read aloud in one's family during the week previous, and bring out the taste and feeling of all. It is helpful to call the services by some quaint suggestive name, "Hours with Hymns." For one, "An Hour with Charles Wesley;" another, "A Visit at Olney Parsonage;" a third, "An Hour with Horatius Bonar," or "A Trip to McCheyne's Manse," and so on. Sing only a few hymns, seven or eight; move along with promptness, but without haste; choose a passage of Scripture as usual, and have the ordinary two prayers, in which it may not be imperatively necessary to call the Lord's attention to this as a new fashion of service; if the people praise him heartily he has every reason to know the fact; never do things twice alike, but always do one thing invariably—preach a living Christ to dying men, and for one's weakness fall on his strength, and expect good to follow. A skillful manager will make this meeting about seventy minutes long.

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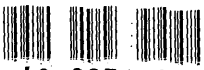

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